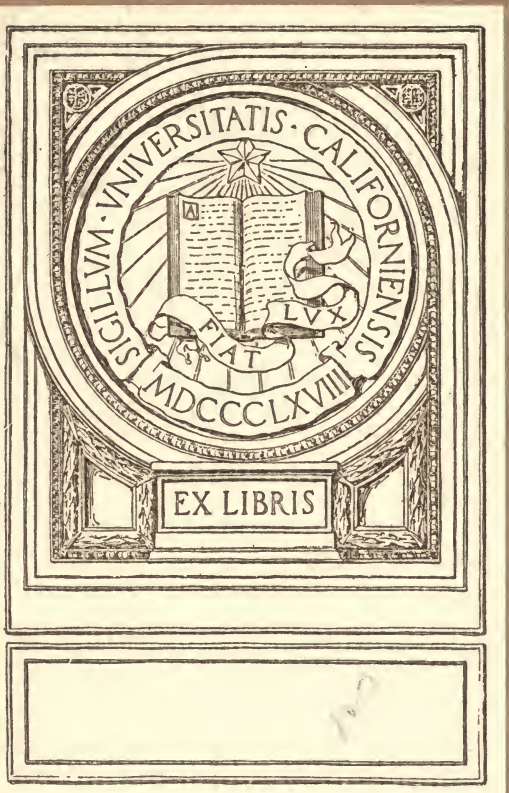
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HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

PIONEER, PATRIOT, SOLDIER, POLITICIAN, PRESIDENT

BY

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL

AUTHOR OF
PAUL JONES, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

WITH PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

NEW YORK
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

Battle of New Orleans 1

CHAPTER II

After the Great Victory 32

CHAPTER III

British Designs in Louisiana 70

CHAPTER IV

Honors for a National Hero 98

CHAPTER V

Governor of Florida 122

CHAPTER VI

Presidential Candidate 151

CHAPTER VII

Elected to the Presidency 178

271039

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE

POLICY OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION 207

CHAPTER IX

UNION AND NULLIFICATION 233

CHAPTER X

RE-ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY 264

CHAPTER XI

WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES BANK 294

CHAPTER XII

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND RETIREMENT 329

CHAPTER XIII

PARTY LEADER AT THE HERMITAGE 356

CHAPTER XIV

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY 383

INDEX 413

HISTORY OF ANDREW JACKSON

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CHAPTER I

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

General Pakenham held his last council of war the evening of January 7th. It was made up of Generals Keane, Gibbs and Lambert and Colonels Thornton and Mullens. Admirals Cochrane and Malcolm were also present. The situation was discussed thoroughly and minutely. Among the facts developed was that the real weakness of General Jackson's force had been to some extent ascertained. At all events, the ridiculous exaggerations that had hitherto been believed were largely discounted. The British general had also found out that a great part of the American army was raw militia, and also that many of these were very imperfectly armed, if at all.

We need not seek very far for his sources of information. Almost every Spaniard in and about New Orleans was hostile to the United States and, therefore, friendly to the British. Some of them knew that British conquest meant permanent occupation under the guise of restoring and protecting the interests of Spain; for Great Britain had always denied the validity alike of Spain's

recession of Louisiana to France by the secret treaty of San Ildefonso and of Napoleon's sale of the territory to the United States; and the Spaniards thought that British occupation might in some degree restore the pro-consulships they had formerly enjoyed. They were, therefore, throughout the campaign, a nest of spies and sedition-breeders. Completely to prevent them from carrying on covert communication with the British was impossible. Through them General Pakenham learned finally—when it was too late—the vast numerical inferiority of General Jackson's army to his own. He learned from them also of the great preponderance the militia held in the American force.* No British officer of rank enough to be present at that council of war had any experience that qualified him to comprehend the difference between ordinary militia and the grim marksmen of Kentucky and Tennessee who defended more than half of the American line. General Keane, indeed,

* A story has found much historical credence to the effect that the British general was led to select for attack the left half of the American lines, by advice of a "deserter," who informed him that the force stationed there was "raw militia, without uniforms and armed only with hunting-guns"; also that, after the sad experience of two attacks upon this "raw militia," the British soldiers conceived that the *soi-disant* "deserter" was a spy sent by General Jackson to lure them on to ruin; and finally that the British soldiers, without court-martial or even orders from their proper commanders, "seized the fellow and hanged him to a tree within plain sight of the American lines!"

This story seems to have found credence with Dr. Frost, Judge Walker, Mr. Parton and others who have written about General Jackson since his death. It did not attract the attention of earlier writers, was not observed by men who wrote from the viewpoint of eye-witnesses on either side, and escaped the notice of General Jackson himself and of the surviving British general, Lambert—neither of whom reports such occurrence officially. It escaped even the hawk-like vision of Ogilvy on one side and the keen sense of the dramatic that characterized Captains Cooke and Costello and Mr. Burroughs on the other. Moreover, it represents the rank

had monitory memories of December 23d, and Colonel Mullens knew enough about American riflemen to say, when direct assault was decided upon: "Gentlemen, my regiment [the Forty-fourth] will have the head of column to-morrow. You are sending it to execution!"

But Keane was reminded that December 23d was a night-battle—a mere Indian fight, so to speak; while Mullens was silenced by an almost angry retort from General Gibbs, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I have no patience with anyone who argues that the men who stormed Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos can be halted by, much less repulsed from, a low log breastwork manned by a backwoods rabble!" *

Poor Gibbs! He was fated to know better within a few hours!

We have seen that in a previous council of war, Gen-

and file of a British army as resorting to what might be termed "lynch law."

To any one conversant with the discipline and the systematic administration of military law in the British army, this would seem intrinsically improbable, without other negative evidence. The true reason why General Pakenham selected the left centre of Jackson's position as his point of assault was doubtless stated by Captain Hill in his narrative: "Previous operations and reconnaissance had developed the fact that no artillery was mounted in that part of the American lines; also that the ditch there was narrower and the parapet lower than elsewhere. Besides, two Spanish residents of New Orleans, who made their way out of the American cordon during the night of the 6th [Messrs. Galvez and Alzar—AUTHOR.] had informed General Pakenham most positively that the whole left half of the works was held by militia imperfectly organized, not regularly armed *and totally unprovided with bayonets*."

This was true. But it is perfectly certain that neither Mr. Galvez nor Mr. Alzar was hanged; because both were sent on to Havana a day or two after the battle, and both returned to New Orleans soon after the proclamation of peace. The origin of the story is quite obscure. It did not appear in any contemporaneous account, and its first publication seems to have occurred in 1824.

* Papers in the court-martial of Colonel Mullens.

eral Pakenham decided upon "regular approaches." Investigation proved that parallels could not be laid in the water-soaked soil of the delta; and the experience of January 1st demonstrated the futility of sugar hogsheads for sap-rolling. Only one mode of approach was left: that mode was in column of assault, with breasts bared.

Among the things resolved upon at this council of war was that a lodgment should be effected upon the right bank of the river. So long as the little Carolina, with her "cargo of cannon," was afloat and the similarly bristling Louisiana was capable of action, they could command the river and thereby prevent any attempt of the British to throw a force across it. But now the Carolina was no more and the Louisiana had been put out of action by the howitzer-battery on the levee. Therefore it was resolved to send Colonel Thornton over with a force made up of the Royal Marines, the Eighty-fifth Light Infantry and small detachments from other parts of General Lambert's reserve, with instructions to take the line that had been intrenched there, capture Commodore Patterson's annoying battery of 18-pounders and sweep up the river-bank toward the city. The fact that only 980 men were assigned to Thornton for this important duty is somewhat conclusive evidence that General Pakenham had at last been correctly informed as to the real strength—or weakness—of his adversary; convincing circumstantial testimony that the Spanish spies inside of the American lines had done their work well.

Thornton was doubtless the ablest and—except, perhaps, Gibbs—the most dashing officer in the British force

at New Orleans. Wounded and captured by some Maryland farmers armed with shot-guns while reconnoitring at Bladensburg six months before and exchanged for Commodore Barney, he was now naturally ambitious to efface the stain of such a mishap in such a "battle" as Bladensburg.

Jackson himself was not destitute of information. During the night of January 6th three deserters from the British came into his lines. Nominally they were prisoners, having voluntarily surrendered to our outposts, to whom they stated their real purpose. They were all Irishmen; one from the Fourth Foot, one from the Royal Fusiliers and one from the Ninety-fifth Rifles. Interrogating them separately, the General found that, though belonging to different regiments, stationed on different parts of the picket-line and coming in at different hours, they all told the same story. Their information corroborated what Jackson himself had inferred from his own observations during the afternoon of the 6th.

He had spent most of that afternoon in the little observatory on top of the Macarté house watching the British camp, two and a half miles away, through a long pilot-glass borrowed from Commodore Patterson. Part of the time the Commodore was with him. They had noticed unusual activity in the British camp which they interpreted to mean signs of a decisive movement. The Commodore thought it might mean an intention to withdraw from their position and abandon the campaign, at least from that base of operations. He suggested that perhaps the British commander had decided to abandon Lake Borgne as an avenue of approach and make a new movement of army and fleet in concert up the river.

Jackson did not believe this to be the British plan. He thought they were packing up their heavy baggage and camp-equipage for a movement toward New Orleans which would involve storming his lines.

The three deserters, unanimously and without prompting or collusion, corroborated Jackson's inferences. They told him that at roll-call, the morning of the 6th, the commander of every company had assured his men that the army would be in New Orleans within forty-eight hours and all their hardships and privations would be ended.

Jackson asked them if their company officers had held out to them the promise or prospect of sacking the town, as Wellington's army in Spain had done at Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo and San Sebastian.

They answered that no such promise had been made in so many words, but the universal belief among Pakenham's soldiers was that they were to have their way for at least twenty-four hours after the city should be taken.

Jackson said "the British soldiers would be welcome to do what they pleased *when they took the town!*"

From his own observations the afternoon of the 6th and the corroborative statements of the deserters that night, the General thought the attack might come some time the 7th and was prepared for it. But when Saturday wore away, with nothing more formidable than continued bustle and hubbub in the British camp, he concluded that Sunday, the 8th, would prove to be the chosen day. All these preliminaries make a long story, but it is not half so tedious as the waiting was to those weather-beaten and unkempt frontiersmen who nursed their long rifles and bided their time. Gibbs had described them

graphically and, from the "regular" point of view, truthfully, when he called them "a backwoods rabble." But they were more intent upon acts than upon appearances, more bent on execution than on "style." All they wanted was—as Coffee wrote to his wife—to "see the redcoats within fair buck-range!"

Sunday morning, January 8th, dawned through somewhat more than the usual veil of fog and mist over the banks of the lower river at that time of year. At sunrise by the almanac the keenest eye could not penetrate the gloom a hundred feet from the works. In anticipation of this the outposts had been doubled soon after midnight and also connected with the works by lines of signal-men in readiness to transmit, as rapidly as human voices could repeat it from one to another, the first note of alarm. But none came. All that the outposts and vedettes reported was, from about four o'clock on, muffled sounds as of troops moving and assembling under cover of the dense fog.

"About three o'clock, or as soon as the modification of positions on the left of our line was completed," said General William O. Butler,* in a reminiscence related to the author in 1874, "I went as fast as I could

* At New Orleans General Butler was a captain and brevet-major in the regular army. After the battle of December 23d, he was serving temporarily as military secretary or aide-de-camp to General Jackson, in place of his elder brother, Major Thomas L. Butler, also of the regular army, who had been assigned to other duty. The next year he became permanent chief-of-staff to General Jackson and served as such in the second invasion of Spanish Florida. In the Mexican war he was major-general and succeeded General Scott in command of the American forces in the city of Mexico. Born at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in May, 1791, he died at Carrollton, in August, 1880, in his ninetieth year. In 1874, when the author visited him, he was eighty-three, with every faculty perfect, physically as well as mentally.

toward the Macarté house to report. I met the General, with a group of staff-officers, just descending from the porch. I reported simply—'It is done, sir. General Adair is in the designated position.'

" 'Anything particular going on?' he inquired in a careless way.

" 'Nothing, sir, except that the outposts report some signs of activity in their front,' I replied.

" 'Yes, yes,' he rejoined quickly and with great animation, 'they mean to attack in force this morning. But I think they will wait for the fog to scale up. They will hardly come on till they can see where they are going. Our fellows or the Indians would think this fog a good thing if they wanted to make an attack, but it would be contrary to the rules the English fight by.'

"No one offered any suggestion. The General gave directions in a low tone to each member of the staff and they went away in different directions. He himself walked from the Macarté house to the nearest point on the line, which was Battery No. 3, about two hundred yards. He was accompanied by Captain Humphrey, chief of artillery, Mr. Livingston and myself. His orderly, Billy Phillips, also followed, leading the General's horse in readiness for him to mount instantly, should occasion require. When we reached the battery, which was the one held by the Baratarian smugglers, General Jackson observed that they were making coffee in an iron pot over a small fire.

" 'That smells like better coffee than we can get,' the General remarked. Then, turning to Dominique You, he inquired: 'Where do you get such fine coffee? Maybe you smuggled it?'

" 'Mebbe so, Zhenerale,' rejoined Dominique with a grin. The Baratarian chief then offered the General a small tin-cupful from the pot. It was black as tar and its aroma could be smelled twenty yards away. Jackson drank it with gusto, thanked Dominique and then walked slowly toward the left of the line. 'I wish I had fifty such guns on this line, with five hundred such devils as those fellows are at their butts!' he said, as soon as we were out of ear-shot from Battery No. 3.

"The General walked slowly along the line, stopping often to talk with officers and men. It was about three-quarters of a mile from Battery No. 3 to the place where our line went into the swamp. He was nearly an hour going over it. After some talk with General Coffee, who was at the edge of the swamp, General Jackson started back toward the right. When he reached the point where Adair's and Carroll's lines joined, which was near the last battery—No. 8—he stopped, sat down on a log and dictated some orders which Mr. Livingston and I wrote down. At this time the men were getting their breakfast."

[At this point, as this was a newspaper interview, the author asked General Butler what the men had for breakfast the morning of the 8th of January.]

"Oh," he replied, "they had plenty, such as it was: bacon, corn-bread, and some of them sweet potatoes. The Creole soldiers mostly had coffee. It was not a ration then, and since the blockade became effective, it and tea also were scarce and high-priced. But the Creoles managed to get some. It was sent or brought to them by their friends in the city. The Tennesseeans and Kentuckians did not have much coffee. But there

was plenty of whiskey and they drank grog with their breakfasts.

"It was astonishing to see how many men—private soldiers—the General could call by name. He knew almost every Tennesseean and at least half the Kentuckians. His manner with them was easy; a modern general would call it familiar. Still he was dignified, and they all seemed to understand him. I remember his rallying one of the young Robertsons—grandson of the old pioneer. Robertson was quite young. He belonged to Polk's company [of Carroll's command—AUTHOR]. 'Joe,' said the General, 'how are they using you? Wouldn't you rather be with Aunt Lucy [meaning his mother] than with me?'

" 'Not by a d——d sight, General,' young Joe stoutly replied. 'But I wouldn't mind if Aunt Lucy was here a little while!' Jackson laughed, patted the boy on the shoulder and said: 'Stick to 'em, Joe. We'll smash h—l out of 'em and then you can go home to Aunt Lucy.' This was one of many similar scenes that morning—or any other time when he went along the line.

"By this time, according to the almanac, it ought to have been broad daylight, but the fog was so dense you couldn't see more than forty yards in any direction. It was a weird scene. The little fires the men had made behind the breastwork smouldered. The men themselves in the gray mist looked like ghosts. At this moment Major Latour joined us, coming to report to Jackson that the new work he had ordered done on the redoubt was finished and that the works on the other side of the river were in defensible condition. Latour, like most civil engineers, was a weather-prophet, and familiar with

that country. He said the fog would lift in an hour and explained the signs that caused him to think so.

"The General then sent his orderly, mounted, to the Macarté house to fetch Commodore Patterson's pilot-glass, which he had forgotten when he came away. Quite a breeze from the northwest now sprang up, and as the works ran about northeast and southwest it drifted the fog toward the enemy. All at once two shots were heard in quick succession, sounding muffled-like through the fog, from the edge of the swamp some distance in front of the lines. They were not repeated. After listening a few minutes, Jackson said: 'Some of my Choctaws, I reckon. That's where they ought to be now.' This afterward turned out to be right. Two Indians crawling on their bellies, where they could see for some distance *under the fog,* caught sight of the legs of two British soldiers on double-picket and fired at them. No one seemed to be hurt, as the pickets ran away. Finally, just as Orderly Phillips got back with the pilot-glass, the fog began to lift rapidly. In a few minutes the head of the British column could be dimly seen. It appeared about two hundred files long—that would, for regiments the size of theirs, be a formation four ranks deep. They were about six hundred to six hundred and fifty yards away; too long a range for our small-bore rifles, which, as you know, carried round bullets of forty-five or even sixty to the pound of lead, and were not effective more than four hundred yards at the outside.

"Generals Jackson, Carroll and Adair and Major Latour, Mr. Livingston and I got up on the parapet. In a minute or two the enemy began to move. Two rockets

were fired, one toward us and one toward the river. 'That is their signal for advance, I believe,' General Jackson said. He then ordered all of us down off the parapet, but stayed there himself and kept his long glass to his eye, sweeping the enemy's line with it from end to end. In a moment he ordered Adair and Carroll to pass word along the line for the men to be ready, to count the enemy's files down as closely as they could, and each look after his own file-man in their ranks; also that they should not fire until told, and then to aim above the cross-belt plates.

"The men were tense, but very cool. A buzz of low talk ran along the line for some minutes. The enemy's front line was now within five hundred yards, and the centre of their formation was almost exactly opposite Carroll's left company or Adair's right one. Then—boom! went our first gun. As well as I can remember after so many years, it was fired from the long brass 12-pounder in Battery No. 6, which was commanded by old General Fleanjeac, a French veteran who had served under Napoleon in Italy and Egypt, at the Pyramids and Marengo, but who, being implicated with Moreau, was exiled by Napoleon and came to Louisiana about 1802 or 1803.

"Then all the guns opened. The British batteries, formed in the left rear of their storming column nearer the river, were still concealed from us by the fog, but they replied, directing their fire by the sound of our guns. It was a grand sight to see their flashes light up the fog—turning it into the hues of the rainbow.

"Still the enemy came on, but no sound from the rifle-line; no fire but that of artillery on either side.

Our Batteries Nos. 7 and 8 were on the rifle-line. No. 7 had an old Spanish 18-pounder and a 6-pounder. No. 8 had but one gun—a 6-pounder. The smoke from these hung in front of the works or drifted slowly toward the enemy without lifting much in the damp air. Adair noticed this and said it was worse than the fog; that the smoke would spoil the aim of the riflemen when their turn came. Carroll agreed with him. Then General Jackson ordered these two batteries to cease firing, whereupon the smoke soon lifted and the head of the enemy's column appeared not more than three hundred to three hundred and fifty yards off, and coming on at quickstep, with men in front carrying a few scaling-ladders.

"Suddenly one rifle cracked a little to the left of where I stood. A mounted officer on the right and a little in front of the British head of column reeled in his saddle and fell from his horse headlong to the ground. What followed in an instant I cannot attempt to describe. The British had kept right on, apparently not minding the artillery fire much, though it was rapid and well-directed. They were used to it. But now, when every hunter's rifle, from the right of Carroll's line to the edge of the swamp where Coffee stood, was searching for their vitals, the British soldiers stopped! That was something new, something they were *not* used to!

"They couldn't stand it. In five minutes the whole front of their formation was shaken as if by an earthquake. Not one mounted officer could be seen. Either rider or horse or both, in every case, was down; most of them dead or dying. I had been in battle where rifles were used up on the Northwest frontier under

Harrison. But even so, I had never seen anything like this.

"In less than ten minutes the first line of the enemy's column had disappeared, exposing the second, which was about a hundred yards in its rear. You see, their formation was columns of brigade in battalion front, and there were three battalions—or regiments—in the column, each one formed four ranks deep. The plain was so level and their formation in line so dense that to a certain extent the front or leading battalion afforded some cover to the one following, and so on. When their leading battalion, which we now know to have been the Forty-fourth Regiment, was practically destroyed, the next one, which was the Seventh Regiment, had been already a good deal shaken by the halt and carnage in the first and by the headlong flight of the survivors around or through its ranks, and so the Seventh Regiment broke almost as soon as they got the full weight of our rifle-fire. This left exposed in turn their third regiment of the column, which was the Fourth or King's Own Foot, and they, too, succumbed after a very brief experience. Almost as incredible as it may seem, this whole column, numbering, I should say, 2,500 or 2,600 men,* was literally melted down by our rifle-fire. To put it another way, this column had been to all intents destroyed and the work was done in less than twenty minutes from the first rifle-shot. No such execution by

* The exact number of this first column of assault, as shown in Chapter xiv., Vol. I., of this work was 2,392. But at the time of our interview (1874) neither General Butler nor the author knew the British official figures. In fact, one of Jackson's biographers (Dr. Frost, writing as late as 1845) makes this first column of attack "at least double" the entire American force.

small arms was ever done before and I don't believe it ever will be done again."

In offering the foregoing description by General Butler of the beginning of the battle of New Orleans, it is proper to remark that the original form was a newspaper "interview," and in that form occurred numerous questions by the journalist. But for the present historical use these questions have been omitted and the text of the venerable soldier's reminiscences has been put in the shape of a continuous narrative.

We may now listen to Ogilvy, who saw things from the ranks:

". . . After the other officers got down off the breastwork," he says, "General Jackson stood up there alone, surveying the enemy, then nearly half a mile off, through a long spy-glass. There was no firing anywhere on our line, but the cannon to our right were thundering right along. The enemy's cannon began to fire, too, through the fog at first, and their flames lit it up in a wonderful way, though their guns themselves could not be seen. The enemy's infantry did not fire a shot, but came on with fixed bayonets.

"During the few minutes' wait for them to get close enough a comical thing occurred. In the left company of Carroll's Tennesseeans was a grizzly old sergeant named Williams—Sam Williams. He was, I believe, the oldest man in the Tennessee line, being over fifty, and when quite a boy he had been under Shelby at King's Mountain, thirty-five years before. Old Sam was celebrated all through West Tennessee as a singer of darky songs and often enlivened camp with them. On

this occasion, when he saw General Jackson's tall, slender form standing straight as a ramrod alone on top of the breastwork, he struck up a camp-meeting song well known in those days. It was this:

Dah Gaberil stannin' by de gate;
Hy'm a-watchin' down be-loh-h,
Dah jis one a' minnit foh tuh wait,
Foh tuh heah dat Trumpet blow-w!

CHORUS.

Den oh, Honey, we's a-cumin'—a-cumin';
Goody Lawdy! a-cumin' foh shoh!
We's ebery one a-cumin', a-cumin',
When we heahs dat Trumpet blow!

"Old Sam didn't get any further. Jackson, turning half around, looked at him benignantly. But Carroll, who stood near him, exclaimed: 'Shut up, Sam! If the redcoats ever once hear you trying to sing they'll run—run like h—l! And we want 'em to come on!' Old Sam was silenced. But he had spoken—or sung—the truth. We were, 'ebery one, a-comin', when we heard the trumpet blow'! In a minute or two, General Jackson got down off the breastwork.

"'They're near enough now, gentlemen,' he said to Carroll and Adair. An officer in gay regimentals and riding a splendid gray charger was near the centre and a little in front of the British line. General Adair walked a few steps to where a man—the ensign of his right company—stood with his thumb on the lock of his rifle, and said to him:

"'Morg, see that officer on the gray horse?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" '*Snuff his candle!*'

"The officer was then about forty rods [220 yards] off. Before the words were quite out of Adair's lips, Morg's rifle cracked like a stage-driver's whip. The officer leaned forward, grasped the mane of his horse, then toppled sideways and fell head-first to the ground.

"Then, as quickly as one can draw a breath, the order, '*Fire!* FIRE!!' rang along the whole line, and the breastwork, from the extreme right of Carroll's Tennesseeans to the swamp, was almost one solid blaze. We were formed four deep, in open order, with plenty of room to move to and fro. As fast as one line fired, its men would step back to the rear and load. By the time the fourth line had fired the first one would be ready again, and so on. There were nearly two thousand rifles in the whole line—1,986, I believe, was the exact number who could see the enemy. A few of Coffee's men were deployed out into the swamp, where the thick cypress-trees and long moss completely hid the enemy from their view.

"However, their fire was not needed. The enemy's column did not last much more than fifteen minutes. By that time half of them or more lay dead or wounded on the ground, no officer on horseback could be seen, and such as had escaped death or wounds were running as fast as their legs could carry them to the rear—anywhere to get out of reach of those awful rifles! Some of our men got excited and talked about leaping over the breastwork to follow them. But these were sternly suppressed by all the officers and by the more sensible and prudent men in the ranks also. To have gone out in the

open field then, with their second column and all their reserves unhurt, would have been the undoing of us! . . .

"The man who fired first was Morgan Ballard. The British officer was afterward ascertained to be Brigade-Major Whitaker, of General Gibbs's Brigade."

We may now turn briefly to the British side: When the council of war at Villeré's mansion broke up about nine o'clock, Saturday night, the 7th of January, the officers who had taken part in it proceeded at once to perfect preparations for the assault at daylight which, after much debate, had been unanimously agreed upon as the only practicable plan.

All the necessary orders were given to the different commands and each regiment was in position when the troops lay down with their muskets at their sides to bivouac—many of them for the last time—on the damp ground. At four A.M. the whole force was roused. Captain Cooke describes the scene at that hour:

". . . I do not remember ever looking for the first signs of daybreak with more intense anxiety than on this eventful morning. . . . The dew lay heavy upon the soft, damp ground, and the soldiers, throwing aside their useless intrenching tools, were laying hold of their arms to be up and ready at a moment's warning. How can I convey a thought of the intense anxiety of the mind when a solemn and sombre silence is broken by the intonation of cannon and the work of death begins? . . . The morn was chilly, all was tranquil as the grave and no camp-fires glimmered.

"The persistency of the fog materially confused the

preliminary movements of the first column of attack. The front rank of the Forty-fourth Foot was to carry scaling-ladders, which were to be brought to them by a detachment of the Second West India (negro) Regiment. But for more than an hour after the appointed time no colored troops bearing ladders appeared. They had started from head-quarters at the right moment, but got lost in the fog and gloom. At last a part of them found their destination. But there was not half enough ladders. Fascines for filling up the American ditch had also been ordered up, but none were forthcoming.

"Two rockets in quick succession—one thrown toward the American lines and one toward the river—were to be the signal for advance. These rockets were thrown while the fog was yet so dense that only the one sent toward the Americans could be seen from General Gibbs's position, and even that only made a sputtering trail of bluish light through the mist. Seeing, of course, that it was a mistake, Gibbs stood fast. It was perfectly plain that the elements and not general orders would fix the moment of actual advance that morning."

Mr. Burroughs, who, though not a combatant officer and having no command, was with Gibbs's head-quarters, says:

"At last the fog rose enough to make the enemy's lines visible. This was within a few minutes of eight o'clock, but I can't recall which way—before or after. Without waiting any longer for the rest of the ladders and the fascines, General Gibbs ordered the advance. The troops moved off with precision at route step. The enemy's line was about six hundred yards distant at the start. The artillery on both sides had been playing for

some minutes when the infantry began to move. The American guns were mostly massed on the right of their line, and as our attack was directed against their left, their guns had but little effect except as against the left flank of our column, and that was not serious. The column pressed steadily on.

"At three hundred yards from the works the troops trailed arms and broke into quickstep. Brigade-Major Whitaker, near the right and in advance of the column, was attending to the alignment. A single rifle-shot came from the American line. Major Whitaker fell from his horse, shot through the head. And at a distance of nearly three hundred yards! As if to warn us of the fate in store! He happened to be looking to the right at the moment, exposing the left side of his head to the terrible marksman. The bullet cut about half its diameter in the upper rim of his left ear, passed through his head, out at the right temple, and went on.

"Instantly the whole American line, from the swamp to a point past its centre toward its right, was fairly ablaze. In less time than one can write it, the Forty-fourth Foot was literally swept from the face of the earth. In the wreck and confusion that ensued within five minutes the regiment seeemed to vanish from sight —except the half of it that lay stricken on the ground! Every mounted officer was down at the first fire. No such execution by small arms had ever been seen or heard of. Then the destruction smote the Fourth Foot and Seventh Fusiliers. General Gibbs strove heroically to hold the men to their work and to urge them forward. In vain. Never before had British veterans quailed. But it would be silly to deny that they did so now. There

was something in that leaden torrent that no men on earth could face. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed the entire column was broken and disorganized. In twenty minutes from the first shot it was in full retreat that lacked little of precipitate flight.

"General Gibbs made herculean efforts to stop and rally them. In the course of half an hour or so he succeeded in rallying and reforming most of the Fourth and the Seventh who were not disabled—perhaps six hundred or so of both regiments together. But the Forty-fourth was past help. Nothing could be done with them. They ran until completely out of range and then huddled in small squads away in the rear. Even then they seemed deaf to orders, entreaties and threats alike. I had heard and read of troops being 'panic-stricken.' This was the first time I ever witnessed it. And they were British troops, too; veterans of many a desperate field! . . .

"Subsequent examination of the field gave a clew to the cause of panic. It was the wonderful accuracy and murderous effect of the American fire. The casualties by cannon-fire were very few. Nearly all fell to the rifles. Of those killed an appalling proportion, particularly at the point nearest the lines, were shot through the head. The American hunting-rifles carried small balls. One of our ounce musket-balls melted up and poured in their moulds would make three of them. But through the head or viscera they were as fatal as any. Hitting in the face or forehead, they made little purple spots, from which blood oozed slowly, but life went out as the ball went in! I had seen many battle-fields in Spain and the East, fresh with carnage. But nowhere

had been such a scene as the spot where the Forty-fourth was butchered. Yet it was to be repeated on even a larger scale in a few minutes.

"Hardly had the wreck of the first column cleared away when General Pakenham, in person, with General Keane, put the second column in motion. The Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders, over a thousand strong, led this column. General Pakenham, as he rode past their flank, took off his hat to them. Spurring his horse up to where Colonel Dale stood, he exclaimed, waving his hat: 'Come on with the tartan!' "

"The Subaltern," who was on another part of the field, says—in substance and without literal quotation—that the unprecedented behavior of British veterans on this occasion could be accounted for only by the suddenness of the disaster and the unexpected rapidity of the destruction. No troops could be expected to withstand a fire that cut down half of a full battalion in fifteen minutes. Nothing in the previous experience of British troops anywhere in the world, he says—except, possibly, the defeat of Braddock—was calculated to prepare men for such a trial. That they could not endure it was simply human nature. Discipline vanishes in the face of such a phenomenon. The Americans themselves, he declares, would not have stood it any better than the British did—if as well. It would be folly for any general to expect his men to stand or advance unbroken until the last one should fall. British troops will, notoriously, stand harder punishment and brave fiercer slaughter than any others; but they, too, have their limits. And this rifle-fire at New Orleans was the absolute limit for human flesh and blood. To shrink from it did not imply

want of valor, because to face it was madness. To see that did not require the eye of a general. It was an inevitable thing that the humblest man in the ranks could see and realize in all its horror.

English critics have questioned the accuracy of the statement that General Pakenham saluted Colonel Dale in phrase so dramatic as "Come on with the tartan!" They say that Pakenham was the pink of military propriety, utterly free from gush or sentimentality, and likely to be more frigid on such an occasion than at any other time. Lieutenant, afterward General, Malcolm M. Forbes, a subaltern in the color company, heard the remark and was the authority upon which Burroughs repeated it. General Pakenham may have been a "frigid man," as the critics say. But it is equally true that the situation which confronted him there was calculated to thaw out almost anything.

Colonel Dale was one of the bravest of men; a veteran of many hard-fought fields. But the fate of the first attack—so singular and so sudden—had filled him with foreboding. In the brief interval he had found time hastily to dictate, in a few dozen words, to the adjutant of his regiment, Lieutenant Graves, his last will and testament. He made no mistake. Within twenty minutes from the dictation a rifle-bullet made Graves an executor.

The great column moved forward proudly, as if on parade, its bright colors flaunting in the gentle breeze, its uniforms and gay trappings glittering in the now clear rays of the morning sun, General Pakenham, surrounded by his full staff, leading the color company, waving his hat and cheering. For a few minutes the

fatal breastwork was silent, except the batteries near the levee. Those on the front of the rifle-line were made to cease firing as before. Suddenly two or three rifles cracked near the junction of Carroll's left with Adair's right, from the line of Polk's Tennessee company, forming Carroll's extreme left.

General Pakenham reeled in his saddle, his hat dropped from his head to the ground and two members of his staff helped him to dismount. A half-ounce bullet had grazed his left forearm and passed into his abdomen just below the short ribs, about four inches to the left of the pit of the stomach. Another had passed through the opening of his coat-collar at the throat, but was deflected by the leather stock he wore.

Instantly following these shots the sharp, angry crashing of many rifles rang along the American line. The effect was quick and deadly, but for a moment the unshaken Highlanders breasted it and came on.

The British veterans, maddened rather than dismayed by their gallant commander's fate, pressed forward with steady stride and ranks aligned as if it were regimental review. A savage crackling, almost like the snarling of angry beasts, began away up on the right of Carroll's Tennesseeans. It crept along down the line. Quick, red little spouts of flame, that forked at the end like serpents' tongues! Sudden, short little crashes almost merging one with another! Lazy little wreaths of whitish smoke in pale eddies on the air! Odors of sulphur and a faint scent of something like blood! Was it the incense of a victory or was it the fumes of hell?

But what of those charging veterans out in front? Some of them had braved the deep-moated castle of

Badajos; they had swarmed over the dark walls of Ciudad Rodrigo in mockery of French bayonets and in contempt of French cannon. Hitherto they had proved able, as the Great Duke said of them, to "go anywhere and do anything!" They were the best soldiers on earth: resistless, all-conquering, invincible. For years they had never marched but to conquest; had never fought but to vanquish. They did not know the meaning of any word but victory. They were the pride of England.

But what was this they had met at last? Why was it that their once firm ranks now reeled and staggered so? What manner of new, strange death was this? Was it in the air they breathed; did it rise like a miasm from the damp ground under their feet; did it descend like unseen lightning-bolts from the clear sky above?

Ah! no matter how or where or whence. It was death that searched out the vitals of strong, brave men —impalpable, intangible, almost unfelt—it was so swift and so sure!

"This is not battle," the British veterans said to one another as they died, "it is butchery! The Destroying Angel is among us, in our ranks, over our heads, under our feet, all around us; everywhere!"

When the first attack came on the Tennesseeans and Kentuckians had maintained order, keeping their ranks and standing on the ground behind their breastwork which, in the average of its height, sheltered them to the waist. But now, facing and resisting the second attack, they began to show some signs of disorder— that fierce disorder which comes from the mastery of

exultant valor over calm prudence. All along the line the riflemen began to mount the breastwork, singly or in squads, exposing themselves full length and loading and firing on top of the parapet instead of from behind it. It seemed as if now, when their blood was up, they disdained cover and wanted to give their brave assailants a better chance at them.

This made Andrew Jackson frown. He said to his aides: "Pass the word along the line to all company officers to make their men observe order and keep the ranks behind the works." To the men within sound of his voice he gave the order in person.

But it was easier said than done. The pioneer blood of Tennessee and Kentucky was boiling, and the fumes of battle were etherizing their caution. "Personal safety" were words without meaning. The one word they knew then was "Dare!"

At this moment Jackson was on that part of the line where Carroll's left company joined Adair's right, and Carroll was with him.

"The only thing I fear now, William," he said, "is that when the enemy break, as they must do in a few seconds, some of these desperate youngsters of mine will want to go over the works and get at them!"

The Tennessee company, on whose line—or in whose ranks—Jackson stood, was Captain Charles Polk's. Just then the British began to give way on their left and to waver perceptibly all along their front. From the breastwork the Americans could see the few surviving British officers frantically trying to make their men advance, sometimes striking them with the flat of their swords. But their line reeled more and more until, finally, the

color company of the Highlanders being annihilated down to three men, the centre broke in confusion.

Young Robert Polk, ensign of his uncle's company, a curly-headed youth of nineteen or twenty, sprang upon the breastwork and the bright blade of his Indian tomahawk glittered above his bare head as he yelled: "Come on, boys! Follow me! Let's charge 'em! Let's get among 'em!"

"DOWN, SIR, DOWN!" roared Jackson in the voice of a mad bull. *"Back to your post!"*

Young Robert Polk jumped down off the parapet!

Jackson fumbled with his hands about his waist. As if surprised, he found he had on no belt or side-arms of any kind—only the cane he held in one hand. In a half-helpless sort of way, he turned to his aide-de-camp: "Kindly lend me your pistols for a moment, Captain."

Captain Butler took two heavy rifled pistols from his belt and handed them to his chief.

"Now," said Jackson in a voice that no one ever forgot who heard it, and with a wicked glint in his great gray eyes, "I'll shoot the first man who dares go over the works! *We must have order here!*"

There was order.

The Highlanders, though staggered by the volley which immediately followed the fall of General Pakenham, and which killed or wounded all five of the staff officers who were with him, still pressed on for a minute or so. But when the second volley from the rifle-line smote their bosoms, they halted and stood stock-still. No troops could advance in the face of such a storm of lead—and Scottish Highlanders had not yet learned how to run! They were at their wits' ends. No sleet like

this had ever driven in their faces—not even the winter blasts of their native moors. That was only the driving gusts of frozen snow. But this pitiless sleet from Kentucky and Tennessee was cold lead, and it killed or crippled every one in its awful way!

However, the halting, staggering and breaking of the Highlanders, when two-thirds of their number had been laid low, did not put an end to the second attack. The gallant Gibbs was just behind them with the Twenty-first Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Forty-third Monmouth Light Infantry. Gibbs had brought up what he could rally of the remnant from the first attack to support the second. Keane had been wounded at the first fire and Gibbs was now second in command.

Seeing the Highlanders stop and shiver as the leaden sleet of that "backwoods rabble" drove into their faces, Gibbs halted the Fusiliers and the Forty-third and sent aides at breakneck speed, ordering the wings of the Twenty-seventh and Eighty-ninth Dublin to close in left and right on the column. Just then one of Pakenham's staff—Major Shaw—reached him, bareheaded and bloody.

"They have killed General Pakenham, sir," said Shaw, "and you are now in command."

"What's the matter with the 'Sawnies'? Why don't they go ahead?" asked Gibbs.

"I don't know, sir; but the Highlanders cannot be urged to go further. They are nearly destroyed already!"

"Go tell them, then, to get out of my way or I will run over them! I'll wipe out that nest of Yankee hornets with the Fusiliers and the Forty-third!"

But the Highlanders did not "get out of the way," and they were in such confusion that it was impossible to charge through their disordered mass.

Gibbs then took the desperate resolve to oblique his column around their right flank. With "left shoulders forward" the devoted Fusiliers and Monmouthshires swept round the flank of the surging Highlanders at the double—Gibbs leading them in person, his big black stallion curvetting splendidly. It was but a fleeting picture. The moment he appeared at the head of his obliquing column, horse and rider fell together; the horse shot in the forehead and instantly killed, Gibbs with four bullets in him—one just to the right of the right nostril, one nearly in the middle of his throat, one in the breast about three inches above the pit of the stomach, and one in the left groin—any one of the four necessarily fatal!

It was the "backwoods rabble!"

But, with all his bravery and all his fierce daring, Gibbs might have died more like a soldier than he did. They bore him to the rear, cursing his fate, cursing his dying commander, and he died that night with maledictions on his lips.

Almost at the moment when Gibbs fell, General Lambert, who had arrived with the reserves, took the head of column and tried to lead it on. All these things happened in less time than it takes to think about them. The dozen shots sent at Gibbs and his staff were instantly followed by a volley from the whole rifle-line within range. It fairly withered the Seventh Fusiliers, who broke beyond rallying, and those who could run fled in all directions. This exposed the front of the Forty-third,

who in their turn got another rifle-blast that shrivelled up their ranks as flame shrivels dry leaves. They followed the example of the Fusiliers. Even the reserves that Lambert brought up came in for a share of the "glory," though at such long range that their sacrifices were slight in comparison. Their commander was severely wounded, though not wholly disabled.

Almost simultaneously with the advance of the first column of main attack, a detachment of the Ninety-fifth Rifles attempted to penetrate the swamp with a view of flanking Coffee's position on the left—or, at least, to threaten it. This movement soon developed Jugeat's Choctaws, who had been deployed some distance in advance of the lines as outposts or skirmishers. A lively skirmish ensued in the edge of the cypress timber, and Coffee sent Donelson's company to re-enforce Jugeat. The Tennesseeans and Indians drove the British Rifles back on the plain about the time the second main attack collapsed. It is worthy of note that of the whole loss in Jackson's force on the left bank, the Choctaws suffered more than one-third—losing eight men out of the total twenty-one.

While all these events were taking place in the centre and on the right of the British line, Colonel Rennie, with a column made up of marines and detachments from the Twenty-seventh and Eighty-ninth Regiments, something over 900 strong, stole up under cover of the levee and the smoke from Jackson's batteries near the river. They charged the redoubt and the line immediately to our left of it, held by the Seventh Regulars, a small battalion of Louisiana militia, all armed with smooth-bore muskets, together with Beale's remnant of

thirty-two New Orleans City Riflemen. It is worthy of note that on the front defended by the riflemen of Tennessee and Kentucky—the "backwoods rabble"—though twice assailed by the main force of the enemy in heavy column, no British soldier ever got nearer to the breastwork than eighteen rods, by actual measurement. And every one who got that near stayed there. But Rennie and his flanking column of nine hundred-odd, charging the front held by the regulars and the Louisiana militia, got up into the ditch; and Rennie himself with two or three other officers and a few marines, got clear over the breastwork. But they died there. That was the difference between smooth-bore muskets in the hands of either regulars or militia and the rifles of Kentucky and Tennessee sighted by the pioneer veterans of Tippecanoe, the Thames and the Horseshoe Bend. And even Rennie's attack, delivered far to the right of the rifle-line as it was, did not escape the biting marksmanship of Carroll's Tennesseeans. As soon as Carroll saw Rennie's column stealing along the levee, he ordered his two companies on the right—Claiborne's and Thomas Polk's—to oblique at the double to the right and fire into the exposed flank of the force, which, under command of Brigade-Major King, was some distance to the right of Rennie's main column. The Tennesseeans numbered about 140 or 150. Most of them got up on top of the breastwork. When their rifle-barrels came to the level and the little jets of flame darted from their muzzles, the "right flank of Rennie's column seemed to sink into the earth"—as an eye-witness (Captain Wright) said in his oration long afterward.

CHAPTER II

AFTER THE GREAT VICTORY

THE battle of New Orleans was over. What was left of the proud army that so exultantly and so confidently surged at sunrise up against that "low log breastwork, manned by a backwoods rabble," sadly and sullenly retreated out of range and almost out of sight. But what mementoes of ambition's folly had they left behind!

There were places on that field where the formation of British battalions could be traced by the dead as they lay in ranks! Of the color company of the Forty-fourth Essex Regiment, 97 strong at the start, six were alive and unhurt at the finish. The color company of the Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders went into action 103 strong and came out with three "whole skins"!

Viewing the British army by regiments, the Forty-fourth went into action 816 strong. It was within rifle-range eighteen or twenty minutes. When Lieutenant Ormsby—the sixteenth officer in lineal rank—rallied its remnant a mile in the rear, the Forty-fourth lined up 134 muskets, and Ormsby was one of five commissioned officers left out of thirty-one.

The Sutherland Highlanders charged with 1,008 men in line. They were under fire less than thirty minutes. Lieutenant Forbes, the seventeenth officer in lineal rank, rallied 132 of them an hour later, in the rear.

The Monmouth Light Infantry tried to follow Gibbs around the right flank of the Highlanders with 862 men. That night 217 answered roll-call.

The Seventh Fusiliers, going in with 780, got out with 266 fit for duty.

The Twenty-first Fusiliers, its front covered by the Ninety-third in the second attack and taking advantage of the earliest chance to retreat, managed to save 395 out of 790.

The Fourth King's Own, enjoying a similar advantage of position and opportunity, escaped with the comparatively trifling loss of 397 out of 796.

This would indicate losses aggregating 3,717. But some of these were stragglers or unwounded prisoners. The actual casualties by gunshot were something over 3,000.

Soon after the battle ceased, a truce to bury the dead and care for the wounded was agreed upon at the request of the British commander. Even in this sad moment, cruel with the anguish of defeat and excruciating with the agony of disaster, Lambert did not forget his surly contempt for the "militia general" who had conquered him. His note requesting the truce was signed simply "Lambert." Jackson sent it back to him with a polite message to the effect that he could not entertain such a proposal unless its signature afforded better evidence of authority than the one before him. Lambert accepted the rebuke and sent another note signed "John Lambert, Major-General in Command." The truce being agreed upon, a "dead-line" was drawn 300 yards from the breastwork, inside of which no British soldier was allowed to come. Our soldiers carried the British

dead to the line and delivered them to their comrades for burial. The British wounded were taken into our lines and thence to the city, where public buildings, churches and many private residences were turned into hospitals for them. The wounded British soldiers were uniformly grateful to the men who had conquered them and now did their best to help them. But many of the officers, particularly the younger ones, were sullen to the point of boorishness. One incident may illustrate: The accomplished Lieutenant William Wickliffe, of Kentucky, with two comrades of less culture and refinement —but of no less manly instinct and native chivalry—was helping off the field Lieutenant Brooke—son of a lord and nephew of a duke—badly wounded. Wickliffe and his comrades were clad in dirty buckskin hunting-jackets, their hair was long and their faces and hands were begrimed with burnt powder.

"Are there no regular officers in your army? I would like to be attended by gentlemen!" said the sprig of English aristocracy.

"Let's leave the conceited —— — — —— to wallow in his own blood!" exclaimed one of Wickliffe's comrades.

"No," said Wickliffe; "don't mind his impudent tongue, Jim. His wound makes a gentleman of him—nothing else could!"

The task of removing the British dead to the truce-line was a ghastly one. Most remarkable of all was the corpse of a tall Highlander, that lay at the point where the Ninety-third broke. He was a color-sergeant and had carried the King's color of the regiment. Two

bullets had gone through his head. One struck him just over the left eye and passed out back of the right ear. The other hit him between the right nostril and eye and came out through the left ear. As either wound must have been instantaneously fatal, it was clear that the two bullets struck him together; though, taking the angle at which they crossed in his brain in connection with his distance from our rifle-line—about twenty-five rods—it was apparent that the two deadly marksmen who simultaneously "drew their beads" on his head must have been at least thirty-five rods apart in our line.

"A little lead wasted there!" was the grim comment of one of the Tennesseeans who helped carry the corpse to the truce-line.

More than three hundred who had lain down for safety surrendered, unwounded, after the battle.

The wounded who were picked up and taken to the city numbered more than 1,200, and for weeks New Orleans was pretty much one great hospital. Many of the wounded soldiers — particularly the Irishmen among them—contrived to stay in this country when the prisoners were released after the news of peace came.

While these decisive events were so rapidly occurring on the left bank of the river, a combat of wholly different character and result was waged on the right bank. Colonel Thornton had his picked column of 900 men—light infantry and marines—ready to cross the river by the time the council of war, the evening of January 7th, adjourned. This was about nine o'clock. But, through delay in getting the boats to the place of embarkation, it was midnight before the first detachment could start.

There were only half enough boats, and therefore two trips had to be made. The sailors who rowed the boats did not allow enough for the current and the result was that they landed on the right bank over a mile below the designated point. The first detachment landed about four o'clock, and it was nearly seven when the rest of the force joined them.

Thornton formed his force with the Eighty-fifth Light Infantry on his left, about 400 strong, the Royal Marines —about 300—in the centre and the sailors—250—on his right, next the river bank. On the river and keeping abreast of the land force were three large boats, or sailing launches, under Captain Roberts of the navy, each armed with one small carronade or boat-gun in the bow.

The American force consisted of less than 400 Kentucky militia, under Colonel Davis, and about 300 Louisiana militia, under Major Amand. A battery of one 12-pounder and two 6-pounders had been mounted in the old brick-kiln which Major Latour had converted into a sort of redoubt two days before, and these guns were manned by Philibert's and Nixon's companies of the Louisiana militia.

About three hundred yards in the rear of these lines was Commodore Patterson's battery of 18-pounders, but these were mounted to fire across the river. The commodore, however, anticipating an attack by land, got two 12-pounders out of the Louisiana during the 7th and mounted them in a re-entrant work or traverse, to fire down the road. During the night of the 7th, General David Morgan, in command on the east bank, had posted 180 Kentucky and 150 Louisiana militia, under Colonel Davis and Major Tessier, on a line three-quarters of a mile in

front of his intrenched position, at the point where the plain between river and swamp is narrowest. This line, except a feeble abatis of cypress branches, was not fortified.

Thornton attacked it vigorously and the militia gave way, retreating rapidly and in disorder upon the fortified lines. The British, in close pursuit, soon came under the guns of the "brick-kiln battery" and Morgan's main force in the slight breastwork. The total of this force was not more than 350. Morgan tried to rally the fugitives at his lines, without much success. Thornton was soon upon him with a flanking movement on the right which doubled back his line toward the river, capturing the brick-kiln battery and compelling the rest of the militia to join the fugitives from the first line.

Commodore Patterson's two 12-pounders now came into action. They were well served by the Louisiana's sailors and, as they partly enfiladed the plain, Thornton's advance was for a few moments checked. But his extreme left — the Eighty-fifth — kept reaching around toward the rear of the commodore's battery, and he was soon forced out of it, after spiking his guns and throwing his powder into the river.

Thornton now paused for a few minutes to reform his line, and then resumed his advance. Morgan and Davis in the meantime had partially rallied their militia, and the Louisianians fired severe straggling volleys with some effect. Adjutant Stephens, of Davis's regiment, with about 120 Kentuckians also made a front against the British advance. The re-enforcements sent over from the city by Jackson, under the French veteran Humbert, now began to arrive on the field, and Morgan, with

about 600 men, took post behind the Canal Boisgeveau, which was really a more defensible position than his intrenched line had been, except that he had no artillery left.

After a quick reconnaissance of this line, Thornton was preparing to attack it when Captain Dickson, of the royal artillery, reached him from the left bank with tidings of the awful defeat and butchery the main army had suffered, and orders from General Lambert to extricate himself and recross the river as best he might. Thornton, though confident of his ability to go ahead as against the force in his front, knew that Jackson would be now free to re-enforce Morgan from the left bank to any required extent, and that he could hope for no aid from the routed and slaughtered regiments of the main army. He therefore withdrew from his advanced position without serious trouble and fell back to his landing-place, which he held the rest of the day. Under cover of night he re-embarked his troops and rejoined the main army on the left bank. The Americans did not molest him, but during the night reoccupied their line of works, and Commodore Patterson had his battery in working order again early in the morning of the 9th.

This affair has been called "disgraceful" by most American writers. General Jackson, in his official report, severely censures the behavior of the militia—particularly the Kentuckians under Colonel Davis. But, upon dispassionate examination of all the facts, it is difficult to see that anything else could reasonably have been expected. The militia, Louisianians and Kentuckians alike, were armed with nothing better than old

Spanish escopetas or fowling-pieces. They were also quite inferior in numbers. The "works" for their protection were of the flimsiest character and, being incomplete on the right—or next the swamp—were easily flanked.

The fact that the militia, poorly armed and unsteady as they were, inflicted a loss of 108 killed and wounded upon the British force, including Colonel Thornton himself severely wounded, indicates that they must have tried at least to hold their ground. But, on the other hand, the fact that they themselves lost only five killed, fourteen wounded and nineteen "missing," suggests that they did not take any extraordinary risks. The British Government apparently set a high value on Thornton's "victory." He was the only officer in their army to be promoted "for gallant and successful services at New Orleans, January 8, 1815"; and the only "trophy" of that battle ever displayed in England was the State flag of the First Louisiana Militia, which for many years adorned a nook in the British Admiralty head-quarters at Whitehall. It was taken, in Thornton's attack, by the detachment of Royal Marines under Major Adayre. Rather a lonesome memento for such an important campaign!

The most singular thing, historically, about the battle of New Orleans is the confusion that seems to exist in the minds of those who have tried to describe it, on three points: *First,* the numbers effective on each side; *second,* the relative execution done by the different arms of service; and, *third,* the actual casualties of the British army.

On no one of these three points do any two historians agree. But the one point on which they most nearly approach agreement is that nearly all the execution was done by Jackson's artillery—which, excepting the two small regular batteries present, neither of which had more than forty trained men, was a nondescript lot of old guns of all calibres, mainly worked by men who had never seen a cannon in action before. However, this fact does not prevent all the historians—from Frost to Walker and Parton—from "mowing the British ranks down with grape-shot" and all that kind of thing. True, most of the historians admit that there were some riflemen present, under Coffee, Carroll and Adair, but these are classed as "militia," and credited with little else than firing their rifles through the smoke of the all-destroying artillery. It is, of course, useless to discuss such a question with such writers. The trouble is that most men who try to describe battles in historical writing never saw one themselves, do not know and cannot realize what a battle is, and might not recognize one if they saw it—unless they happened to get hit! The relative forces engaged have already been set forth in these pages: The British strength from reports on file in the Adjutant-General's office of Great Britain, and the American force from General Eaton's memorandum compiled from reports of company commanders, the 9th of January.

As for the losses, it is not disputed that Jackson's force on the left bank of the river lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. But, as already remarked, no two American historians agree as to the losses of the British or as to the arm of service that chiefly caused such casualties. Undoubtedly the most authentic solution is

to be found in the "consolidated return" of the Medical Director of the British army. This return, made some time after the battle—in fact, after the peace—when all prisoners had been released and all who could survive their wounds had recovered or been discharged for permanent disability, classifies the casualties under four heads: First, Killed outright; second, Died of Wounds; third, Wounded and permanently disabled; and, fourth, Wounded and temporarily disabled. Without going into details, the summary of the report is as follows:

Killed on the field	381	
Died of wounds	477	
	——	858
Wounded and permanently disabled (discharged)	1,251	
Wounded and temporarily disabled (returned to duty)	1,217	
	——	2,468
Total		3,326

Now, in order to understand the full meaning of this classification, it is necessary to know what the British system was in those days. Soldiers were enlisted then in the British army for "long service." That meant for life or until numerical reduction of the strength, when the army was to be placed on a "peace footing." Under that system "permanently disabled" meant loss of limb or other injury absolutely incapacitating the soldier for further service of any kind. "Temporarily disabled" meant wounds that might heal; but whether the healing took a week or a year made no difference. Moreover,

"slight wounds" found no place in the medical and surgical reports of the British army of those days.

With regard to the causes of death and wounds at New Orleans, the British Medical Director says that: "Of the total number (3,326), about 3,000 were struck by the small bullets the American sharpshooters used in their rifles; the rest (say 326) by the missiles of artillery or by the ounce balls used in regulation muskets."

These may be minor facts in the sum total of American battle history as written by men who never saw a battle or even smelled the powder of one at a safe distance. But some conception of their value is requisite to a properly patriotic appreciation of that great day in the American calendar of heroism—the 8th of January.

One of the greatest of French military writers has said: "The vanquished at New Orleans pursued the real art of war to the logical conclusion. The victors there triumphed by total disregard of every precept taught and of every principal inculcated in European or any other civilized warfare. Attacked *secundem artem,* they resisted in defiance of all rules. They had little or no discipline. Every man seemed to fight as if the whole issue of the combat depended on him. But one thing they certainly could do and they did it: *They killed everybody who came within the range of their rifles."*

This writer speaks of "rifles." He says nothing about cannon. He had studied the data which actually exhibit what was done. And, so doing, he unconsciously offers irrefragable evidence that the men who won the battle of New Orleans and saved the Louisiana Purchase—next to Yorktown the most momentous single fact in our warlike history—were not the motley crews

who stood behind Jackson's old smooth-bore cannon, but the Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen.

When men accomplish such things and achieve such ends against such odds and despite such obstacles, the world likes to know of what stuff they were made. One of them has given to history a word-picture of his comrades. The artist was Judge Ballard, of Kentucky. In 1815 he was a rifleman at New Orleans; in 1828, a circuit judge. When Jackson was running for President in the latter year he delivered an oration on "Jackson and his Men," in the course of which he said:

Apart from the ordinary impulses of patriotism actuating men who defend their country's soil against an invader, there was in the heart of hearts of these men a deeper feeling almost akin to fanaticism. Most of them had been born while yet the shadow of the Indian tomahawk hung over Kentucky. Their baby eyes had seen the glare of burning cabins, their young ears had heard the savage war-whoop, and not a few of them had gazed upon the mutilated remains of fathers, mothers, brothers or sisters slain and scalped at their own thresholds.

They knew that all through the dark and bloody infancy of their beloved State British instigation had been at the back of the red demons who wrought all those horrors, and for this they held the British Government responsible. The redcoats they now saw in front of them represented that Government. They had had many chances at the savages whom the British instigated, but this was the first chance they had ever had at the British instigators! So here they transferred to the serried ranks before them all the deadly hate, all the pitiless revenge and all the mortal animosity which had been burned into their souls toward the Indians.

Now consider that men so actuated were marksmen among whom it was considered *infra dig.* to shoot at a deer standing still; who lost caste among their fellows if they hit a wild

turkey anywhere in the body or broke the skin on a squirrel in "barking" him off a limb. Consider, further, that men so actuated and so endowed with skill in use of deadly weapons were not merely brave, but that courage was their instinct, congenital, imbibed with mother's milk; that in their code no allowance was made for cowardice, even as a remote possibility, and bravery was considered a matter of course, involving no particular merit whatever; that the imminent presence of danger or of death itself never shook their fortitude, disturbed their equanimity, impaired their judgment nor affected their calm deliberation in the slightest degree. One must take account of all these facts before a fair idea can be formed of the character of the obstacle which stood between the British army and its objective point the 8th day of January, 1815. These men were not merely soldiers. They were not soldiers at all in the regular or technical sense of the term.

Yet the world never saw so orderly and obedient a body of men assembled for warlike purpose. And the world never saw, nor probably ever will see again, such a helpless and pitiable wreck as they, in a few minutes, made of a force more than double their number; the pick and flower of a veteran army hitherto victorious in all lands, irresistible and invincible everywhere! *

* General Jackson once expressed his opinion of the army he had at New Orleans somewhat more tersely than Judge Ballard did. In 1833 a work called The Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington (Sherer's, we believe) was published in London, and a copy found its way into the hands of Mr. Blair, then editor of the *Globe*. Mr. Blair showed it to the President —or gave it to him to read; and called his attention particularly to a remark ascribed to the Duke concerning the quality of his army in Spain. The remark was: "That was the best army ever seen. It was an army that could go anywhere and do anything."

Mr. Blair suggested that the troops composing that army—or some of them—on a famous occasion signally and disastrously failed to make good the Duke's boast.

"Well, Blair," said Jackson after a moment's deliberation, "I never pretended that I had an army that 'could go anywhere and do anything.' But at New Orleans I had a lot of fellers that *could fight more ways and kill more times* than any other fellers on the face of the earth!"

After the expiration of the truce, January 9th, the two armies maintained their respective positions: the British in their old camp at Villeré's, the Americans in the lines they had defended. The skirmishing between outposts went merrily on, though perhaps less sanguinary than before the battle, because, on the 9th, General Jackson withdrew Jugeat's Choctaws from the swamp and gave them indefinite furlough to visit their compatriots in the reservation, full of honors and loaded with plunder—all but scalps. The artillery in the American works continued to cannonade the British positions that were within range, inflicting little damage but a vast deal of discomfort, faithfully and somewhat lugubriously recorded by "The Subaltern" and Captains Cooke, Hill and Costello in their narratives.

General Jackson did not relax an iota of his vigilance or of preparation to meet another movement, no matter in what direction. He knew that re-enforcements for the British army were constantly arriving by sea. Though he had advices from Washington, of date as late as December 15th, based upon reports from Ghent about November 5th, that negotiations for peace were in full progress, he did not believe either that they would be successful or that any peace made at Ghent would affect any conquests the British might achieve within the Louisiana Purchase. Day by day, from papers found on the persons of British officers, from the rodomontade of Spaniards and from other sources, information reached him that the enemy's purpose, so far as concerned Louisiana, had been conquest and permanent occupation in the ostensible behalf of Spain, irrespective of any stipulations that might be signed at Ghent.

This ominous information, acting upon his natural hatred and distrust of England and everything English, impelled him to even increased precautions. He knew that, terribly punished as it had been, the British army on the soil of Louisiana was still far superior to his own numerically; that it was backed by the most powerful fleet ever assembled in the Gulf; and from these facts he reasoned that British obstinacy would not be likely to abandon wholly so vast a purpose even under stress of such a disaster as the 8th of January. Hence he maintained martial law in full rigor and made every provision possible with his slender resources to guard against further attack.

These conditions lasted without change for ten days. Finally, during the night of January 18th, General Lambert withdrew the British army from its ill-fated camp at Villeré's, and before nightfall on the 19th was safe through the swamp to Bienvenue landing, under the guns of that part of the fleet which could get into Lake Borgne.

Some writers have converted into history—so-called—a sample of French vivacity to the effect that the departure of the British was first discovered by the veteran Humbert, who, the story goes, "called Jackson's attention to the fact that the enemy's outposts, on the morning of the 19th, were dummies—and not only that, but proved it by the fact that *crows* were to be seen flying and alighting on the ground all about them."

This is an interesting story. But the truth is that the first to report the retreat of the British army was Major Hinds, who came into Jackson's head-quarters at daybreak, the 19th, and reported that his mounted

patrol had already occupied the advanced lines of the enemy's camp, at the same time asking permission to pursue them with his own squadron and Captain Ogden's troop of the First United States Dragoons. It was not at that moment light enough for the veteran Humbert to have seen "crows" at a distance of two miles, even had he been looking for them. Jackson authorized Hinds and Ogden to pursue the enemy closely enough to observe their movements, but not to attack their rear or proceed farther than the limit of firm ground; and in no event to expose their cavalry to the fire of the enemy's rear-guard.

During the day the General, with his staff, visited the deserted camp, and on his return to head-quarters issued orders for his army to retire from the Chalmette lines —which the almost continuous rains had now converted into a quagmire. A picket-guard was still maintained at the lines, but the main body of the army removed to dryer and more commodious cantonments between the city and Lake Pontchartrain.

Under such conditions, and without means of knowing what was being done elsewhere, Jackson and his army kept camp around New Orleans and grimly awaited developments.

During the period between the battle and the embarkation of the British army, the latter continued to receive belated re-enforcements. On the 20th of January, the day after the retreat from Chalmette, transports arrived bringing two regiments of infantry—the Fortieth and Forty-ninth; but they did not debark from their ships. The Fortieth Regiment had sailed from Plymouth the 8th of December, only sixteen days before the Treaty

of Ghent was signed and when the British Cabinet knew perfectly well that it would be concluded.

Jackson had a party of Baratarian scouts, who kept him constantly advised of the movements of the British —re-enforcements and all. Beginning with the arrival of a battalion of infantry on transports the day the battle was fought and ending March 10th, three days after the British commander received official notice of peace, the total of re-enforcements arriving in British transports was five regiments of infantry, three companies of garrison artillery and a company of sappers and miners, or engineer troops—aggregating 5,600 strong. And of these, the very last—those arriving March 10th—had sailed from Barbadoes, February 18th, under orders dated in London, December 22d, two days before the treaty was signed!

Jackson was not so fortunate in the matter of re-enforcements as the British were. Except recruits to fill up the ranks of the Seventh and Forty-fourth Regulars and the batteries of Humphrey and Spotts, no re-enforcements came to him. But he did enjoy a little good fortune in another direction. The British soldiers killed or wounded the 8th of January left about 1,200 serviceable muskets, with accoutrements complete, on the field where they fell. This supply of "ordnance material," obtained by a kind of "requisition" which never fails to "draw," enabled him, the day after the battle, to arm his Kentucky and Louisiana militia cap-à-pie, thereby, with his wholesome system of discipline, converting them into first-rate soldiers.

The total force of British troops sent against New Orleans, including the belated re-enforcements arriving

after the battle, was 14,400 of all ranks, including the naval brigade. Jackson's maximum force, after he had armed his Kentucky militia with British muskets and all his regular recruits had reported for duty, was 5,780 men.

The Treaty of Ghent was, indeed, signed the day before Christmas, fifteen days before the battle of New Orleans; but not until the 11th of February did the news of it reach New York, and it was the evening of the 13th when the tidings were known at Washington. The news of the victory, embodied in Jackson's modest despatch, did not reach Washington till the 4th of February.

"Time and space" had not been "annihilated" in those days. The travel of news was measured at sea by the speed of sail-ships; on land by the swiftness and endurance of horseflesh.

The distance between Europe and America was thirty-odd days by the most successful navigation. That between Washington and New Orleans was nineteen days by the fleetest horses; and the route for more than two-thirds of the way was wilderness.

Authentic or official news of the treaty arrived at New Orleans by courier from Washington the 13th of March, seventy-nine days after its signing at Ghent and sixty-four days after the battle.

Under these insuperable conditions of time and space the war lasted, so far as Jackson's army was concerned, until March 13th; and, at least until the British invaders embarked on board their ships, which occurred the 27th of January, there could be no relaxation of readiness

for further attack or of vigilance in guarding against it.

Martial law was still rigorously maintained, resulting in serious clashes between the commander-in-chief of the army and the civil authorities—legislative and judicial. Of these affairs it is necessary to say here only that General Jackson proved as capable of repressing political turbulence as he had been of repulsing military force, and his sway was as supreme after the rescue of the city as before it.

For this he was indebted mainly to the men who had won the victory—the veteran riflemen of Tennessee and Kentucky. Whether the regulars he had—less than 700 strong—would have been sufficient to overawe the turbulent elements to be dealt with is a question. But when the regulars were re-enforced by about 2,400 riflemen, who never missed anybody and who, as everyone knew, would obey orders to the letter, there was no doubt as to Jackson's ability to meet any emergency of any kind in any quarter.

Meantime the news of victory was speeding north and east as fast as horseflesh could carry it. Bill Phillips, who had brought the news of the war to Nashville in 1812, was selected by the General to carry there the tidings of its greatest and last triumph. We do not know whether he rode the pace in 1815 that he did in 1812, but he had the news in Nashville the 14th of January. In due time the tidings were unfolded in Washington, Philadelphia, New York and New England. Enthusiastic rejoicing was everywhere—even in Boston. The disunion convention at Hartford a few months before was forgotten in the general clamor of popular joy. The administration at Washington, just

"convalescing" from the shock of the previous July, was well enough to rejoice with its characteristic conservatism. But if Mr. Madison did not yield to enthusiasm —which was foreign to his nature—his warmer-blooded wife did. She illuminated the building used as a temporary executive mansion in lieu of the White House the British had burned; and more than one American reflected that doubtless the hands which set fire to our Capitol and White House were now mouldering in the wet graveyard at Chalmette.

Among the characteristic "letters from camp to the folks at home" was one written by David Buell, under date of "Camp at Chalmette, La., Jan. 14, 1815," addressed to his father, Ezra—the Revolutionary veteran of Morgan's riflemen, etc.—at Esopus, Ulster County, New York. In the main it was a description of the battle as seen from the line of Captain MacAfee's company, Adair's brigade, and need not be reproduced here because it would be little more than a repetition of the narratives of General Butler and Private Ogilvy, already set forth. But the conclusion was amusing:

You may recollect that in your answer to my letter from Sandusky, giving some account of our battles under Harrison in the Northwest, you said: "Oh, yes; you Western fellows do pretty well so long as you have nothing in front of you but Indians and Canadian militia. Wait till you get hold of some British Regulars, such as we old Revolutioners had to deal with. Then talk!"

I presume you remember that. Well, this is to inform you that "we Western fellows," as you call us, "got hold of some British Regulars" down here the other day!

You will probably see something about it in the papers before this can reach you! Your Affectionate Son,

DAVE

The rejoinder of the Revolutionary veteran, if any, is not of record in the family archives.

The value of Jackson's victory was not confined to its momentous importance as the salvation of the Louisiana Purchase. That would have been, indeed, enough. But it went far beyond that. It saved not only Louisiana, but the self-respect of the American people. Generally speaking, the news of it and of the Peace at Ghent reached the Atlantic seaboard about the same time. Without it the Peace would have seemed exactly what it was—an act of British grace. With it, the Peace took on the air of American conquest, and has held that air ever since.

With the retreat of the British and the withdrawal of Jackson's army from the Chalmette lines to comfortable cantonments on the outskirts of New Orleans, a new life for the soldiers began. They came from the lines toilworn, tired, dirty, ragged and unkempt; exhausted by unceasing vigilance, many of them ill or ailing with the distempers incident to living in the miasma of the lower Mississippi and sleeping in the mud. Between the 9th of January and the 23d, only fourteen days, no fewer than 500 of them had been sent to hospital with fever or dysentery, and some died. When it is borne in mind that these were frontiersmen, inured to every conceivable hardship, privation and exposure to the elements, the trials that could kill them may be imagined but not described.

Jackson himself had fully shared the rigors which he asked his men to endure; staying with them in the squalid and half-submerged camp or bivouac and never

even so much as taking a day's trip to the city until his soldiers could go with him and share his relief. But, though the departure of the enemy left them free to rest their weary bodies and restore their enfeebled health, there was still plenty for them to do. Jackson rightly calculated that there could be no real safety for Louisiana until peace should be formally declared, the last British soldier withdrawn from our soil and the last English ship out of sight from our shores. The invasion itself had been conceived in perfidy, executed by stealth, and its real objects treacherously veiled. The fact that it culminated in disaster the like of which had never before been seen and in ignominy as abject as its conduct had been base, afforded no sure guarantee that it would not be tried again.

Jackson had before him an object-lesson: When Lambert re-embarked his beaten and shattered army he did not sail with it away to seek rest or peace on British soil. He took his great armada and his remaining legions around to Mobile and assailed the feeble defences of that harbor, taking Fort Bowyer, with its puny garrison—outnumbered more than a hundred to one—the 11th of February, only two days before the official news of peace was delivered to the admiral and the general in command. Dealing with such a foe, there could be no safety but in the most sleepless vigilance, no security but in the most perfect readiness to meet him at any time and on any terms.

These were Jackson's reasons for persistence in the restraints of martial law, which he openly announced his intention to maintain until the formal ratification of the treaty by the Senate; which alone could relieve the

armed forces of the government from responsibility for the protection of our soil. They were sufficient reasons and a great majority of the people of Louisiana, both French and American, quietly, if not cordially, acquiesced in the situation. A few small politicians of both races, however, demurred, and carried their protest to the extent of attempted resistance, legislative and judicial alike. On the 18th of February, news of the signing of the treaty became known in New Orleans. It came through British channels. There was nothing about it of which the American commander could properly or safely take the slightest cognizance.

The origin of this report was that, soon after the British army retired to its ships, General Jackson sent Edward Livingston and Messrs. Shepherd and White, of New Orleans, under a flag of truce, to General Lambert on a mission to arrange a cartel for exchange of prisoners and also to restore to General Keane his sword, which had been found on the field where he was wounded in the battle of the 8th. General Keane had requested the return of the sword, if found, because it was valuable to him as a memento of previous service. The envoys were hospitably received on board the flagship Tonnant; but as the British were about to attack Mobile, they were detained in order to prevent them from carrying any information to the American commander.

On February 13th, Admiral Malcolm received a marked copy of the London *Times* dated six weeks before, which contained a bare announcement that the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, December 24th. Mr. Livingston and his companions were re-

leased the next day, and arrived in New Orleans the 19th. Of course they spread the news. But no official advices had reached General Jackson. The British commander did not view it as a reason for discontinuing operations against Mobile.

Neither commander doubted that it was based upon fact, but neither could accept it as an official reason for suspending hostilities. General Jackson, foreseeing that the news of peace, irregular as its source might be, would make the mercurial people of New Orleans restless under the restraints imposed, issued a general order the moment the news was imparted to him, in which he besought the troops to be patient until the good news might receive official verification. In the same order he said to the people:

"You must not be thrown into a false sense of security by hopes that may prove delusive. It is by holding out such that an artful and insidious enemy too often seeks to accomplish what the utmost exertions of his strength will not enable him to effect. To place you off your guard and attack you by surprise is the natural expedient of one who, having experienced the superiority of your arms, still hopes to overcome you by stratagem."

This general order, while it reconciled the troops to the situation, produced little or no effect on the populace. They clamored for the disbandment of the militia and abrogation of martial law at once. On February 21st the Louisiana *Gazette* published a paragraph in which it was stated that "a flag has just arrived from Admiral Cochrane to General Jackson officially announcing the conclusion of peace at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and virtually requesting a suspension of arms."

General Jackson at once sent a communication to the editor denouncing the statement as untrue and requiring publication of the correction, which was done, though with bad grace. This part of the affair was ended. But in the *Gazette* of March 3d, and in the *Journal de Louisiane,* an article appeared in French, signed "Citoyen de la Louisiane, de l'origin français." It was an open and undisguised appeal to the French people of the city and State to resist the authority of the American general. The tone was moderate and, so far as concerned his military operations, highly complimentary to General Jackson.

The General acted as soon as Mr. Livingston had translated the article for him. Sending for the editor to appear at head-quarters, he demanded the name of the author. The editor said the author was M. Louaillier, a member of the legislature. Two days later M. Louaillier was arrested by the provost-guard and placed in confinement in the officers' quarters of the barracks.

Pierre Louis Morel, a French lawyer, as counsel for Louaillier, at once went before Judge D. A. Hall, United States District Judge for the District of Louisiana, and obtained a writ of habeas corpus, which was served on General Jackson the same day. The result was not exactly such as the prisoner, his learned counsel and Judge Hall evidently anticipated. Instead of procuring the liberation of M. Louaillier, it produced the following order from General Jackson to Colonel Arbuckle, provost marshal-general:

Having received proof that Dominick A. Hall has been aiding and abetting and exciting mutiny within my camp, you will

forthwith order a detachment to arrest and confine him and report to me as soon as arrested. . . .

(Signed) A. JACKSON, Maj'r-Gen'l Com'd'g.

The order was obeyed and Judge Hall was arrested and confined in the barracks, along with Louaillier. The latter was the next day placed upon trial by court-martial under charges and specifications of "exciting to mutiny," "being a spy," and several other violations of martial law, amply sufficient to justify capital punishment if the prisoner had been found guilty.

But nothing more serious than arraignment happened to Louaillier. The General did not wish to try him, but he did intend to use his case as a warning example, knowing as he did that but a few days could elapse before the receipt of official advices of peace which would warrant him in terminating the reign of martial law.

In the meantime the General contented himself with sending Judge Hall beyond the lines of sentinels with orders to stay outside "until the ratification of peace shall be regularly announced or until the British forces shall have left the southern coast."

The waiting was not long. On March 13th, General Jackson received from Washington despatches announcing the ratification of the treaty by the Senate and enclosing copies of all the documents. Within an hour after the arrival of these papers a general order was posted through all the public places and printed as an official advertisement in newspaper "extras," abrogating martial law, restoring all civil authority and granting immunity for all military offences.

The next day appeared another general order informing the militia that their services and toils were ended,

and that as soon as they could be paid off and provided with transport and supplies they would be sent to their homes. The order concluded with a truly Jacksonian peroration:

> Go, then, my brave companions, to your homes; to those tender connections and those blissful scenes which render life so dear; full of honor and crowned with laurels that never fade. . . . Continue, fellow-soldiers, on your passage to your several destinations to preserve that subordination, that dignified and manly deportment which have so ennobled your character. . . . Farewell, fellow-soldiers. The expression of your General's thanks is feeble, but the gratitude of a country of freemen is yours—yours the applause of an admiring world!

Judge Hall returned at once to the city. Mr. Louaillier was at liberty. And in a few days the volunteer army was disbanded.

The soldiers had seen the hardest kind of service while hostilities actually raged. After the British army retired from their front their daily lot had been easier, their quarters, clothing and food better, and their opportunities for bodily rest and social recreation almost boundless. Whatever may have been the friction between the General and citizens, between the hard hand of martial law and the popular aspirations toward restoration of civic freedom, there was no bar to the social relations between the men of the army and the people they had defended.

With hardly exceptions enough to prove the rule, Jackson's army of New Orleans was an association of gentlemen. This was true alike of the Creoles of Louisiana and the pioneers of Tennessee, Kentucky and Mississippi. Many of the men in the ranks were of

high social rank at home. In this there was no distinction as between officers and soldiers. The number of rough or questionable characters or of men socially unpresentable was too small to affect the general character of the force.

The regulars were, as they always are, orderly and obedient. But the true moral tone of the army was fixed and regulated by the quality of the Tennessee and Kentucky and Mississippi veteran riflemen under Coffee, Carroll, Adair and Hinds. As they had been the bone and sinew of the army in battle, so now in the less trying and gentler duties of garrison they were its exemplars of patience, fidelity and manliness. Except when on duty under arms, the officers and soldiers of those commands always associated on perfectly equal terms. Discipline was a matter of common consent, and there was no such thing as "Regulations." Yet they were "the most orderly and obedient soldiers the world ever saw"; punishments were unknown, and they stood ready at any moment to destroy, as they already had done, three or four times their number of any troops that could be mustered anywhere on the face of the earth.

Twenty-five hundred men of that kind were encamped in or near a city of about twenty thousand people, whom they had just defended against an invader. Of those twenty thousand people about half were white, the rest negro slaves. The white population of New Orleans in 1815 was more than four-fifths Creole—that is to say, French colonists born in this country; and there were a few of Spanish blood. Among the colored population were many of mixed breeds of all shades and degrees. But the French race predominated over all others as

four is to one, and the esteem in which they held the American frontiersmen who had defended them against the traditional and hated foe of their beautiful motherland was great indeed.

Two or three incidents of the time may serve to exhibit all: A short distance above the city lived a Creole planter named Sauvé. He had two daughters. Among the wounded and captured British officers was Major Mitchell, of the Ninety-fifth Rifle Brigade, and as he could talk French fluently he was a frequent visitor at the Sauvé mansion—being on parole. One afternoon, while he was there, three enlisted men belonging to Captain Helms's company of Kentucky riflemen, whose camp was near by, called upon the young ladies.

They were most cordially received and royally entertained. But the Kentuckians could not speak French and the English vocabulary of the young ladies was quite limited. So the British major was pressed into the service as interpreter. The Kentuckians were clad in homespun and wore their usual hunting-jackets; but they were none the less self-respecting, bore themselves with native dignity and exhibited much intelligence.

When they were gone, Major Mitchell said: "They seem to be clever fellows; but I don't see how such uncouth young men can interest ladies of your culture and refinement. They seem to be of an inferior class."

"Pardon me, major," said Mademoiselle Eugenie Sauvé; "you know we French girls always worship conquerors!"

The major did not pursue the topic.

Undoubtedly the three young Kentuckians were "clever fellows," as the English major said. One of them

lived to be governor of a Western State and senator of the United States, another to be United States district judge—and the name of the third was Crittenden. But in 1815, one was a sergeant and the other two were privates in Adair's riflemen; and, humble as their rank may have been or howsoever unpretending their attire, they had but a few days before borne a lusty hand in the proceedings to which the lofty English major himself was indebted for the honor and pleasure of acquaintance with Mesdemoiselles Sauvé.

One day a mounted courier carried a despatch from head-quarters to the mansion of Colonel Latour, some distance from town, asking that gentleman to call upon the commander-in-chief the next morning. Two wounded British officers had been given hospital in the Latour mansion and were now convalescent. They were Captain Erskine and Lieutenant Urquhart. The courier, a sergeant, arrived just as the family were sitting down to luncheon. Colonel Latour, with true Creole hospitality, invited the handsome sergeant to join them at table, called him by name, and introduced him to his wife and daughter; also to the British officers. The American accepted all as a matter of course, and bore himself with the dignity of a major-general. The British officers—unlike Major Mitchell—were much interested in the sergeant. When he was gone they commented on his fine bearing and intelligence and expressed astonishment that such a man should wear no more exalted insignia than chevrons.

"Why, bless us!" exclaimed the generous old Frenchman, "gentlemen, that boy's father is the richest man in Mississippi Territory, the principal merchant and

banker of Natchez, and my partner in business! The boy himself has been educated by private tutors here in New Orleans, and had just begun the study of the law in Mr. Livingston's office when the war broke out. He has been all through Jackson's campaigns in the Creek country and in Florida and here with Major Hinds's Mississippi mounted rifles. And I beg to tell you that most of the young men of Hinds's command would grace epaulets if there were enough to go round."

"It certainly is a wonderful army," was the only comment of Captain Erskine.

Lieutenant Urquhart then remarked: "I noticed in his conversation with Madame and Mademoiselle that he spoke French fluently and well."

"Of course! Why not? His principal tutor was the most eminent French *savant* in New Orleans, the lamented Touro, whose instruction in all branches of education was carried on in French. He is only an orderly at head-quarters here, but his father is one of General Jackson's most intimate friends."

A few days after the battle, while the army yet lay in the Chalmette lines awaiting the pleasure of the British force still in camp at Villeré's plantation, a well-built youth, about nineteen or twenty years old, belonging to Carroll's command, was on sentry-post at the breast-work, pacing up and down with a long rifle carelessly thrown over his right shoulder. The officer of the day was a captain in the Forty-fourth United States Infantry. General Jackson came along in his usual way, on foot, inspecting the lines. Seeing this boy on duty, the General stopped and talked with him two or three minutes in a familiar way, and finally handed him a

letter, which the young fellow read and then handed it back to the General, who resumed his tour of inspection.

The regular officer, who had witnessed the interview, went to the youthful soldier and asked his name.

"My name is Hays, sir."

"You seem to be acquainted with the General."

"Oh, yes, sir. He is my uncle—that is, you know, my uncle up home in Tennessee!"

The officer, amused, asked:

"Your uncle, up home in Tennessee, you say; and what is he here?"

"Oh, here he is the General, sir!"

To further inquiries the boy responded that he was the youngest son of Mrs. Jackson's sister, Mrs. Hays, and that he had lived a good part of his boyhood at the Hermitage with "Uncle Jackson and Aunt Rachel." He then explained to the officer that the letter General Jackson showed him was from "Aunt Rachel" and contained some messages from his own family. Finally, the officer remarked: "And so you are General Jackson's nephew and a private soldier here. I wonder that he doesn't do better by you."

"Well, sir, that doesn't make any difference to him. So long as I'm here with a gun, he's satisfied!"

Such was the rank and file of the army that made the 8th of January immortal and saved the Louisiana Purchase.

The Louisiana campaign of 1814–'15, from the purely military point of view, was the worst failure and involved the most sickening disaster that ever befell the arms of Great Britain. And it was also more utterly destitute of redeeming feature or consolatory incident

than any other defeat recorded in British warlike annals. Braddock in 1755 had been avenged by Wolfe in 1759. Even the clouds of misfortune that gathered about Burgoyne and Cornwallis in the fates of Saratoga and Yorktown had here and there streaks of silver to variegate their gloom. At the worst, both these beaten generals surrendered armies worn out by fighting and by privation to superior forces of fresh troops, exultant with victory and animated by all the omens of conquest. But the British expedition against Louisiana recoiled with awful loss from the face of a foe almost absurdly inferior in numbers, organization and equipment; and, worst of all, retreated by stealth without inflicting upon its adversary as a whole punishment equal to one-fourth of the slaughter meted out to single companies in its own line.

Amazing as this result was, calm analysis shows it to have been perfectly logical. From beginning to end, not one British calculation came out in the manner expected. Every contributory part of the grand plan miscarried. Not one event occurred as it had been preconceived. Every movement, from the rendezvous at Negril Bay to the assault on the Chalmette lines, was a month late. The general strategy was halting, straggling and indecisive. The tactics on the spot were dilatory and nerveless at the beginning, and the initiatory blunders were converted into crimes by desperate folly and hopeless sacrifice at the end.

The physical resources which England placed at the disposal of her chosen general were superior to any she had ever before lavished upon the commander of an expedition for permanent conquest. No British com-

mander—except Wellington in Spain—had ever before been provided with an army of invasion 14,000 strong, backed at its sea-base by a fleet of thirty-six ships carrying over 8,000 seamen and marines. Pakenham's army exceeded in numbers the whole American force actually under arms south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers; and it outnumbered the total force that by any possibility could be assembled to oppose it, face to face, by nearly three to one. The fleet of Admiral Cochrane, in available ships of all rates and in the number of seamen and marines effective, exceeded the entire regular navy of the United States.

The soldiers were those who had conquered Napoleon. The sailors were those who had expelled from the ocean every European flag. Yet General Pakenham's 14,000 British veterans were repulsed by Jackson's 5,000 American volunteers; and Cochrane's grand fleet met no more formidable adversary on its own element than Ap Catesby Jones's five little gun-boats in Lake Borgne.

But the errors of the British general and admiral did not end with delays in concentration of force or with procrastination in approaching our coast. They wholly miscalculated the character of the country they proposed to invade and distinctly misapprehended the conditions of nature to be encountered. The general relied to a very considerable extent upon the resources of the region to be invaded for provisions, for land transport, and even for cavalry and artillery horses. None could be found. The physical conditions were imperfectly known. No topographic maps of the region existed. No general reconnaissance whatever was made. The only information General Keane could gather upon which to base his

selection of a landing-place and route of operations was that derived from spies belonging to the Spanish population or from members of Lafitte's Baratarian colony. The Spaniards were ignorant. The Baratarians, whose fealty to the American cause soon afterward became apparent, systematically deceived the British general.

Whether Pakenham, had he been in command on the first landing, would have adopted the same general plan that Keane did, may be doubted. General Jackson always believed that if Pakenham had been there at the beginning, he would have approached the city by way of Lake Pontchartrain instead of the Bienvenue route. The Pontchartrain approach would have given him water-carriage to a point within five miles from the city, in its left rear, and a good, dry road leading to the town from Fort St. John. General Jackson would have selected that approach had he been attacking instead of defending New Orleans. However, it is hardly worth while to discuss these "ifs." When General Pakenham reached the scene the die had already been cast for him by Keane, and he had nothing to do but make the best of it.*

Much had been expected from the fleet, but it could do nothing more than operate by boat expeditions and

* When Lafayette visited this country in 1824–'25 he was General Jackson's guest at Nashville. Colonel Charles Dupin, a French military writer of that period (author of The Armed Strength of Europe, Napoleon's Logistics and other works), says that Lafayette and Jackson discussed the Louisiana campaign exhaustively. The General informed his illustrious guest that when Pakenham lay inert for a whole week after the abortive artillery duel of January 1st, he believed that it meant a determination to withdraw from the Chalmette front and move upon the city by the northern or Pontchartrain approach. Lafayette agreed with Jackson that this was the unavoidable inference and expressed astonishment that it was not done.

land its marines to serve with the army. The prevailing northerly winds prevented it from coming up the river, and even had that obstacle been removed, none of the line-of-battle ships or larger frigates could have got through the passes by reason of their deep draught. To send ships of the line on an expedition against New Orleans was therefore a waste of naval strength from any point of view. They could not operate in concert with the land forces and there was no need of an imposing sea-force to confront any naval armament the United States then possessed. But most absurd of all the British blunders was the extravagant overrating of their adversary in numbers and equipment. This was unquestionably the error that paralyzed all their earlier operations. For that impression they—or perhaps it would be quite as accurate to say the Americans—were indebted to the Baratarian smugglers. The British believed these freebooters implicitly. They knew that the American government had made war on the smugglers, denounced them as outlaws and pirates, and had several of them under indictment in prison without bail and awaiting trial at the very time of the British expedition. But the Baratarians were Frenchmen; and not even persecution—as they viewed it—at the hands of the Americans could wean them from the inveterate hatred they bore by heritage toward England and the English.

Under all these conditions the British invasion of Louisiana began with blundering caution, and then, when the Americans had, by means of it, found time to perfect their defences, their assailants turned suddenly to the other extreme of blundering audacity which proved suicidal.

So far as concerned actual combat, the night-battle of December 23d was the real crisis in the defence of New Orleans and the Louisiana Purchase. The 8th of January was its logical sequel, its necessary culmination. To any man who has had experience in warfare, the first impressions produced by visual survey of the battle-field of January 8th are the utter simplicity of plan, the lack of manœuvre and the narrow limitations of the combat itself.

A perfectly flat plain, destitute of cover and free from obstruction to attacking troops. This plain narrowed to less than a mile of practicable front. Its flanks impregnably defended by a deep, wide river on one side and an impassable swamp on the other. The defence a straight line of heavy breastwork manned by a small but handy and compact force of the most perfect marksmen the world ever saw. The assailing force compelled to move in the face of a fire that no troops could endure. The assailed, practically relieved from peril, free to employ their skill to the utmost, and to convert repulse into downright butchery. No similar conditions had ever existed elsewhere on so large a scale, and in all probability never will exist again anywhere. On the whole, the Louisiana campaign was a phenomenal blunder and the battle of New Orleans a miracle of misfortune on the British side. Viewed in the cold blood of the professional soldier and stripped of all enthusiasm, about all that need be said of General Jackson's share in the achievement is that he was shrewd enough to gain the utmost profit from every blunder of the enemy and brave enough to minimize to the last degree every weakness of his own. No other general ever had such an oppor-

tunity. It is doubtful if any other general that ever lived—even Napoleon—could have improved such opportunity so well. And the fate of General Pakenham was the most striking exemplification modern history affords of the truth of the classic aphorism: *"Quem vult perdere Jupiter prius dementat."*

CHAPTER III

BRITISH DESIGNS IN LOUISIANA

In conclusion of the last chapter we said that General Jackson's army of New Orleans "saved the Louisiana Purchase." Few people of all the millions who in this year of grace, 1904, celebrate the centenary of that colossal transaction between Napoleon Bonaparte and Thomas Jefferson, realize the significance of those words. To most people in the Twentieth Century the memory of New Orleans is that of glorious misfortune; a great victory gained after peace had been made; a brilliant page of history stained with blood shed in vain. Common—almost universal—as that view may be, there never was a more perfect fallacy. Viewed in the light of its actual influence upon the map of North America and the fortunes of this Republic, it was the most important battle ever fought between Great Britain and the United States. It was, indeed, fought after the war of 1812 was over. On the face of things, that fact had the aspect of a misfortune. But that was really a minor consideration.

The real, vast, enduring value of the battle of New Orleans lay in the fact that it prevented another war.

In foregoing pages we have from time to time mentioned the Louisiana campaign of 1814–'15 as an attempt at territorial conquest with a view to permanent

occupation by the forces of Great Britain. But thus far we have adduced no positive evidence. Here we shall endeavor to establish the fact.

At the outset it is of official history * that the concentration of land and naval forces at Negril Bay, Jamaica, was not ordered until after the peace commissioners had assembled at Ghent. The War Office minute embodying the order to General Pakenham "to proceed to Plymouth and embark there for Louisiana to assume command of the Forces operating for the reduction of that *Province,*" was dated November 4, 1814. The peace commission had then assembled at Ghent. Why did the British Cabinet, in its order to General Pakenham, describe Louisiana as a "Province"? The fact that it was a State of the American Union was as well known to the British Government as to our own. Was New York or Ohio or Pennsylvania ever described in any British official document of that period as "a Province"? Twenty days after the date of General Pakenham's final order to "embark at Plymouth, etc.," the combined armament designed for "the reduction of the Province of Louisiana" rendezvoused at Negril Bay, Jamaica. These coincidences at such wide distances could not have been fortuitous.

Twenty-two days after the date of Pakenham's orders the combined armament set sail for the coast of Louisiana. The fleet carried more than an army. The Narratives of The Subaltern and Captain Cooke, reputable officers of the Eighty-fifth and Forty-third Light Infantry respectively, tell us that there was on board the fleet "a complete civil government staff" to be installed

* See Bathurst Papers, State Paper Office, London.

in place of the State government of Louisiana at the moment of occupation. One of them, with a spice of humor, informs us that one member of this "civil government staff" was "a worthy colonial official whose confidence in the success of the expedition led him to resign the comfortable position of Collector of Barbadoes to take the larger and more lucrative post of Collector for the (to-be) Crown Colony of Louisiana." And he even imparts to us the interesting particular that "this worthy official was accompanied by his family, consisting of five attractive and marriageable daughters, who, during the somewhat protracted voyage, made no secret of their aspirations to leadership in the refined and aristocratic society of New Orleans."

"They were fine girls," says the gallant captain, "whose native charms were made bewitching by that gentle languor which life in a tropical clime never fails to bestow upon young women of English birth; and the two younger ladies—still in their teens—were natives of sunny Barbadoes itself." It is easy to imagine how the natural chivalry of an officer, bronzed and seasoned in the harsh school of the Iron Duke's Peninsular Campaigns, must have been quickened at the prospect of promoting the social aspirations of such a houseful of beauty and "tropical languor."

The "civil government staff" for the "Province of Louisiana" which Admiral Cochrane's fleet brought along consisted of a lieutenant-governor, the Hon. Mr. Elwood, transferred from Trinidad; a collector of customs, already mentioned, from Barbadoes; an attorney-general, an admiralty judge and a secretary for the colony sent from England direct; with a "superintendent

of Indian affairs," Mr. Dockstadter, transferred from Upper Canada.*

The British Government had also arranged with Spain for free trade with the Indians in all Spanish possessions north of the Rio Grande! Spain, of course, was then completely under the feet of England, in the Southwest as well as in Florida.

Besides his general orders at Plymouth, Pakenham brought with him a proclamation approved by the Home Government or Colonial Office. This proclamation was to be published as soon as the British army should occupy New Orleans. It promised protection to everybody, general amnesty to all previously engaged in hostilities, and proclaimed the sovereignty of England, in behalf of Spain, over "all the territory fraudulently conveyed by Bonaparte to the United States."

It denied the validity of the secret treaty by which Spain receded Louisiana to France in 1800. It denied Bonaparte's right to act for France in 1803. And finally, it "denounced the pretensions of the United States to sovereignty under the alleged purchase from Bonaparte."

That proclamation was in printed form at British head-quarters the night before the battle, and its contents were well known to many British officers. The night after the battle it disappeared. Every copy of it was burned!

All this evidence was obtained from British prisoners taken in the battle of January 8th. But it lacked one link to make the chain perfect. That was evidence of

* This eminent Indian administrator was a son of the notorious Colonel Dockstadter, of Tory fame in the Revolutionary annals of the Mohawk Valley.

specific design and fixed policy on the part of the British Government.* In the absence of such evidence the Cabinet of St. James might, in emergency, declare that the scheme of a "crown colony" and the proclamation itself were the acts of General Pakenham—to be approved if he succeeded or disavowed if he failed. The needed link was supplied long afterward. But before proceeding to consider it, either as to its origin or its bearing upon the facts just set forth, let us briefly mark the evidence of events, as gleaned from captured papers and captive officers and soldiers:

The expedition was to sail, according to plan, from Jamaica the 4th of November, to land in Louisiana not later than the 20th. Had that part of the plan been carried out, they would have found no opposition except the handful of regulars and the Louisiana militia—less than 1,600 all told—and not even a breastwork to bar the way of 10,000 British veterans. But, delayed by the non-arrival of Keane's brigade from Plymouth, England, they did not sail until the 24th and 26th of November. Even at that, they were delayed a week by contrary winds in the Gulf and did not get fairly afoot within striking distance of New Orleans until December 23d. Meantime Coffee's Tennesseeans and Hinds's Mississippians had arrived—about 700 strong. The next day Carroll's Tennesseeans came—with strength of nearly a thousand, and of fine quality. With these forces General Jackson was able to hold them at bay until the

* This aspect of the Louisiana campaign, for some unexplained reason, seems to have been either overlooked or studiously ignored by American writers. Benton refers to it more pointedly than any other; but he says only that if the British had taken New Orleans, another war would have been necessary to expel them from the Mississippi Valley.

Kentuckians could get there, from the 4th to the 7th of January. Of the latter, only about 1,200 or 1,400 were immediately effective, but they proved to be enough.

The British plenipotentiaries at Ghent knew all about these plans, and gauged their "diplomacy" according to them, supposing they would be executed very nearly to the letter. On this basis Mr. Goulburn and his colleagues, when they signed the treaty at Ghent, December 24th, had every reason to believe that Pakenham's army was already in full possession of New Orleans and that the "Crown Colony of Louisiana" was firmly established.

It was for this that they had been "pettifogging for time," as lawyers say, ever since the 25th of October. The British plenipotentiaries did their duty well, as they understood it. And their belated army did its duty as well as it could under the distressing conditions it unexpectedly encountered. So much for British plans.

The final link in the chain of evidence was supplied by General Jackson himself. In the fall of 1875 the author, then a staff correspondent of the Missouri *Republican,* visited Governor William Allen, of Ohio, at his farm near Chillicothe. During the visit, which was of three days' duration, the venerable statesman's conversation—when not upon agricultural subjects—was mainly reminiscences of his earlier public life. All was interesting; some of it historically valuable, particularly those parts relating to the British invasion of Louisiana and the Northwest Boundary question—which latter topic may be brought forward in its appropriate place.

What Governor Allen said on the former subject we reproduce here, exactly as it was printed in 1875:

Near the end of General Jackson's second administration, and shortly after the admission of Arkansas to the Union, I, being Senator-elect from Ohio, went to Washington to take the seat on March 4th.

General Jackson—he always preferred to be called General rather than Mr. President, and so we always addressed him by his military title—General Jackson invited me to lunch with him. No sooner were we seated than he said: "Mr. Allen, let us take a little drink to the new star in the flag—Arkansas!" This ceremony being duly observed the general said: "Allen, if there had been disaster instead of victory at New Orleans, there never would have been a State of Arkansas."

This, of course, interested me, and I asked: "Why do you say that, General?"

Then he said that if Pakenham had taken New Orleans, the British would have claimed and held the whole Louisiana Purchase. But I said: "You know, General Jackson, that the treaty of Ghent, which had been signed fifteen days before the battle, provided for restoration of all territory, places and possessions taken by either nation from the other during the war, with certain unimportant exceptions."

"Yes, of course," he replied. "But the minutes of the conference at Ghent as kept by Mr. Gallatin represent the British Commissioners as declaring in exact words:

" 'We do not admit Bonaparte's construction of the law of nations. We cannot accept it in relation to any subject-matter before us.'

"At that moment," pursued General Jackson, "none of our commissioners knew what the real meaning of these words was. When they were uttered, the British commissioners knew that Pakenham's expedition had been decided on. Our commissioners did not know it. Now, since I have been Chief Magistrate I have learned from diplomatic sources of the most unquestionable authority that the British Ministry did not intend the treaty of Ghent to apply to the Louisiana Purchase at all. The whole corporation of them from 1803 to 1815—Pitt, the Duke of Portland, Grenville, Perceval, Lord Liverpool and Castlereagh—denied the legal right of Napoleon to sell Louisiana to us, and

they held, therefore, that we had no right to that territory. So you see, Allen, that the words of Mr. Goulburn on behalf of the British commissioners, which I have quoted to you from Albert Gallatin's minutes of the conference, had a far deeper significance than our commissioners could penetrate. Those words were meant to lay the foundation for a claim on the Louisiana Purchase entirely external to the provisions of the treaty of Ghent. And in that way the British Government was signing a treaty with one hand in front while with the other hand behind its back it was despatching Pakenham's army to seize the fairest of our possessions.

"You can also see, my dear William," said the old General, waxing warm (having once or twice more during the luncheon toasted the new star), "you can also see what an awful mess such a situation would have been if the British programme had been carried out in full. But Providence willed otherwise. All the tangled web that the cunning of English diplomats could weave around our unsuspecting commissioners at Ghent was torn to pieces and soaked with British blood in half an hour at New Orleans by the never-missing rifles of my Tennessee and Kentucky pioneers. And that ended it. British diplomacy could do wonders, but it couldn't provide against such a contingency as that. The British commissioners could throw sand in the eyes of ours at Ghent, but they couldn't help the cold lead that my riflemen sprinkled in the faces of their soldiers at New Orleans. Now, Allen, you have the whole story. Now you know why Arkansas was saved at New Orleans. Let's take another little one."

"To this recital, which may almost be termed 'official,'" pursued Governor Allen, "the General added that, while yet he was at New Orleans with his army, after the battle, he learned from captured British officers and from other sources that General Pakenham was authorized and prepared to set up a British colonial government in Louisiana, to embrace the whole Purchase, as soon as New Orleans should be taken and his

(Jackson's) force there captured or driven away. But he said this information was mainly circumstantial, and as such lacked the kind of confirmation required to give it historical character. That kind of confirmation, he said, was discovered by Mr. Van Buren in his investigation of the Northwest Boundary question soon after he became our Minister to England. And the General said in conclusion:

" 'I remarked that our commissioners did not know the significance of Mr. Goulburn's words. That is true. But they all suspected an ulterior design, though they could not fathom it—all except Mr. Adams. He suspected nothing. He believed everything the British commissioners told him and he would get angry at anyone who might venture to express a doubt as to their perfect frankness and complete good faith.' "

We are aware that this chapter of history is not to be found in the school-books. But, taking the whole web and woof together, it seems irrefragable. At all events, there is a flavor about it calculated to produce the impression that if New Orleans had been a British victory the American people might not now be celebrating the centenary of the Purchase of Louisiana.

The extent to which these facts were known at the time and on the spot may be inferred from a speech made by one of Jackson's young officers who could speak French, Captain Henry Garland,* at a banquet given

* Captain Henry Garland was born at Nantes, France, in 1783. His father, a merchant of Norfolk, Virginia, was for many years commercial agent in France for American importing houses. He did not return to the United States until 1799 or 1800. He received all his education in French schools and of course in the French language. On his arrival in this country he was sent to William and Mary College, but did not graduate

by the officers of the Louisiana militia to those of Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi and the regulars, on the eve of the disbandment of Jackson's army. This officer had been selected by his comrades to respond in French on their behalf.

The guests were welcomed on behalf of the Creole hosts and hostesses by Vicar-General the Most Reverend Abbé Dubourg, Bishop of Louisiana, who made a brief address of welcome, first in English and then in French. In conclusion, the Abbé expressed sorrow that such an awful battle should have been fought and so many souls sent unprepared into the presence of the Creator two weeks after the treaty of peace had been signed on the other side of the ocean.

This remark changed the whole character of Captain Garland's reply. He spoke in French, of which the following is a translation:

You must not expect eloquence from me because I do not pretend to be an orator. But this occasion, these bright eyes, these beautiful faces, would inspire the dumb to speak. Every man who fought down yonder the 8th of January will rejoice with his last breath that Almighty God, in His Divine Providence, gave him two sacred privileges: First, the privilege

there. He afterward went to Tennessee, where his uncle was employed as a surveyor and he followed that profession himself until the war of 1812, when he volunteered in Coffee's mounted riflemen, serving with distinction in the Creek war, in the Florida campaign and at New Orleans. Some time after the war of 1812 he was employed as a surveyor of public lands in Arkansas and Mississippi. One of his collateral descendants, Hon. Augustus H. Garland, was Attorney-General of the United States. Captain Garland is described by his contemporaries as a remarkably handsome man and of unusual mental endowment. He declined an appointment in the regular army and afterward a nomination to Congress. His last public service of note was in connection with running the boundaries of the reservations in the Indian Territory in 1830–'31–'32.

of defending the pure and sweet womanhood of Louisiana; and, second, the privilege of repulsing from our soil, in utter wreck and dismal ruin, the most treacherous and cowardly invasion ever planned or attempted by a Power that pretends to be civilized!

The British Cabinet believed that Louisiana was defenceless. There is a graveyard down yonder that the simple colored people never go near at night and that they call "God's Acre." That graveyard tells better than words can, the error of the British Cabinet. They say "dead men tell no tales." But "God's Acre" down yonder tells more tales of English arrogance and folly than could be told by all the orators from Demosthenes to our times!

The most Reverend Prelate in his otherwise well-chosen remarks suggested that it was a pity that such an awful battle should have been fought after the treaty was signed across the wide water. I do not agree with him. It needed that battle to make the treaty good. It made no difference when the treaty was signed. Without that battle it must have been waste paper!

The treaty as written did not mean anything. It says that the territorial *status quo ante bellum* shall be observed. But the British Cabinet held "l'arrière-pensée" about that. They never admitted Napoleon's right to convey Louisiana to us through President Jefferson. They did not mean to include the Louisiana Purchase in the territorial *status quo ante bellum!*

You might as well look for wool on a duck's back as for honor in a British Cabinet!

The treaty signed in ink the 24th of December was a cheat. But the treaty that the pioneers of Kentucky and Tennessee punctuated with rifle-bullets the 8th of January will stand. The English diplomats at Ghent held, as I have said, "l'arrière-pensée"! But the British soldiers who lay down to die in front of Kentucky and Tennessee the 8th of January on Chalmette plain were sincere and honest. It was in their life-blood that the real treaty was written; not in the ink of Ghent.

The British plan of subjugation was complete. Soon after

the battle it was learned that General Pakenham had a proclamation written, signed and ready to be promulgated the moment his army should enter the city. This proclamation denied the right of Napoleon to sell Louisiana, denounced the pretensions of the United States to its sovereignty, declared that Spain, the rightful possessor, was incapable of maintaining her territorial rights and, finally, asserted a provisional occupation by the British forces as a virtual protectorate in behalf of the Spanish crown. The night after the battle this proclamation was burned. It may have been used to illuminate the scene where the corpse of its author was being prepared for shipment to England in a cask of rum.*

Let us pass now to another branch of the subject. It is commonly known that, the night of January 7th, a council of war was held in the British camp. It is also known to many that, on that occasion, Major-General Sir Samuel Gibbs spoke of General Jackson's army as a "backwoods rabble." He was right. That's what we are—from the point of view of a British regular. We are "backwoodsmen," because we were born and raised in little log-cabins all along our great frontier. The mothers who gave us milk, made their own clothes and ours, too, of homespun or of buckskin. As soon as we could lift a rifle we had to hunt our meat in the woods. Yes, we are "backwoodsmen." And from the point of view of a British regular, we are a "rabble" too. That is, we are not soldiers in the regular sense of the term. We are not enlisted; we don't get any pay. We are simply assembled, as volunteers,

* The bodies of Generals Pakenham and Gibbs were disembowelled, placed in hogsheads of rum, in lieu of an embalming process, and sent to England in the same ship that bore the despatches of General Lambert and Admiral Cochrane announcing the result of the battle of January 8th. It is stated in the memorial of Sir Samuel Gibbs, heretofore quoted, that "the bodies arrived in a state of perfect preservation." This ghastly freight and these dismal tidings were carried by the Nymphe, 36 gun frigate. It has been stated on British authority that the Duke of Wellington would not believe the news—which he first saw in the newspapers—until he saw the official confirmation and the remains of his brother-in-law General Pakenham.

to defend our country. We have a kind of organization, it is true; but it is as independent companies, composed of neighbors, and our officers are simply those men whose characters and experience point them out as natural leaders. In one word, we have no regulations, except those of common-sense; no discipline except that of common consent; no mastery, one over the other, except that of manhood! Such are the men who rallied from Tennessee and Kentucky when Andrew Jackson called. They are just such men as he is, every one!

Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, they are a "backwoods rabble"! They met, say, three times their number of soldiers who were the Pride of England! And the "backwoods rabble" laid that "Pride of England" low!

Nearly three months have elapsed since the battle. I have been among these men—this rabble—all that time. No boast has been heard from one of them. They are not the kind of men that glorify themselves. They are content to leave their fame to posterity. It will be a long time before their fame can reach its full growth. It is more than two thousand years since Leonidas and his Spartans stood in Thermopylæ and fought in the shade of Persian javelins. But their fame has not yet got its growth. So it may be two thousand years before the fame of Jackson's men will have reached full stature. Besides, there is a material difference in the two histories. Leonidas and his Spartans died at Thermopylæ. But Jackson and his riflemen are alive at New Orleans!

And now just one word more: Most people say that our American Republic was born the Fourth day of July, 1776, at Philadelphia. This is not true. It was only begotten then. It was born when Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. It was baptized when Cornwallis yielded at Yorktown. But it was never confirmed, as they say in the religion of the Holy Saviour, until the 8th of last January!

That day saw not merely the repulse and destruction of a British army, but it taught the whole world a lesson never to be forgot. It needs not the gift of prophecy to foresee that the battle fought by Andrew Jackson and his "backwoods rab-

ble" there did more than repulse cowardly and treacherous invasion. It taught to all the princes and kings and emperors on the face of the earth that they must let our young Republic alone!

It is a common theory that the soldiers of General Pakenham's army believed that their officers would allow them to sack New Orleans as they had ravaged several towns in Spain taken by storm. Even before the 8th of January, it was freely rumored in Jackson's camp that the "watchword" of the British soldiers was "Booty and Beauty." We have never believed this. At all events, we do not believe that any such incentive was sanctioned by any British officer. But so much was said about it in the public prints for nearly a score of years after the battle that, in 1833, the surviving officers of rank who had been with the British army at New Orleans deemed it proper to publish in the London *Times* the following statement:

> We, the undersigned, serving in that army and actually present and through whom all orders to the troops were promulgated, do, in justice to the memory of that distinguished officer who commanded and led the attack, the whole tenor of whose life was marked by manliness of purpose and integrity of view, most unequivocally deny that any such promise (of plunder) was ever held out to the army or that the watchword asserted to have been given out was ever issued. . . .
>
> [Signed by]
>
> JOHN KEANE, General.
> JOHN LAMBERT, Lieutenant-General.
> W. THORNTON, Major-General.
> EDWARD BLAKENEY, Major-General.
> ALEX. DICKSON, Colonel.

On the other hand, there is evidence to show that, whatever might have been the humane impulses of the British officers, some of them doubted their ability to control the soldiers once let loose in a captured city. On this point the witness is Mrs. Edward Livingston.

During her husband's absence on board the British fleet, Mrs. Livingston, to while away her lonesome days, gave little parties and dinners to the officers of Jackson's army, including more than once the General himself. On Sunday, February 12th, her guests were Captain Garland, of Tennessee, Lieutenant Wickliffe and Ensign Buell, of Kentucky—all of whom could speak French—and two or three others, to meet a number of Creole ladies. Suggested by someone, the conversation turned upon the question whether, if their attack had been successful, the British army really intended to sack and ravage New Orleans as they had done with Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos and San Sebastian in Spain.

"Is there any real proof," asked one of the ladies, "that their watchword was—as has been said—'Booty and Beauty'?"

"Well," said Madame Livingston, "I will tell you my own observation: A British officer, Captain—well, you all know him—was wounded and captured in the battle of December 23d. I took him into my house—this house—and nursed him back to health. He has not been gone from here more than ten days. When the great battle of January 8th began and there was much doubt as to its result, there was great fear among our women and girls as to what might be their fate if the British army should take the city. Many of my friends, knowing that I had a British officer in the house, clustered about

me, thinking that his presence, wounded as he was, might be a protection against the violence of his soldiery. At that moment we could hear the roar of the cannon and the savage crashing of the Tennessee and Kentucky rifles. We knew not what the end might be. So I made bold to ask Captain —— if he could protect our house and ourselves in case his comrades should take the city. He hesitated a moment and then said: 'Ladies, I know those soldiers! I was with them in Spain—at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos! If you can leave this town at once, I advise you to go!'

"We all at once set about preparing to flee. Horses and carriages were ordered post-haste, jewelry, money and other valuables packed up, and, just as we were about ready to set out, a mounted courier came dashing through the streets, his horse all covered with mud and foam, and the courier shouting, as he flew past, 'Victory! Victory!! Our boys have stove the British army all to pieces!!!' This was one of Major Hinds's Mississippi mounted riflemen sent to bring us the good news. Captain —— heard the shouts of the Mississippian, but shook his head. 'I can't believe it, ladies!' he said. 'I still advise you to go.' But we believed it, and we did not go. In half an hour all was confirmed! The British captain was silent then!"

All this was in French. When Madame Livingston had finished her recital—or rather when she paused to catch her breath—Captain Garland remarked:

"Oh, yes, madame. We fellows in the Chalmette lines five weeks ago to-day knew all those things of which you have spoken; and we made up our minds that the mothers and daughters of New Orleans needed de-

fence a little stronger and somewhat more trenchant than that of an English officer already severely wounded!"

"Seeing is believing," said madame tersely.

Be the truth what it may, Jackson's riflemen firmly believed that their British assailants meant the worst that could happen to the women they were there to defend; and there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that such belief caused many a "bead" to be "drawn a little finer" on a British soldier's head than it otherwise might have been.

If, as British writers have asserted, the "Booty and Beauty" story was an invention of Jackson himself, to infuriate his men, the desired result was attained, though it is not apparent that they needed much prompting.

The folk-lore of those days was never complete until every great warlike event had its fireside ballad—its log-cabin epic—that the children could learn by heart from their grandmothers. New Orleans was prolific of this spontaneous literature, particularly along the great frontier that had furnished its defenders. Among the most interesting of these ballads was one circulated in a printed leaflet among the Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen when disbanded the 18th of March. It was anonymous then and so remained for many years until its authorship was traced to young Ogilvy. The original contained thirty-two verses, and for a generation it was the standard "recitation" in every log-house from the Ohio to the Missouri. The following selections will indicate its character:

On Ocean and Shore,
The Wide World o'er,
Old England had Conquered her Way,
Till the Sun never Shone
But on Lands her Own
And Peoples Beneath her Sway.

Her Battles were Won,
Her Conquests were Done,
And Every Ocean was White,
With Sails of her Fleet,
Till East and West Meet
And her Empire Knew no Night.

When, Greatest of All,
She had Wrought the Downfall
Of Destiny's Favorite One,
She Turned her Proud Might
'Gainst Freedom and Right
In the Land of the Setting Sun.

Her Lion-flag Flew
And her Bugles Blew
From Cathay to the Zuyder Zee,
But Never as Yet
Had her Legions Met,
Old Kentucky and Tennessee!

An Army and Fleet
That Knew no Defeat,
She Sent Stealthy over the Wave
To Surprise a Lone Spot
That she Fondly Tho't
We Could not Defend or Save.

So, One Fateful Morn
When a Year was Born

Hard by the Great River's Tide,
Her Exultant Ranks
Charged Along its Banks
In Panoply, Pomp and Pride.

What her Warriors Dreamed
When their Bayonets Gleamed
Along the Great River's Shore,
May Never be Told
For their Tongues are Cold
And Hushed Forevermore.

For a Flood of Lead
Through Heart or Head
From Rifles Long and True
Swept Over that Plain
Heapt up with Slain
And Soaked with Crimson Dew.

'Tis True as 'tis Said,
That their Blood was Shed
Whilst the Peace Angel Flew over Sea,
But the Father Above
Sent no White-Winged Dove
Bearing Branch of the Olive Tree.

We must Honor the Grave
Of Soldiers so Brave,
Howsoever Dark the Crime
Of the Cunning Knaves
Who Sent them like Slaves
To be Butchered in Far-off Clime.

Ah! 'Tis for the Best.
British Heroes, Rest!
Sleep Under the Cypress Tree!
And the Peace ye Sleep
Let Old England Keep,
With Kentucky and Tennessee!

The foregoing may not have much of the "divine afflatus" about it, but it was the kind of "poetry" the pioneers liked to hear their children recite around their humble firesides.

The last of the volunteers — Hinds's Mississippi mounted rifles—left for home Sunday, March 19th. Jackson's army now consisted only of the Seventh, Thirteenth and Forty-fourth Regular Infantry — the Thirteenth recently arrived from Savannah—and three regular batteries, with Ogden's troop of the First United States Dragoons. But if the army's work was done, the General's was not. He still had to settle the almost innumerable claims of citizens whose supplies had been taken or seized under martial law. And, above all, he had to settle an account with the Federal judiciary of the district, which considered itself as having been subjected to lawless outrage at his hands. The first judicial act of Judge Hall after he had once more donned the ermine was to issue, upon the affidavit of Counsellor John Dick, a bench-warrant for the apprehension of Andrew Jackson, to appear March 24th, charged with contempt of court. The General promptly appeared with his counsel, Edward Livingston, and offered to file argument to show why the accused should be discharged. The court ruled as follows:

1. If the party demur to the jurisdiction, the Court will hear.

2. If the party's affidavit deny the facts sworn to, or if he wish to show that the facts as charged do not amount to a contempt, the Court will hear.

3. If the party be desirous to show that, by the Constitution and laws of the United States, or in virtue of his military com-

mission, he had a right to act as charged in the affidavit [of Mr. Dick], the Court will hear.

4. If the answer contain anything as an apology to the Court, it will hear.

Upon this ruling, after some colloquial discussion between Judge Hall and Mr. Livingston, the latter was allowed to begin the reading of his defence. It soon appeared that the paper was simply a justification of the proclamation of martial law and its enforcement on grounds of military necessity alone and irrespective of the Constitution and the civil laws. The court thereupon interrupted the reading, summarily adjudged General Jackson to be in contempt, and fined him a thousand dollars, to be paid on or before March 31st.

As the General left the court-room the people seized him, raised him upon their shoulders, bore him into the street and committed other absurd and disorderly acts, including violent denunciation of Judge Hall. Jackson did his best to quiet them and finally escaped to his head-quarters, whence he immediately sent to the marshal of the court, by the hands of Major Eaton, his check for the amount of the fine. A movement was immediately started by some of the citizens to reimburse him by raising a popular subscription, limited to one dollar for each subscriber. But by the time they had raised nearly two hundred dollars—Nolte says $164—the General heard of it and publicly requested that the movement be discontinued.

As soon as official intelligence of these proceedings reached Washington, the administration censured General Jackson with something less than its customary mildness in a letter written by Acting-Secretary of War

Dallas, and asking for a full explanation. In response, the General forwarded the paper which Judge Hall had refused to hear; which closed the incident until he became a presidential candidate. The verdict of sober history after nearly a century doubtless sustains Jackson. If it was necessary to maintain martial law after the British had gone back on board their ships and sailed away or until peace was finally ratified, it was also necessary to enforce it with as much rigor at one time as at another. The whole doubt in the case is whether, under the circumstances, the maintenance of martial law was justified at a date as late as that of the arrest and temporary exile of Judge Hall. But there has never been doubt in any candid mind as to General Jackson's own sincerity in the belief that the public welfare did demand it. In later years the American people have become accustomed to temporary martial law in great public emergencies or calamities such as conflagrations, floods, pestilence and labor strikes, not to mention war; and the sensitiveness of the people has been blunted. But in 1815 a different popular sentiment prevailed, possible encroachments of military upon civil power were more jealously viewed than they are now. However, the affair did not affect the General's national popularity, and the name of Judge Hall is retained in American history solely because he once punished Andrew Jackson for contempt of court.

The General soon found out that it was far easier to adjust his differences with Judge Hall than to settle accounts with the numerous citizens whose property had been seized for public use during the state of siege. His first step in this direction was to establish the rule

that everything which had been seized should be paid for at the market price it bore at the time of seizure. This rule cut both ways.

Articles of export, such as cotton, which had been begging for buyers at any price while the blockade was on, rose to almost any price that might be asked when foreign commerce was set free. Imported goods, which could hardly be bought at any price during the blockade, became a drug in the market when cargoes began to arrive. The result was that the General settled for seized cotton at six cents a pound, when it was selling at fourteen; he paid twelve, fourteen and as high as sixteen dollars for seized woollen blankets, and similar rates for duck appropriated to make tents, when the same kinds of goods were selling for half those prices or less.

These conditions sorely afflicted our old friend Nolte, and his lamentations were loud and long. They have reached even to our own time. The entertaining merchant may, in his own phrase, depict his own tribulations:

> My first care, after release from military service, naturally was to look after my business, which now—the end of March—had been neglected three and a half months, or since the middle of December. Recollecting the many kind expressions General Jackson had made to me and to others concerning me, and keeping particularly in mind his remark when my cotton was seized, that "we would settle for it as two business men when the trouble was over," I had no doubt of being at least fairly if not liberally dealt with.
>
> I put in my claim in two parts. The first was for 750 woollen coverings, taken from my warerooms; the second for 250 bales of cotton taken from the brig Pallas (December 24-25-26). For the blankets I received the price that was current the day

the English landed—$11 a pair. The General remarked that as my goods had been taken to cover the Tennessee troops, I should be paid in Tennessee bank-notes, upon which there was a discount of nearly ten per cent. (as they could be used only in settling Tennessee balances).

As for the cotton, General Jackson proposed the same basis of settlement, viz.: The price current when the English landed. I asked to be allowed the price cotton was worth *then;* that is, on the day of payment.*

I called on the General. He heard me, but that was all. "Are you not lucky to have saved the rest of your cotton by our defence?" he asked. "Certainly, General, as lucky as others in the city whose cotton has also been saved. But the difference between me and the rest is that none of the others have anything to pay and I have to bear all the loss."

"Loss!" exclaimed the General. "Why, you have saved all!"

I saw that an argument was useless with so stiff-necked a man, and remarked to him that I only wanted compensation for my cotton, and that the best compensation would be to give me precisely the quantity that had been taken from me and of the same quality.

To this the General replied that he liked straightforward business, that my proposition was too complicated, that to adopt it would compel him to go into the market as a buyer, etc. He wound up by saying: "You must take six cents (a pound) for your cotton." I endeavored to resume the argument. He cut me off with: "I can say no more. It is done!" Then, assuming an entirely different tone, he said: "Come, come, now, Mr. Nolte, we have been soldiers together! Let's take

* Nolte seems to have had a hard bargain in his mind's eye. He had accepted without murmur $11 a pair for his blankets, which was the price when the English landed. But, as blankets were an article of foreign make and imported, the lifting of the blockade had brought their price down to $6 a pair. Now, when cotton came to be considered, its current price—and that itself nominal rather than actual—while the blockade was in force had been six or seven cents, whereas at the date of settlement active demand for export had run the price up to fourteen cents. The boot, therefore, was on the other leg.

a glass of whiskey and water! You must be d——d dry with all your arguing."

Then, though many were waiting to see him in the next room, he began talking in a pleasant way about what he termed "our efforts and sacrifices to defend the country," the "grand success that had crowned our efforts," etc., etc.; and wound up by saying that "a little loss on cotton was nothing compared to the honor of having borne a creditable part in such achievements!"

Nolte somewhat amusingly remarks that he left headquarters in a frame of mind about equally balanced between the pleasure caused by the General's military compliments and the pain inflicted by his arbitrary business exactions.

Settlement of the "war-claims" consumed nearly three weeks. The General declared that, so far as he was concerned, everything should be settled equitably. He had no authority to do more than certify claims in his capacity of commander of the Seventh Military District. But he did a great deal more than that. He constituted himself a commissioner to adjust claims and a disbursing officer to pay them, drawing drafts at ten-days sight on the War Department for that purpose. Irregular as all this was, his drafts were honored. No one in Washington seemed willing to question the acts of the victor of New Orleans, the most popular man in the United States and, for the moment, one of the most famous generals in the world.

The last expression is not extravagant. Napoleon, returning from Elba to eke out the Hundred Days and add the word Waterloo to history, paused now and then a moment to study Jackson at New Orleans. The Duke

of Wellington, chosen by assembled Europe to meet the crisis, could find time even at Brussels to call "for all available information on the abortive expedition against Louisiana."

Before he knew or even suspected it, Jackson's fame had crossed the Atlantic, and while he was immersed in the ignoble business of settling claims for cotton, for blankets and for corn-meal and bacon, the first generals of Europe were studying his campaigns and analyzing his victories.

During all this time he was the central figure—one might almost say the victim—of ceaseless festivity. The day after the disbandment of the army, Mrs. Jackson came to New Orleans, bringing their adopted son, Andrew, Jr., then a lusty little fellow of seven. Mrs. Jackson had never before seen any city more pretentious than Nashville. She was literally a woman of the frontier. Her pioneer life has already been briefly told. She was now (1815) forty-eight years old; her birthday and that of the General in 1767 being only three months apart—his in March and hers in June. She was short in stature, stout in form and florid in complexion, with dark eyes and black hair, now somewhat threaded with gray. "The benignity of her expression," says Benton, "was indescribable; but it was no more than the radiation of her goodness. Providence had denied her offspring of her own, but she was a mother to all who knew her. She was, of all women ever created, the wife for the man who was her husband. My memory of her covers a period of twenty-five years, from my earliest visit to Nashville until her death. In her house I felt at home next to that of my own mother. She lived

more for others and less for herself than anyone I have known.

"When she came to Robertson's Station, or 'French Salt Spring,' in 1780, at the age of thirteen, with her father, Colonel John Donelson, she was literally the pioneer girl of the Cumberland Valley. To her last hour she was the pioneer woman. Her frankness, her sincerity, her benevolence, her charity, her patience and, above all, her simple piety survived all the storms of her husband's career, all the adulations that success showered upon him and her. She lived to see him elected President, but not to share with him the honors or the burdens of that great office. I have sometimes thought that General Jackson might have been a more equable tenant of the White House than he was had she been spared to share it with him. At all events, she was the only human being on earth who ever possessed the power to swerve his mighty will or soothe his fierce temper."

To such a woman the society of New Orleans was a revelation. She was, of course, the guest of Mrs. Livingston. The two represented types of womanhood as distinctive as nature and environment can produce: Mrs. Livingston, the highest possible development of the Creole belle; Mrs. Jackson, the ultimate matronly product of the frontier. Entertaining legends linger in Creole tradition of Mrs. Livingston's training of Mrs. Jackson for the social events that awaited her—or that impended over her, as Mrs. Jackson may have thought. Of course the tact and the taste of the Frenchwoman triumphed. Mrs. Jackson was presented to Creole society in her appropriate rôle as the dignified and matronly spouse of the man whose name was a household word from

mansion to log-cabin or hunter's camp, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The General's devotion to Mrs. Jackson, proverbial as it was at home, had never been so constantly or so lavishly exhibited as in the stately affairs of polished New Orleans. Debonair as he had been in his association with the Creole belles, he never missed an opportunity to demonstrate that he considered the short, stout, beaming matron at his side the perfection of her sex and far and away the most charming woman in the world. Even the cynical Nolte, who so far forgot the chivalry naturally to be expected of a brave soldier and a noted duellist as to indulge in some rather amusing comments upon "Lady Jackson's" appearance on the dancing-floor, was constrained to say that "the General's devotion to his simple-mannered and homely-gaited spouse showed in him a quality that his official bearing led few to suspect. It was much remarked that, whatever he might be on the battle-field, he must be a model husband at home."

CHAPTER IV

HONORS FOR A NATIONAL HERO

Mrs. Jackson's stay in New Orleans was not prolonged. Arriving March 19th, she was on her way home again the 6th of April, and she took the General with her. At Natchez they were detained a week by a vexatious lawsuit on an attachment growing out of certain litigation then pending between Herman Blennerhassett and Aaron Burr. The case was dismissed upon hearing and the distinguished family resumed their journey, arriving at Nashville the 15th of May. Here further honors, speeches and presentations—including, of course, an elegant sword—awaited the idol of the State and hero of the nation. Finally, after the enthusiastic gratitude and pride of his neighbors were exhausted, the war-worn soldier was permitted to retire to his plantation and "resume," as he himself expressed it, "the cultivation of that friendly intercourse with my friends and neighbors which has heretofore constituted so great a portion of my happiness."

Excepting a brief visit—only nineteen days—in the summer of 1814, he had been absent from his plantation nearly two years. But he could not see that it had suffered from his inattention to its affairs. After all, he had to admit, by no means for the first time, that his wife was the better planter of the two. He rested four whole months. Relaxation from the tremendous strain

of three campaigns and a dozen battles between the end of September, 1813, and the end of May, 1815, brought on indisposition closely bordering upon serious illness. Always fond of the good things of life and congenial fellowship, he did not spare himself in diet or in real rest as much as he ought to have done. But by the middle of October he felt well enough to saddle his horse and start over the mountains for Washington, in obedience to an invitation from the Secretary of War to participate in a conference for the reduction of the regular army to a peace footing and for the division of the country into two grand military districts.

There were two major-generals, himself and Jacob Brown, of New York, the "hero of Lundy's Lane." Brown ranked Jackson by date of commission. Jackson ranked Brown—in the popular estimation, at least—by lustre of achievement. The laurels of the Niagara frontier looked pale by comparison with those of the lower Mississippi. But there was no titulary "commander-in-chief of the army" then, though Brown became so when the rank was established six years later.

All along his route from Nashville to Washington the victorious General was showered with attentions. Had he submitted to the wishes of the people he would have been banqueted and toasted at every considerable town on the road. But he told everyone that he must make the best possible time to the Capital and declined all until he came to Lynchburg. There the irrepressible hospitality of Old Virginia had determined that he should stop, and stop he had to. Away down by the North Carolina line a delegation awaited him with information that a banquet would be laid for him in the

Piedmont metropolis and, most important of all, that the venerable Thomas Jefferson would come from classic Monticello to preside.

Jackson was in a hatchet-burying mood then. Relations between Jefferson and himself had been strained ever since that memorable speech at Richmond in 1807. The Sage of Monticello was out of politics now, but the light of his countenance might be a good omen for a man who had, perhaps, some indefinite notion of getting in. Anyhow, Jackson accepted the honor of the banquet at which Jefferson was to preside. It was a stately affair. The old Prophet of Pure Democracy, in his seventy-third year, was still at his best. He gave the toast: "Honor and Gratitude to those who have filled the Measure of their Country's Honor."

The terms were general but the application was universally accepted as personal, and by no one more implicitly than by Jackson, who in turn volunteered a toast to "James Monroe, Secretary of War," *protégé* and friend of Jefferson, and his candidate for the presidency the next year! Thus the tomahawk was consigned to its tomb and Democratic harmony restored.*

The General arrived at Washington November 17th, and then there was more lionizing. In fact, it seems well enough to say at this point, that for the rest of his career Jackson was always banqueted and fêted and toasted wherever he went. It may therefore be taken for granted in all cases, and thereby the encumbering of history with its monotonous details be avoided. A

* This love-feast, however, did not prevent Jefferson from saying nine years later, in the full wisdom of eighty-two winters, that Jackson was "the most unfit man for the presidency he knew of."

full account of all the dinners and public receptions and toasts and speeches in honor of Jackson on his travels, from 1815 to 1845, would fill a respectable encyclopædia.

The conference at Washington between Secretary of War Monroe and Major-Generals * Brown and Jackson resulted in the creation of the Northern and Southern Military Divisions, the head-quarters of the latter to be at Nashville, with Jackson in command. The strength of the regular army was fixed at 10,000 men. Jackson thought it ought to be 15,000, but did not press his views. He knew more about the conditions on the Southern frontiers than Monroe or Brown did. But he kept his own counsel. They thought the war was over. Jackson knew it was not over and never could be so long as Spain held Florida. In fact, the writings of General Eaton in a guarded way indicate that Jackson believed at the time under consideration that England wanted another war with the United States as soon as she could catch her breath, and that she would use Spanish Florida as a base from which to keep the Southern Indians stirred up—a view that events proved to be not far from prophetic. Jackson also knew, far better and more clearly than his colleagues, that the existing treaties with the Southern Indians—particularly that of the Hickory Ground with the Creeks—were only temporary,

* There were two other major-generals on the list, Scott and Macomb. They were retained in the service on the reduction of the army, but received no division commands. Scott was sent to Europe on a professional mission and afterward employed to revise the tactics of the army. Macomb was made chief of engineers with the rank of colonel in that arm of the service, but by special act retaining the pay and allowances of his full rank as major-general.

had been extorted by force, and were now viewed by the Indians with restlessness, if not with resentment. However, the reduction of the army to 10,000 men was unanimously recommended by the conference and promptly ratified by Congress.

Having discharged this duty, General Jackson spent some time in Washington, laying out a scheme of frontier-posts, providing for their erection and supply and arranging to garrison them with the slender force placed at his disposal. Small as the army on its peace footing was and more extensive and turbulent as were the frontiers he had to guard, considerably less than half the meagre force left available was allotted to Jackson's Southern Military Division.

He returned to Nashville in a leisurely way during the months of February and March, 1816, and went thence to New Orleans in May.

The ensuing two years may, for the purposes of this work, be passed over somewhat briefly. In the main, Jackson devoted his time and energies to the duties of his military command. These duties then had a wider scope than a similar assignment of a major-general would have now. Besides the establishment of frontier-posts and the distribution of troops in garrison, responsibilities of even greater importance were entailed by the Indian situation in the South at the close of the war with Great Britain. The major-general commanding was not only charged with maintenance of peace and security on the long and turbulent frontier, but he was also, *ex officio,* a member—and the most important member—of all commissions appointed to treat with the Indian tribes embraced in the territory of his military

division. During the period under consideration new treaties in accordance with the altered condition of affairs, and made necessary by the expansion of population and enterprise southward and southwestward, were concluded with the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and that large majority of the Creek nation who, having accepted in good faith the results of the war, remained in the territory of the United States. These treaties were on the whole generous to the Indians.

As might be expected, Jackson was the actual head of every commission, if not, indeed, the commission itself, *de facto*. He knew the Indians better than any other white man, and they had more respect for him than for all other white men. They believed implicitly not only in his integrity, but also in his magnanimity. Above all—and that is always to the Indian mind the ultimate argument—they knew the weight of his arm. As a rule, he derived but little assistance from his civilian colleagues in negotiating these treaties. In at least one case—that of the Chickasaw treaty of 1818—the General's civilian colleague, Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, assumed an attitude which in the end compelled the former to give his personal bond for $20,000, to be paid by himself in case the government should refuse to ratify the stipulation for fifteen years' annuity of $20,000 a year, Governor Shelby being averse to more than fourteen years at that rate. General Jackson, knowing that the Chickasaws would accept nothing less than $20,000 a year for fifteen years—or $300,000 altogether—took the risk of guaranteeing the additional $20,000, which induced Governor Shelby to sign the treaty. The bond was never called, because the govern-

ment unhesitatingly ratified the treaty with the fifteen-year clause.

The lands involved constituted those parts of Tennessee and Kentucky between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers. The Chickasaws did not occupy it, but claimed the territory as a traditional "hunting-ground," their actual habitat being the northern part of the present State of Mississippi. Governor Shelby, like most Kentuckians of that day, believed that the most strenuous Indian policy was the best, if he did not, indeed, hold the theory in later years, tersely expressed by General Sheridan, that "the only good Indian is a dead one." But General Jackson inclined to a more humane view. On this point Major Lewis, who acted as secretary of the commission, said that the General was always infinitely more patient and conciliatory in dealing with Indians than with white men, and that he would good-naturedly listen to their long harangues and humor their petty caprices to the limit when, had they been white men, their speeches might have been cut short and their caprices dashed aside by a peremptory order.

The general result of Jackson's Indian treaties was to tranquillize the Southern frontier and make positive and well-defined boundaries between the lands of the Indians and those available for white settlement. And when he had by treaty established an Indian reservation, he compelled all white "squatters" within its limits to vacate with a summary promptness that was in later years described by his political adversaries as "ruthless" and "cruel." But he realized even at that early date that the arrangements he made in 1816–'17 and '18 for Indian occupation of lands east of the Mississippi could be

but temporary. Colonel Robert Armstrong, of Tennessee, represents him as saying, shortly after the ratification of the Chickasaw treaty, when his friends congratulated him upon the success of the negotiation:

"Yes, yes; it is good—as far as it goes. But none of these treaties can last more than a score of years. The white race will by that time demand access to every acre east of the river [meaning the Mississippi], and they will have it, too. Nothing can stop them. I feel sorry for the Indians. If the English would let them alone they wouldn't make much trouble. They can lay all their misfortunes at the door of England."

The effect of this sentiment may be traced all through General Jackson's Indian policy, whether as commander of the Southern Military Division or as President. He sympathized with the Indians to the verge of pity. And he held to his dying day the most ferocious resentment against the English for what he always termed "instigating them to their own destruction."

The minute details of his Indian conferences, councils and negotiations; of their speeches and his own replies; of their demands and his concessions, would fill this volume. They would, however, be more interesting to the student of aboriginal character than to the reader of history in these times.

During this period General Jackson found time to carry on a somewhat voluminous correspondence, a large part of which has been preserved. Some of it is highly creditable to his intelligence and his grasp of affairs. Some of it serves rather to exhibit his infirmities of temper than the calmness of his judgment. And a little of it is positively discreditable from any point

of view. Under the first head must be classed his correspondence with President Monroe, at the beginning of the latter's administration, upon the condition of the country. This correspondence, in fact, began just before the presidential election of 1816, but the choice of Mr. Monroe was such a foregone conclusion that his "administration" may be said to have begun with his nomination. In 1815 some of Jackson's friends had endeavored to put him in the field as a candidate. But he met all such overtures with the emphatic declaration that he was for Monroe, first, last and all the time, and that, so far as he was concerned, any mention of his own name in presidential connection could be nothing but ridiculous. Monroe knew this. Besides, he had been Secretary of War during Jackson's Louisiana campaign, and conceived for him as a commander the most extravagant admiration. He considered Jackson among the first three generals then living, and did not hesitate to class him with Napoleon and Wellington.

It is hardly necessary to remark that Mr. Monroe was not a great man. But he was steady, sensible, sincere and safe. He had neither the great intellect and sinuous subtlety of Jefferson, nor the delicate mental organism and shrinking timidity of Madison. But he excelled Jefferson in sincerity and Madison in decision, and he was far superior to both in courage. If he lacked alike the diplomacy of the one and the philosophy of the other, he was a heartier type of manhood than either. Above all, he possessed the rare arts of conciliating without deceiving and of being mild in manner without being weak in action.

These were the qualities that made Monroe's admin-

istration the "Era of Good Feeling," and that re-elected him in 1820 with unanimity broken only by a single electoral vote—a vote churlishly recorded for his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, by some Rip Van Winkle Federalist from New Hampshire.

The subject-matter of the Monroe-Jackson correspondence is mainly statesmanship in the abstract with incidental reference to current problems of practical administration. It is marked throughout by a perfect reciprocity of confidence, respect and admiration. Its tone is lofty and it discloses throughout mutual aspirations of the purest patriotism. Its most interesting feature in the permanent historical sense is General Jackson's estimate of Mr. Madison and review of Federalism in his letter of January 6, 1817:

> I have read with satisfaction that part of your letter on the rise, progress and policy of the Federalists. It is in my opinion a just exposition. I am free to declare that had I commanded the Military Department when the Hartford Convention met, if it had been the last act of my life, I should have punished the three principal leaders of the party. I am certain an independent court-martial would have condemned them under the second section of the act establishing rules and regulations for the government of the army of the United States. These kind of men, though called Federalists, are really monarchists and traitors to the constituted Government. . . . Experience in the late war taught me to know that it is not those who cry patriotism the loudest who are the greatest friends to their country or will risk most in its defence. . . .
>
> I have, once upon a time, been denounced as a Federalist. You will smile when I name the cause. When your country put up your name in opposition to Mr M. [meaning Madison, in 1808] I was one of those who gave you the preference, and for the reason that in the event of war, which was then prob-

able, you would steer the vessel of State with more energy. Mr. M. was one of the best of men and a great civilian, I always thought; but I always believed that the mind of a philosopher could not dwell on blood and carnage with any composure; of course, that he was not well fitted for a stormy sea.

In his reply to the letter from which the foregoing extracts have been taken, under date of March 1, 1817, Mr. Monroe does not advert to General Jackson's views on the Hartford Convention or Mr. Madison. But he informs the General that, had not his friend and Senator from Tennessee, Hon. George W. Campbell, positively assured him that he (the General) did not desire to be Secretary of War, and would be compelled to decline if nominated, he (Mr. Monroe) would have sent his name to the Senate for confirmation to that place in the Cabinet.

The reasons Mr. Campbell gave for General Jackson's disinclination for the proposed cabinet office were that his means would not enable him to afford the expense, that Mrs. Jackson would not like to live in Washington, and that "he believed, in the present unsettled state of Indian affairs, he could serve the country to better purpose by personally concluding with them the treaties already under consideration than by undertaking the administration of the War Department."

These reasons may have been entertained by General Jackson. But the principal one in reality was not mentioned. The General believed that war with Spain could not much longer be averted; that such a war must involve England; and he wanted to be in active field service as a major-general when those—to him—unspeakably desirable conditions might eventuate.

The other correspondence mentioned was with General Scott concerning certain remarks the latter had made about Jackson's protest against the sending of orders to subordinate officers in his military division over his head, and with General Adair concerning his (Jackson's) denunciation, in his official report, of the conduct of the Kentucky militia on the right bank of the river during the battle of New Orleans.

Concerning the protest General Scott had used the "mutinous language" and had described it as "a reprimand of the commander-in-chief, the President of the United States; for it is a principle well understood that the War Department, without at least his supposed sanction, cannot give an order to an ensign."

In the letter admitting the use of such language, General Scott analyzed the logic of the situation somewhat elaborately and quite clearly; demonstrating in his own way that the President could not be denied the right of issuing direct orders to officers of the army in all grades, upon suitable emergency, without abridging his Constitutional powers.

To this moderate and courteous explanation General Jackson, under date of December 3, 1817, replied at length. His letter evinces a singular struggle in his mind between bad taste and bad temper, leaving the issue between the two quite undecided. If it were the purpose of this work to depreciate the memory of General Jackson in history, we should hasten to print the letter verbatim, with adventitious display of italics and small capitals. But, having other objects in view, we shall offer only so much of it as may be needed to show that Jackson's temper got the better not only of his

judgment, but also of most other good qualities he possessed. In his conclusion he wrote:

"For what I have said I offer no apology. You have deserved it all and more, were it necessary to say more. I will barely remark, in conclusion, that if you feel aggrieved at what is here said, any communication from you will reach me safely at this place." [Nashville.]

General Scott's rejoinder to this explosion was not quite so philosophical as his first letter had been. He was irritated. Jackson's intimation of readiness to afford him "satisfaction" struck him as ridiculous. And in his reference to it he went close to the outer verge of courtesy. There the affair ended; and when the two men met in Washington, six years afterward, their prompt reconciliation proved that the hand of time had smoothed the wrinkled front of war.

The Jackson-Adair correspondence may be disposed of without quotation. Suffice to say that it was conducted in a vein to be expected of an exasperated Kentuckian and an infuriated Tennesseean in conflict over a matter in which one considered the honor of his State and the other his own honor assailed. It spent all its force in ink at very long range, and the two old heroes of New Orleans forgot it all and renewed their lifetime friendship at their first meeting face to face thereafter.

We may now pass to consideration of affairs that really belong to history.

The Peace of Ghent had not changed the conditions in Spanish Florida. The Indians there—Seminoles and refugee Creeks—remained as bitterly and as implacably

hostile as ever. They were re-enforced by a considerable number of negroes, most of whom were escaped slaves from Georgia and Louisiana during the war or descendants of fugitives from the revolutions in San Domingo. The inevitable Colonel Nicholls had, indeed, gone to England some time after the ratification of the treaty—say, about August, 1815—carrying with him a number of Seminole and fugitive Creek chiefs together with a "treaty" between the British Government and those Indians, negotiated by himself, which he asked the British Foreign Office to ratify. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Earl Bathurst, refused even to receive Nicholls, much less to entertain his proposals. "A most singular proposition," he exclaimed, "that the British Government should be asked to ratify a treaty with Indians under the sovereignty of Spain, to be offensive and defensive as against the United States, when Great Britain is at peace with both!"

This was sound doctrine. But English statesmen had begun to learn some things. Among them was the fact that "alliances offensive and defensive" with American savages against the United States were not only unprofitable, but entailed subsequent burdens. The experiment had been tried in the Revolution and again in the war of 1812, with the result that Canada was full of homeless Indians dependent on the King's charity to keep them from starvation. Still, in point of political morals, the treaty of Nicholls with the prophet Francis and Himollomico just after the war of 1812 was no more impudent than the treaty of McKee and Proctor with Tecumseh just before it. The only difference was that Lord Liverpool ratified the latter and Lord Bath-

urst refused to even receive the negotiator of the former. But this difference was the exact measure of the educational effect produced by events between the spring of 1812 and the autumn of 1815 upon the British official mind—such events, for example, as the battle of the Thames and the Horseshoe Bend.

Nicholls was no new figure at Whitehall or in Downing Street either. He had been an officer of marines and was British agent in Spanish Florida from the fall of 1812 to the middle of 1815. Arms furnished to the Creeks by the British Government through him had been used in the massacre at Fort Mims. Helpless women and children had been scalped there with British knives after British hatchets had been sunk in their heads. And Nicholls had been the British instigator. But now his occupation seemed gone.

Lord Bathurst's estimate of Nicholls and his treaty in September, 1815, is interesting. To our minister at London, John Quincy Adams, he said this affair need not be noticed. Neither Mr. Nicholls nor his acts of "unequivocal and extraordinary hostility toward the United States," as Mr. Adams characterized them, were any concern of the British Government.

"Colonel Nicholls," said his lordship, "is a man of activity * and spirit, but a very wild fellow. He did make and send over to me a treaty, offensive and defensive, with some Indians; and he is now come over here and has brought over some of those Indians. I

* There was always some question about Colonel Nicholls's "spirit," but none whatever about his "activity" when he evacuated and blew up Fort Barrancas at Jackson's approach in 1814. Nicholls knew his business. Jackson intended to hang him if he had caught him in 1814, just as he hanged his legatee, Arbuthnot, in 1818.

sent for answer that he had no authority whatever to make a treaty offensive or defensive with Indians and that this government would make no such treaty. I have sent him word that I could not see him upon any such project. The Indians are here in great distress indeed, but we shall only furnish them with means of returning home and advise them to make terms with the United States as well as they can."

Lord Bathurst relieved the "distress" of the Indians by making Francis a colonel in the British army (colonial establishment), with full uniform; with a diamond-studded snuff-box, a gold-mounted tomahawk, and some jewels for his daughters, and £500 in gold, presented by the British Government—perhaps while his lordship was entertaining Mr. Adams. The latter, according to his invariable custom, believed everything the British diplomat told him. He did not seem to recollect that Nicholls had the use of a British frigate to bring himself and his Indians over, and he apparently paid no attention to the fact that the Indians were sent back in the Argus sloop-of-war that had been captured from the Americans during the war. As will soon be observed, General Jackson did not coincide with the British view of Francis. When he got hold of that chief there was "great distress" indeed.

Nicholls prudently remained in England. But his tools whom he had trained, such as Arbuthnot, Ambrister, the negro Garçon, Hambly,* Woodbine, *et al.*, car-

* Hambly was a shrewd fellow. With a foresight that was creditable to his sagacity, he offered his services to General Jackson in the capacity of spy and his overtures were accepted. In that rôle he proved faithful. To him the General was indebted for information that probably could never have been gained from any other source—information not only of great value in the

ried on the work he had begun, the work he himself now considered too dangerous to pursue. At the eleventh hour the British Government, through Earl Bathurst, washed its hands of the whole business; but its deluded tools kept on until their necks paid the forfeit —or as many of them as Jackson could catch.

From 1815 to 1818 these conditions produced a desultory border warfare on the frontier of Florida, Georgia and Alabama. Its details are exceedingly prolix, complicated and, to some extent, confused. Generally speaking, it was a succession of murders and small massacres on one side and indecisive or abortive "expeditions" on the other. Brigadier-General Gaines commanded the military district involved, which formed part of Jackson's Southern Division.

At the beginning of 1818, however, General Jackson made up his mind that the time had arrived for decisive action. General Gaines was a mediocre soldier of method and precision, but not calculated for the kind of work Jackson contemplated or for the risks Jackson knew must be taken. So he resolved to take command on the Florida frontier in person. Under date of January 6, 1818, he wrote a letter to President Monroe, the tenor of which may be inferred from a very brief extract. After a concise summary of the situation, he said:

"Let it be signified to me through any channel, say Mr. J. Rhea [member of Congress from Tennessee and one of the General's closest friends], that the possession

campaign itself, but of momentous weight in the subsequent investigation of Jackson's conduct by the Cabinet and Congress. He was afterward employed as a Spanish and Indian interpreter, became an American citizen upon the annexation of Florida, and remained there during the rest of his life.

of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished."

Jackson had already taken Florida in thirty days, so he was now quite warranted in the belief that he could do it again in sixty.

This request had a curious history. Mr. Monroe was too ill to transact executive business when he received this letter, but he read it. Then he handed it to Mr. Calhoun (Secretary of War), who returned it with the remark that no one but the President could answer it —or words to that effect. Shortly afterward the President sent for Mr. John Rhea, laid Jackson's letter before him and requested him to write a reply. Mr. Rhea did so, and in his reply stated to General Jackson that the President approved the suggestion. In the meantime, the War Department, by direction of the President, under date of December 26, 1817, had formally ordered General Jackson to assume command in person on the Florida frontier. General Gaines had estimated the effective hostile force—Seminoles, Creeks and negroes —at about 2,700, well-armed and having an abundance of ammunition.

The order to General Jackson, among other things, contained these words:

"The regular force now there is about 800 strong, and 1,000 Georgia militia are called into service. General Gaines estimates the strength of the Indians at 2,700. Should you be of the opinion that our numbers are too small to beat the enemy, you will call on the executives of the adjacent States for such additional militia force as you may deem requisite."

The Secretary of War also wrote to the governor

of Alabama, informing him that General Jackson had been ordered to command in person, with full authority to conduct the operations as his judgment on the spot might dictate. A copy of this letter was also sent to Jackson, though it did not reach him until some time after he had acted on the orders of the War Department, which he considered sufficient authority for all the objects he had in view.

"Billy" Phillips was no longer "the President's express-rider" of 1812. He was now an esteemed personal friend and neighbor of General Jackson and a prosperous planter near Nashville. Therefore the orders of the War Department did not reach Jackson until January 11th—fifteen days from Washington. Of course the General knew that his letter of January 6th had not reached the President. But he assumed the Secretary of War's order of December 26th to mean that the administration viewed the situation just as he did, and he was glad to have his purpose so opportunely anticipated. When Andrew Jackson had a patriotic object in view he needed less encouragement to set about accomplishing it than any other man in our history. And, when so actuated, he could construe the most diplomatically framed despatch from his civil superior into the most complete and sweeping authority to go ahead. Mr. Calhoun's despatch of December 26th did indeed vest in the major-general commanding extraordinary power. But the Major-General "went the Secretary of War one better." He construed it to mean *carte blanche.* Mr. Calhoun might just as well have sent to him a blank sheet of paper with his name and the words, "by direction of the President," at the bottom of it.

Subsequent proceedings lead us to believe that Mr. Calhoun and the President divined all these things—"knowing their man" as they did. They wanted the Indians and the negro brigands crushed for all time; they knew that could not be done without an invasion of Florida. They desired to maintain an attitude that would enable them, in case of diplomatic embarrassment, to shift the responsibility upon Jackson. He knew this as well as they did, but he did not care about that. All he wanted was some semblance—something that he could construe into an appearance—of authority. As for the rest, he despised Spain and he hated England. To any student of his character, the rest of the story tells itself.

His first act was to survey the components of the force at his disposal on the frontier. The "eight hundred regulars" were good—what there was of them—but they were too few. As for the "thousand Georgia militia," the prospect of relying upon them did not please him. He knew they would be enrolled for only three months. The Creek war had given him all the experience he wanted with that kind of soldiery. Besides, while the Creek war was at its height, some Georgia militia had fallen back on the old law of 1795 and refused to serve outside the State. Such troops would hardly answer the purpose of an army of invasion, not only "outside the State," but actually upon foreign soil. No, Georgia militia would not do. For the rest, Tennessee was "an adjacent State." At all events, as Alabama was still a Territory, Tennessee was, except Georgia, the nearest State to Spanish Florida. He therefore felt empowered by the orders of the War

Department to "call upon the executive of Tennessee for such additional militia," etc. But the governor of Tennessee was absent from the State and could not be immediately reached. History has it that the governor was visiting the Cherokees. As a matter of fact, he was out on a grand hunt in North Georgia. However, he would approve anything that Jackson might do in his absence. Though major-general in the regular army, Jackson was still the same political "Boss" of Tennessee he had always been. He did not nominate and elect governors to have them "go back on him" in dire emergencies such as this was.

Therefore he forthwith raised 1,200 volunteers—not militia—"by virtue of orders from the Secretary of War," enlisted them for six months and had them in rendezvous, at Fayetteville, the 31st of January. He also had collected there, by the same authority, thirty days' supplies of food, with transportation. Of these 1,200 volunteers, at least 800 were veterans of the Creek war or the Louisiana campaign, or both. Every man had his own rifle and rode his own horse. Jackson supplied ammunition and camp equipage from the United States stores at his command. When all was ready he appointed Colonel Arthur P. Hayne United States Army Inspector-General of the Southern Military Division, to command the force, with orders to march to Fort Jackson. There they were to draw fresh supplies and march to Fort Scott, on the frontier, which would be his base of operations.

Jackson himself, as soon as these preparations were assured, had left his home for the front on January 22d, nine days ahead of Hayne's column. The General took

his route from Nashville to Fort Scott through upper Alabama and Georgia for the purpose of raising a force of friendly Creeks under the half-breed chief, William McIntosh. Some time before this, McIntosh, on Jackson's recommendation, had been commissioned a colonel in the regular army and brevet brigadier-general.

After many vicissitudes, numerous disappointments and some severe hardships, Jackson reached Fort Scott the 9th of March. He found the place destitute of supplies and his force in danger of starvation. Leaving orders for the Tennesseeans under Hayne and the friendly Creeks under McIntosh to follow him, he pushed on with 1,080 men down the Appalachicola to Prospect Bluff—site of "Negro Fort" blown up the year before. Here he built Fort Gadsden and here the supplies sent by sea from New Orleans reached his hungry army. Here, also, Colonel Hayne's Tennesseeans and McIntosh's Indians—about 1,000 strong—joined him. These re-enforcements brought his strength up to about 2,800 or 3,000, of whom, say, 600 were regulars, 1,000 Tennessee volunteers, 400 Georgia volunteers * and 800 or 900 Indians under McIntosh.

At Fort Gadsden the General waited several days to rest his troops and perfect his supply system. The Tennessee volunteers under Colonel Hayne, compelled as they had been to take a roundabout route through western Georgia, had marched nearly a thousand miles between January 31st and March 20th, much of the way through trackless forests, across bridgeless rivers swollen

*These were all out of the thousand Georgia militia enrolled who would volunteer to leave the State. They were mustered as United States volunteers to serve six months. Jackson had no authority to muster United States volunteers, but he did it.

with spring floods, and all the time on short allowance. Something of the fibre they were made of may be learned from a paragraph of Colonel Hayne's report announcing the arrival of his column:

"In conclusion, the colonel in command is happy to report that there is no sickness among the troops and no men have lagged behind except a few whose horses gave out. These are following on foot and may be expected to join the force in a few days."

On March 26th the General started with his whole command for St. Marks. Progress was slow. Numerous skirmishes occurred, the fighting on the American side being done mainly by McIntosh's friendly Indians, who held the advance all the time.

The army reached St. Marks April 6th, and the General halted in sight of the town to communicate in a friendly way with the Spanish governor.

The material part of his "friendly communication" was a demand for surrender of Fort St. Marks, with an assurance that the American forces appeared on Spanish territory not as the enemy of Spain, but to chastise and subdue a horde of savages whom "the Spanish garrison, from the smallness of its numbers," was not able to control. The communication concluded as follows:

"The subject of my possession of the garrison of St. Marks will be referred to our respective governments for amicable adjustment."

The governor's reply set forth that, for want of a competent translator, he could not fully understand the General's letter. As to the surrender of the fort, he had no authority for such action and must refer the demand to the governor-general. Florida was then under the

jurisdiction of the governor-general of Cuba. It would take some time to communicate with Havana. General Jackson, therefore, decided to relieve the polite governor of all responsibility, and with that object in view took possession of Fort St. Marks that same afternoon, without opposition except a formal protest from the Spanish governor. The first act in the serio-comic drama of General Jackson's "unauthorized" invasion of Spanish territory in time of peace, with troops in pay and under the flag of the United States, was done. The second act proved, in some respects, more interesting.

CHAPTER V

GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA

THE second stage of the Florida campaign had for its overture a romance and a tragedy. During the period reviewed in the previous chapter the Indians captured near Fowltown a Georgia militiaman named Duncan McKrimmon, while he was some distance from camp engaged in fishing. He was taken to the prophet Francis's town, near Fort St. Marks, and there condemned to be burned at the stake in revenge for four warriors killed in the skirmish at Fowltown. The legend is—and it seems authentic—that, just as the fagots about his limbs were being kindled, a young daughter of Francis, about fifteen years old, assumed the rôle of Pocahontas and prevailed on her father to spare McKrimmon's life.

Soon afterward the chief, annoyed by his warriors, who still clamored for their victim, placed the Georgian in the hands of the Spanish commandant at Fort St. Marks for safe keeping. Not long afterward an armed schooner and two small merchant ships appeared in St. Marks Bay with English colors flying. McKrimmon, who had been all the time apprehensive that the Indians would compel the Spanish commandant to give him up to them again for torture, asked to be sent on board one of the British ships, where he knew he would be safe.

This request was granted. When McKrimmon reached the deck of the armed schooner, he was overjoyed to find her American and to meet Lieutenant McKeever, of the United States navy, in command. McKrimmon, who was an intelligent and presentable young man, told his story briefly and then informed McKeever that Francis and Himollomico, a Seminole chief, were encamped three or four miles away waiting for English vessels to bring them arms and ammunition from Nassau, New Providence Island.

McKeever, acting under instructions sent to him from Fort Gadsden by General Jackson, had come round from Appalachicola Bay to St. Marks to meet the army at the latter place with the supplies brought from New Orleans by water. He was a bold, enterprising young officer, and had greatly distinguished himself as second-in-command to Ap Catesby Jones in the desperate defence of the gun-boats on Lake Borgne. He now conceived the idea of decoying the chiefs on board his schooner. Standing up the bay toward the fort, with a profusion of English colors flying, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing a canoe put off from the shore. As it approached he saw that its occupants were two Indians, both wearing British uniform coats, and two negroes paddling. McKrimmon, taking the pilot-glass, at once informed him that the Indians were the two chiefs.

When they came aboard, McKeever invited them to his cabin, whither half a dozen sailors, previously selected for that duty, followed them, carrying handcuffs. The chiefs were at once seized and put in irons, but not without a desperate struggle, in which the lieutenant

found it necessary to knock Himollomico nearly senseless with the butt of a heavy boarding-pistol.

Shortly after the chiefs were secured Francis noticed McKrimmon. "I save your life," he said in English. "You betray me."

"No," replied the late captive, "your daughter saved my life; and the officer would have caught you anyhow. But if I can do anything for you, I will, for Malee's * sake."

While this was going on another canoe approached the schooner, having an Indian girl in the bow and a warrior at the stern paddling. Just as McKrimmon was able to recognize the girl through the glass as Malee herself, the canoe put about and made for the shore, its occupants effecting their escape notwithstanding close pursuit by one of the schooner's boats. When she reached the land, Malee seized the warrior's rifle and fired at the pursuing boat. Her bullet passed under the left arm of the coxswain and lodged in the rudder-head, missing the man's side by not more than an inch. Malee and the warrior then escaped into the woods and the boat's crew returned to the vessel. This was part of the romance.† Then came the tragedy.

* Malee was the girl's Indian name ; but the school-books and pictorial histories usually have it "Milly."

† When General Jackson withdrew from Florida he left garrisons at Pensacola and St. Marks, and gave command of the district to Colonel Arbuckle, of the Seventh Infantry, with head-quarters at the latter place. The colonel employed McKrimmon as a clerk. The young Georgian learned that Malee —or Milly—Francis had been impoverished by the destruction of her father's village and was living with an Indian family about seven miles up the river. She came to the fort and asked him to intercede with the colonel for the restoration of her father's property, consisting principally of slaves and cattle. But the slaves had run away into the swamps and the cattle had been taken for the use of the army. McKrimmon then offered to marry her and provide

That same night General Jackson communicated with Lieutenant McKeever and the chiefs were sent ashore the next morning. The General, upon being satisfied of their identity, ordered them hanged without even the formality of a court-martial: Francis for his complicity in massacres during the Creek war and for inciting the fugitive Creeks in Florida; Himollomico for torturing Lieutenant Scott, who had been captured some time before. They were hanged just outside the fort, under the supervision of Lieutenant Rodgers, acting provost-marshal.

General Jackson refused to listen to any appeal from them. Francis had expressed a desire to see the General.

for her a home. She at first refused, declaring that it was he who gave Lieutenant McKeever the information that led to the capture and execution of her father. He admitted having informed the lieutenant that her father was near the place, but protested he had not the remotest idea that General Jackson would hang him. Colonel Arbuckle's family, who joined him at the fort, took an interest in the girl and gave her many presents of food and clothing. They also advised her to accept McKrimmon. Finally she consented and they were married by a Presbyterian clergyman at Fort Scott. They lived pleasantly together nearly twenty years. After the annexation of Florida to the United States, McKrimmon took up land on the Suwanee, below the old Indian town, and made a fine plantation. He died about 1838, leaving Milly with eight children. One story ran to the effect that he was assassinated by the then hostile Seminoles. Destruction of the crops and cattle of the plantation and the loss of her slaves during the Seminole war of 1837–'40 reduced Milly to poverty again and she soon afterward died. Most of her children cast their lot with the white people and remained in Florida, though at least two of her sons went with the Creeks to the Indian Territory. Her four daughters are said to have married white men. The children were quarter-breeds, Milly herself being half white.

Captain Rodgers, of the Tennessee Volunteers, and Mrs. Gibson, wife of Major Gibson, U. S. A., have left written descriptions of her as she appeared in 1819–'20, which represent her as being exceedingly handsome, very sprightly and conversing well in English and Spanish besides her native tongue. She is often mentioned in history as a Seminole, but both her father and mother were half-breed Creeks, her mother being a half-sister to the great chief Weatherford.

Just before the rope was tightened he dropped a scalping-knife from his sleeve and explained that his design was to assassinate Jackson had he been admitted to his presence. Himollomico requested that he might be shot like a man instead of being hanged like a dog. This was reported to the General by Hambly, now acting as interpreter. "No," said Jackson; "let him hang. I will be more merciful to him than he was to poor Scott and the soldiers and women of the Fourth!" [Meaning the Fourth United States Infantry, to which the officer and others belonged, and upon whom the doomed chief had inflicted horrible tortures.]

In Fort St. Marks Jackson found Alexander Arbuthnot. He was a Scotch trader from New Providence, and had supplied the Indians with arms, ammunition, blankets and other articles of savage traffic. Hambly and Cook, former protégés of Nicholls and latterly clerks or junior partners in the trading firm of Forbes & Company, were the informers against Arbuthnot. At first the Scotch trader was placed in close confinement, the General deciding to await development of more—or better—evidence before proceeding to extreme measures.

Over a hundred miles from St. Marks was the principal town of the Seminoles, known as Suwanee. It was built on the right or west bank of the river of the same name—immortalized in song. Between it and St. Marks stretched a flat, heavily wooded country, mostly swamps, which the Indians considered wholly impassable by white men in any considerable force. The chief of this town was Boleck—sometimes spelled "Bowlock"—but better known to history by the traders' sobriquet,

"Billy Bowlegs." The population was a medley of Indians, negro brigands and mixed breeds of all kinds and colors, numbering about 2,000, and they carried on a considerable tillage of corn and fruits, besides raising herds of cattle and many hogs. The houses were generally built of logs or bark and, for the time and place, were quite commodious.

General Jackson stayed at St. Marks only forty-eight hours. Then, rationing his troops for ten days and stripping his column to light marching order, he set out across the supposed impassable swamps for Suwanee, April 9th. On the 13th, McIntosh overtook and defeated about 200 Seminoles and negroes under Peter McQueen, killing thirty-seven and taking 104 prisoners, all but six of whom were women and children. The friendly Creeks of McIntosh's command also took, as that chief said in his report, "about 700 cattle, a number of horses, a good many hogs and some corn. . . ."

Among the prisoners was a woman who had been taken in the boat with Scott's party, she being the only one spared. McIntosh sent her to her husband and father, who were with General Jackson's army in the Georgia volunteers.

About nightfall on the 16th the army reached Suwanee, but most of the Indians had escaped. They had been warned by a letter from Arbuthnot to his son, a trader at Suwanee, written the day before Jackson's army took St. Marks. Nearly 3,000 bushels of corn were taken and quite a number of cattle and horses. The army rested two days at the deserted town, which was destroyed.

During the night of April 18th, Robert C. Ambrister,

with another white man, named Cook, and two negroes, were captured. They had come up the river during the day and, unaware of what had happened, fell into the hands of Jackson's pickets a little before midnight. Ambrister was a nephew of Governor Cameron, of the Bahamas, and had been a lieutenant of marines in the British navy. He was one of the British officers who organized and drilled the refugee Creeks under Nicholls, when Jackson first invaded Florida in 1814. He was placed under close guard of a sergeant's file of men, who had orders to shoot him if he attempted to escape.

When the army returned to St. Marks, arriving there the 22d and 23d of April, Ambrister was placed in the same cell with Arbuthnot, and General Jackson appointed a court-martial to try them for various capital offences set forth in charges and specifications. General Gaines was president of the court-martial, which consisted of twelve other officers besides the recorder. The court sat two days, and on April 28th returned findings and sentence that Alexander Arbuthnot be hanged and Robert C. Ambrister shot to death for inciting Indians to make war upon the United States and for aiding and abetting the said Indians in acts of war and murder against peaceable citizens of the United States. But in the case of Ambrister the court reconsidered the sentence of death and commuted it to "fifty-nine lashes on the bare back and to be confined at hard labor with ball and chain for twelve calendar months."

The next day General Jackson reviewed the findings, approved that in the case of Arbuthnot, but disapproved the amended sentence of Ambrister and restored the first

one. He then ordered Major Fanning, of the Fourth United States Artillery, provost-marshal of the district, to see that both sentences were carried into effect. Arbuthnot was hanged from the gaff of his own schooner, which had been captured by McKeever and brought to St. Marks. He died protesting innocence, declaring that he was being murdered by the power of the United States, and his last words were: "My government will avenge me!"

Ambrister was shot a few minutes before the hanging of Arbuthnot. He met death with fortitude and made no scene. He declared, however, that fate was against him, that he was not conscious of having violated the law of nations, and that he had never done anything which he did not honestly believe his duty to his country required him to do.

Leaving Fort St. Marks, April 29th, General Jackson, with his army, arrived at Fort Gadsden the 2d of May. Here he halted to rest and refresh the troops. His force now consisted only of regulars and Tennessee volunteers. Three companies of the Fourth Infantry and one company of artillery had been left at Fort St. Marks. The Georgia volunteers, together with the friendly Indians under McIntosh, had been sent home at the end of the expedition to Suwanee town. After these deductions the army at Fort Gadsden was not over 1,500 or 1,600 strong; say 600 regulars and 800 to 900 Tennessee volunteers. Here it should be observed that there were two companies of Kentucky volunteers in General Jackson's army. They were commanded respectively by Captains Crittenden and Marshall. There was also a small company of Mississippi volunteers under Captain

Joseph Bonnell. These independent companies, however, were incorporated in the two Tennessee regiments commanded respectively by Colonels Williamson and Dyer.

It was the General's intention, after resting his troops at Gadsden a week or so, to distribute the regulars among the various posts and then to proceed by easy marches at the head of his Tennesseeans home to Nashville. With all his modesty in other premises, General Jackson undeniably had a strong *penchant* for "entering Nashville in triumph."

He had already issued to the regulars their orders of distribution, and was ready to march with the Tennesseeans for Fort Jackson, en route home, when, on May 17th, he received a letter from the Spanish governor. Almost at the same time he received information from Hambly, whom he had sent to Pensacola on a secret mission, that quite a number of Indians—mostly refugee Creeks—were assembled near Pensacola.* Hambly was well adapted to this kind of duty. The Spanish governor, Don Gonzalez, had known him only as a former clerk to Forbes and Company, British Indian traders, and a protégé of Nicholls, but did not know that he had now turned spy and informer to the Americans.

The Spanish governor's letter was in its tone militant. Among other things he said:

"It having come to my knowledge that . . . you are now in the province of West Florida, which is subject to my government, I solemnly protest against this

* In a letter written soon afterward to Senator Campbell, Jackson places the number of these Indians at 550. Hambly's statement, in the subsequent investigation, is "about 300 Indians and some 200 vagabond negroes."

procedure as an offence against my sovereign, exhorting you and requiring of you in his name to retire from it; since, if you do not retire but persist in your aggressions, I shall repel force by force."

The effect which the Spanish governor expected or hoped to produce by this truculent language is not known. But the immediate result of it was that the General, instead of marching to Fort Jackson, marched on Pensacola with 600 regulars and 600 Tennesseeans. Here the General's private account to Senator Campbell exhibits a slight disagreement with his official despatches; but the discrepancy relates to the sequence of events, all happening within a few days, and does not seem material to the main question. Among the things concerning which Hambly informed him—also corroborated by Governor Bibbs, of Alabama—were that the Indians seeking refuge at Pensacola were fed by the Spanish governor, that they had committed several murders on the frontier, including the family of a Mr. Stokes, and that the governor himself had intercepted and detained the schooner Amelia, laden with supplies for the United States troops at Fort Crawford.

On May 24th General Jackson entered Pensacola at the head of his army. The governor took refuge in Fort Barrancas. General Jackson approached the fort, from which a few shots were fired. The General then made preparations to storm it, whereupon the governor surrendered with 300 Spanish troops.

Thus terminated the "Florida war," between the Indians, British agents and Spain on one hand and General Jackson on the other. There was, as yet, no evidence that the government of the United States had been in-

volved in it at all, except the circumstantial facts that the General had a few regular troops in his army and that the regular navy, as represented by Lieutenant McKeever, had co-operated in a small way.

On the 31st of May the General placed Colonel William King, of the Fourth Infantry, in command at Pensacola, with a garrison of 400 regulars, ordered Lieutenant McKeever to take charge of the coast and harbor, with instructions to permit no Indian supplies to be landed, and made provision for the comfort of the Spanish governor and his household. He then returned by easy stages to Nashville, where the people received him with the usual public banquet, toasts and applause.

General Jackson availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the banquet to "declare his platform" in the shape of a "volunteer toast," the significance of which became soon afterward a matter of national interest:

"Our Country!—Though forbearance is her maxim, she must show to foreign nations that, UNDER A PRETENCE OF NEUTRALITY, her rights are not to be outraged!"

This was the 24th of June, 1818. From that time on the Florida war became the staple topic of American journalism. The newspapers needed a live topic. Mr. Monroe's administration afforded none. It seemed to invite neither praise nor censure. The "Era of Good Feeling" was in the last degree unfavorable to newspaper enterprise. The demand for great Columbian eloquence had ceased. The impassioned oratory that stirs men's souls was an utter drug in the patriotic market. General Jackson afforded a welcome relief to this prolonged intellectual drouth, this editorial arid season.

Party lines had almost ceased to exist. Old political divisions were nearly extinct. Federalism had gone to its tomb, along with Tecumseh and Pakenham, in the war of 1812. Its ghost still stalked abroad now and then producing nightmares like the Hartford Convention, but its substance was dust and ashes. Mr. Adams was furtively trying to scrape together dry bones enough to form a "nucleus" against 1824; but his efforts attracted no particular attention; at all events, they were not as yet viewed with concern.

All these deficiencies were instantly met by General Jackson. The politicians and the able editors at once drew strict party lines over his name and his exploits. A presidential campaign within a fortnight of election day could not have been hotter. The furor was by no means confined within our own boundaries. English statesmen gathered with long faces in cabinet council to consider the execution of two British subjects on Spanish soil by an American general in time of profound peace. English editors, from the London *Times* to the Halifax *Sentinel,* frothed at the mouth. The Paris papers, as usual, could foresee nothing but war between England and—General Jackson; a war that might, possibly, involve the United States! The statesmen and journals of Madrid for the moment showed imminent signs of throwing off the traditional Spanish lethargy. They, too, viewed General Jackson as the prime enemy of the peace of mankind, but fancied that somehow, sooner or later, the Washington Government might be drawn into the vortex.

It is safe to say that, in the latter half of the year 1818, Jackson was the most talked-about and most abused man

in the world—on both sides of the ocean and in several languages. Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet spent most of July and August debating Jackson. The Ministry at St. James's sat up nights over Jackson. Lord Castlereagh, laid up with gout, sent for the American minister to visit his sick-room for the purpose of considering Jackson as an international issue. Napoleon languished unheeded at St. Helena and the Duke of Wellington dwelt in obscurity at Walmer, by comparison.

Finally, Congress met; also Parliament. Congress ordered an investigation. The House of Commons interrogated the ministry—all about Jackson. Meantime the object of all this world-wide excitation, this polyglot furor, vegetated at the Hermitage, all but unconscious of his exaltation and quite oblivious—to all outward appearance—of his own celebrity. In fact, for nearly two months after his return to the Hermitage, the General was so ill or so debilitated that Colonel Hayne had to transact most of the routine business of division head-quarters, and Major Lewis attended to his personal correspondence—the General merely signing orders and letters as he reclined in an easy chair or sat up in bed.

Finally he recuperated. Christmas Day he gave a dinner to his intimate friends at the Hermitage. They all declared that he hadn't looked so well before in ten years. He referred them to "Aunt Rachel," to whose nursing he ascribed his recovery. "She pulled me through," he said, "in spite of myself and the doctors." And one of the "doctors" was at the table!

On the 4th of January the General sent for Major Lewis, turned over to him a mass of unanswered letters,

"to be dealt with as the major might see fit," borrowed the major's new overcoat—his own being somewhat shabby—and mounted his best horse for Washington. He rode as far as Knoxville. There, finding the saddle a little too strenuous for his still enfeebled system, he bought a fine pair of horses and borrowed a carriage, in which the rest of the journey was performed. Before leaving the Hermitage he had imparted to Major Lewis his conviction that "a lot of d——d rascals, with Clay at their head—and maybe with Adams in the rear-guard —are setting up a conspiracy against me. I'm going there to see it out with them."

The sequel proved that he was right as to Clay, but wofully out of his reckoning as to Mr. Adams. General Jackson arrived at Washington, January 27th, twenty-three days from the Hermitage. He found the "d——d rascals" in full blast with their "conspiracy." Fifteen days before his arrival and eight days before he began the journey, the House Committee on Military Affairs had reported four resolutions. They were in effect, though negatively expressed:

1. Disapproving the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister.

2. Prohibiting military executions unless approved by the President.

3. Condemning the seizure of Pensacola and Fort Barrancas.

4. Prohibiting the entry of United States troops upon foreign soil without authorization by Congress, except in pursuit of a defeated enemy.

These resolutions were debated to the exclusion of all other subjects from January 12th to February 10th.

No attempt can be made to give even a summary of the debate. Suffice to say that few debates in Congress have lasted so long, covered such a wide range of law and diplomacy or been conducted by such masters of the art as this one. Even Benton, in his Abridgment of Congressional Debates—a work as compendious as could be made—devotes 117 large pages to it.

As has frequently happened in Congress, the preponderance of eloquence was on one side and that of votes on the other. After such oratory as Clay's had spent its fiercest force, the House sustained Jackson nearly two to one.

It approved the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister—90 to 54.

It sustained military execution by a commanding general without approval by the President—98 to 57.

It approved the seizure of Pensacola—91 to 65.

And it approved the entry of United States troops upon foreign soil—112 to 42.

In the meantime the Senate had considered the same subject through a select committee, of which Mr. Lacock, of Pennsylvania, was chairman. Should any reader desire to know who Mr. Lacock was, an examination of the Standard Dictionary of American Biography will disclose the fact that, out of twelve lines in which his share of American history is set forth, six and one-half lines are devoted to the important information that he "opposed Andrew Jackson," etc. Jackson, as a maker of that kind of biography in our annals, was prolific. A great many names were rescued from total oblivion by their owners coming in collision with him.

Mr. Lacock's principal coadjutor was Mr. Eppes, of

Virginia. The Standard Dictionary of American Biography does a little better by Mr. Eppes than by Mr. Lacock. It gives him fifteen lines. But "opposition to General Jackson" does not seem to figure as Mr. Eppes's chief claim to historical consequence. It is clearly subordinated to the fact that he was a son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson.

The House, as we have seen, voted on February 10, 1819, to sustain General Jackson on all points nearly two to one. The report of Mr. Lacock's select committee of the Senate was submitted February 25th—only eight days before the expiration of Congress in its "short session."

During the interim the General accepted invitations to public receptions and dinners in Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore. An invitation to Boston was declined—or rather deferred—for want of time. In the course of his remarks at the New York reception, held in the City Hall, the General, responding to the welcome of Mayor Colden, said:

"In what I have done for my country, had I erred in discharge of my official duty, that error would have originated in the warmth of my devotion to her interests and a misapplication of the means best calculated to promote her happiness and prosperity. But to find that my conduct has been sanctioned by my government and approved by my fellow-citizens is a source of happiness unequalled in the occurrences of my life."

When Mr. Lacock's report was submitted to the Senate it was laid on the table and ordered printed, by vote of thirty-one to three. The three voting no were those members of the committee itself who signed the

majority report—which, by the way, was mildly, though clearly, censorious.

On the same day the treaty with Spain, ceding Florida to the United States, was published.

Congress adjourned *sine die* without action on Mr. Lacock's report. When the next Congress met, General Jackson memorialized the Senate, asking for definitive action on the subject, declaring that to leave Mr. Lacock's report as "unfinished business" of an expired Congress would be unjust to him. But, beyond ordering his memorial and accompanying documents to be printed, the Senate declined to further consider the matter.

Five months before the meeting of Congress, the administration dealt with the question in cabinet and in its diplomatic relations. The Cabinet was John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and William Wirt, Attorney-General. The Secretary of the Navy seems to have taken no part in the discussion. The President and all the Cabinet except Mr. Adams substantially agreed at the outset that the conduct of General Jackson should be justified; that the General should be complimented; that the invasion should be considered his own act; that it was just and necessary; that it was *not* authorized by the government; that Pensacola and St. Marks should be restored to Spain.

Fortunately the now celebrated characters of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tulkinghorn and Captain Bunsby were not then so celebrated as they are now! General Jackson remarked, when the state of mind of the administration was accurately explained to him by Senator

Campbell: "Oh, well, I'm sorry if I have perplexed Mr. Monroe. But I'm willing to leave it to the people. They don't seem displeased. Washington is a poor place to find out what the people think."

A long and exhaustive correspondence followed between the President and the General, lasting from July to December, 1818. The President praised the General heartily in one sentence and censured him gently in the next, all through. The General, in the courtliest phrase he could muster, defended his conduct and urged the unprecedented conditions under which he was placed; arguing in effect that he would have been more culpable had he shirked the personal responsibility than he possibly could be for assuming it.

To the surprise of many—and probably of no one more than General Jackson himself, Mr. Adams sustained him wholly and through thick and thin. And this not merely in cabinet council, but in his diplomatic correspondence with Señor Pizarro, the Spanish premier, and Lord Castlereagh's Ministry. His papers in support of General Jackson's policy and in vindication of his acts are among the most masterly products of their kind in our history. He made Señor Pizarro confess that Spain in Florida was too weak to enforce her obligations of neutrality as between the United States and the hostile Indians, who used her soil as a rendezvous of murderers and an asylum for brigands. He compelled the British Ministry to admit that Arbuthnot and Ambrister were justly punished. And it was only to give a semblance of harmony to the conclusions of our own Cabinet that Mr. Adams consented to acquiesce in the shuffling and evasive attitude assumed by his colleagues.

It has been stated that Mr. Wirt in the main coincided with Mr. Adams, but yielded his opinions also for the sake of harmony. This, however, was of relatively small importance. Crawford hated Jackson and was afraid that this and other things would give to the General that presidency which, above all earthly things, he wanted for himself. Calhoun liked Jackson, but otherwise held a motive not unlike that which dominated Crawford. He also dreaded to encounter at that stage of his fortunes a conflict with General Jackson's overwhelming personal popularity. Adams disliked Jackson and dreaded the probability he clearly foresaw that the hold he had upon the fancy of the plain people would before long make him President. In fact, Mr. Adams, in 1818, foresaw that Jackson was more likely than any other man to be his own antagonist for the succession to Mr. Monroe.

But such considerations had no weight with Mr. Adams when a great question was at stake involving the integrity of his country and the security of her frontiers. Mr. Adams believed with Jackson that Florida was naturally a part of the United States. With Jackson he deprecated the prolongation of Spain's feeble, illogical and corrupt sovereignty there. And he and Jackson were agreed in the opinion that a show of strength and determination on our part would hasten while confession of weakness or incertitude would postpone our possession of Florida. As for the questions involved in the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, Mr. Adams simply applied to them the policy of Great Britain herself in cognate cases, which he considered the only sound, virile policy possible.

As for General Jackson, he was more concerned about the giving up of St. Marks and Pensacola than anything else. To Senator Campbell he said "it only served to humor Spain's vanity, which was all that the rotten old kingdom had left!"

As the sequel proved, it did "humor Spain's vanity" enough to make her procrastinate nearly two years over the final treaty of cession. And it emboldened her to exact "compensatory guarantees" on the side of Texas which afterward returned to plague their inventors.

Thomas Jefferson, from the shady porch of Monticello, announced that in his opinion the diplomatic exposition of Mr. Adams was a diplomatic model of the American school fit for all future guidance. The venerable John Adams, standing at the antipodes of political philosophy from Mr. Jefferson, united with his lifelong adversary in praising the master-stroke of his great son. We doubt if ever any state paper in our national history was more uniformly approved by those whose approval is compliment, or more viciously criticised by those whose disapproval is decoration, than was John Quincy Adams's vindication of Andrew Jackson in Spanish Florida.

From the summer of 1819 to the spring of 1821, General Jackson pursued the even tenor of his way. His military duties were not onerous. He lived at the Hermitage and his aides-de-camp usually brought to him there such papers as required his personal attention. He did not travel much. What time he passed away from home was mostly devoted to visiting the various Indian reservations in his military division, holding

pow-wows with them, listening to their grievances or laying his heavy hand upon such "bad white men" as might venture to trespass on the rights he had solemnly guaranteed to them. No white man then living possessed such influence over the Indians as General Jackson. No other man in our history has ever been so revered and respected by them as he was, except, perhaps, Sir William Johnson, or, in a more limited sphere, William Penn.

In the years 1819 and 1820 numerous complaints reached him from the Cherokees, Creeks and Chickasaws that their treaty-lands were being trespassed upon by white hunters and unlicensed traders. His name had been signed to the treaties that were being infringed. Among his singular mental habits was that of considering himself personally responsible for the execution, in good faith, of any written stipulation bearing his signature, public as well as private—individual as well as official. He therefore considered that those who trespassed upon the lands secured to the Indians by what he was wont to call "my treaties," were guilty of a personal indignity or affront to himself. Hence, without referring the matter to the government at Washington or even advising the President of the complaints, he issued a "general order" directing all white men occupying or sojourning upon lands allotted by treaty to Indian tribes within the jurisdiction of the Southern Military Division to remove thence within thirty days; and if any such white man so trespassing had live stock or other property upon Indian lands, he should remove it within forty days, on penalty of arrest and imprisonment or forfeiture of the property—or both.

Most of the men affected by this "order" were well acquainted with General Jackson. It was commonly known throughout the region that orders from the major-general commanding the Southern Military Division were not to be viewed with levity. The squatters did not take the trouble to inquire whether he had any authority or not. Neither did the Major-General. He simply acted. So did they. Most of them were off the reservations within the specified time. In some cases the time was extended briefly. In other cases the white men involved had Indian wives and were bona fide residents—adopted members of the tribes. In such cases, upon request of the Indians, the "squaw-men," as Jackson designated them, were allowed to remain, but at the expense of their citizenship.

After a while the Major-General, more as a matter of courtesy than otherwise, informed the War Department of his action. The War Department approved the policy, but thought the notification ought to have preceded the act, as there were laws for such cases; and the Secretary suggested as much to the General. No further action was taken, however. The squatters were cleared off the reservations and the laws carried into practical effect—though not by exactly the same method the War Department would have observed had it been consulted beforehand. Like the invasion of Spanish Florida, General Jackson had done the right thing the wrong way; but he had done it so thoroughly that the Washington authorities seemed willing to let well enough alone.

Early in 1821 General Jackson announced to his friends his intention to resign from the regular army.

The dull routine of military service in time of peace was extremely irksome to him. The treaty by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States was completed. All possible points of disagreement with England were disposed of by the commercial treaty of 1818–'19. Even the Indians were peaceable everywhere. Not a speck of war-cloud could be seen anywhere upon the international horizon. After a quarter of a century of unintermittent tempest by sea and land the world over, the sky of destiny smiled in peace and soft breezes of universal amity soothed the passions of men. Jackson evidently viewed such an epoch as one wholly unpropitious for a major-general.

Moreover, the reduction of the regular army, begun in 1816 but never systematically carried out, had been definitely embodied in a reorganization law passed by Congress in the session of 1820–'21. This measure provided for two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery and seven of infantry, with a small corps of topographical engineers. It fixed the maximum strength of troops, batteries and companies at a figure which the General denounced as "absurdly ineffective" and as "mere skeletons." Dragoon troops were limited to forty-eight of all ranks, batteries to fifty-six and companies of infantry to forty-five. The grand total, officers and men, did not exceed 8,000. Material changes were also made in the militia laws, by which Federal control was practically abandoned and the whole subject relegated to the several States—which Jackson described as "a scheme to reduce the militia by starvation." On the whole, the military legislation of that Congress struck him as being "evidently based upon Quaker ideas and taking it for

granted that the enemies of the United States had disappeared from the face of the earth."

Yet a glance at the general history of that period will show that all other civilized powers except Russia were reducing their armaments in a proportion relatively equal to that adopted by Congress.

Early in May, General Jackson tendered his resignation. It was not accepted until July. But on May 31st he wrote a farewell address to the troops under his command, to be promulgated as soon as he should receive formal notice that his resignation was accepted. A remarkable part of this document was its frank condemnation of the scheme to reduce the army and its characterization of the policy of Congress as "hasty and ill-timed." Even at that early day it was unusual for a regular officer to denounce the military policy of Congress in a formal communication to the troops under his command. Now it would doubtless put a summary end to the officer's military career. Perhaps, however, there are no Jacksons in the regular army now. But a still more surprising feature of this "farewell order" was a "note" appended to it, dated July 21, 1821, the day of its promulgation. This was a review of a general order issued by the ranking major-general and commander-in-chief of the army, dated Washington, June 1st, and discussing among other things the prevalence of desertion—particularly among troops serving in the Southern Division. This evil General Brown ascribed to "an undue severity or to the absence of system in the conduct of officers toward their men."

General Jackson seems to have viewed this and other expressions of similar purport as a personal affront to

himself and the officers serving in the Southern Military Division. Acting upon such a theory he reviewed the order of his superior officer in language admitting of no ambiguous construction, declaring, among other things, that certain statements of General Brown "were not founded on fact," and that his order as a whole was "an unjust attempt to tarnish the well-earned fame" of officers in the Southern Military Division.

Undoubtedly General Jackson had a right to traverse the statements of General Brown if they reflected upon him or his subordinate officers. But he should have addressed his objections either to General Brown or to the Secretary of War—or, if he chose, to the President. But the last audience in the world to whom such objections could be properly addressed were the officers and soldiers of his own command, and the last channel through which they could be properly promulgated was that of an "appendix" to a general order of his own—farewell or otherwise.

It would be difficult to imagine a performance more thoroughly unmilitary or less regardful of discipline. The whole affair was simply another added to a long category of incidents in which General Jackson, acting upon the spur of the moment, without thought of anything except the quickest and most direct action possible, and with the best motives, did right, but did it in the wrong way. That seemed to be something more than a habit. It amounted to an idiosyncrasy.

For the rest, this "review" took the ground that the true remedy for the evil of desertion was to be found in a change of system as to punishment. On this point General Jackson argued strenuously in favor of restor-

ing the cat-o'-nine-tails as a disciplinary implement in the army. For desertion in time of peace he suggested a sliding scale of punishment: "For the first offence, thirty-nine stripes; for the second, double that number; and for the third, let him feel the highest penalty of the law." —Most men in these days would consider that, in advocating the restoration of flogging, General Jackson set his face against the humanity of his time. But it must be borne in mind that 1821 was an early date in the history of humane thought. The "cat" was still in force in our navy and had been abolished in the army but a short time previously. And, if he had felt the need of illustrious reference in support of his views, he could have cited the Father of his Country as a believer in the patriarchal mode of military punishment, not to mention Greene, Wayne, Morgan and other heroes of immortal, though subordinate, renown. And here it might be suggested that one of these—General Morgan —had "enjoyed experience" at both ends of the cat-o'-nine-tails, having not only inflicted it as a commanding officer in the Revolution, but also suffered under it as an enlisted man in the old French war.

General Jackson's resignation was accepted one day, and he was appointed Governor of Florida Territory the next; thus enjoying for only twenty-four hours the sweets of private life. His career as a civil administrator in this instance was brief and uneventful. After numerous and vexatious delays, which he unhesitatingly attributed to "Spanish treachery," the keys of Pensacola were turned over to him by Governor Don José Callava, and he assumed civil control of the new Territory which

he had already twice overrun and conquered as a major-general without authority and on his own personal responsibility. He found it a sinecure. Congress, in the act providing a form of territorial government, had carefully relieved the governor of almost every vestige of executive power. The most searching analysis of that law will fail to disclose any power left in the governor's hands except that of drawing his salary and reviewing the garrison. Possibly the law-makers knew —or suspected—that the first governor would be ex-General Jackson; and they had by this time become tolerably well acquainted with him.* His only act as Governor of Florida which has found conspicuous place in history was the temporary incarceration of the Spanish ex-governor, Callava, in his own calabozo. This was a characteristic performance, viewed by Spain with helpless horror, and by the American people as a rather drastic comedy.

Very soon after the transfer of sovereignty and while the Spanish ex-governor and his staff were awaiting transportation to Havana, a handsome quadroon woman waited upon the territorial judge or alcalde, Henry M. Brackenridge, to represent that she was the heiress of one Nicolas Maria Vidal, that the papers embodying proof of her rights were in the custody of Señor Domingo Sousa, adjutant to ex-Governor Callava, and that they were to be carried away to Havana with other

* John Randolph remarked, while the Florida bill was under consideration in the House of Representatives, that "some honorable gentlemen, evidently divining the intention of the President to appoint an illustrious hero to the governorship of the new Territory, seem filled with a prudent resolve to preclude him from the possible use of it as a base of operations for the conquest of Spanish Cuba."

documents of the late régime. Judge Brackenridge, having no authority to act, at once referred the matter to Governor Jackson.

That functionary waited only to hear that a defenceless woman was about to be defrauded of her patrimony by Spanish tyranny. He ordered that the papers be produced forthwith. Señor Sousa protested that he could not give them up without orders from his superior, Señor Callava. Governor Jackson then extended the scope of his order to include the ex-governor. That ex-functionary peremptorily refused to surrender the papers. He declared them to be the property of the firm of Forbes and Company, British subjects doing business by authority of the Spanish Government, and intrusted to the late representative of that government for safe keeping.

If Governor Jackson was in earnest before, he became infuriated now. Forbes and Company, forsooth! Nobody had better reason to be intimately acquainted with Forbes and Company than he. They had been implicated in transactions with Arbuthnot, whom he had hanged. The "business carried on by Forbes and Company by authority of the Spanish Government" had been that of supplying with arms and ammunition the hostile Indians, who had used those arms in the massacre of Fort Mims, the murder of Lieutenant Scott and his detachment, and a long list of other horrors.

Further particulars need not be offered here.

Governor Jackson at once ordered Lieutenant Mountz, of the Fourth Infantry, to take a file of twenty men, arrest ex-Governor Callava, make a final demand for the Vidal papers, and if still refused to confine the ex-

governor in the calabozo. The regular lieutenant obeyed orders to the letter and ex-Governor Callava was thrown into the calabozo, where he passed the night with several convivial friends, who voluntarily shared his imprisonment, the asperity of which was largely mitigated by abundant supplies of champagne and cigars.

The next day Judge Fromentin—a French adventurer from Louisiana whom President Monroe had appointed as temporary or provisional judge for the new Territory —issued a writ of habeas corpus. Governor Jackson ignored the writ and cited the judge to appear before him and answer to a charge of contempt for his (the Governor's) sovereign authority. He, however, ordered the release of Callava on other grounds. Fromentin was not prosecuted for "contempt of Governor Jackson," but he was soon after superseded in the territorial judgeship by Mr. Brackenridge, regularly appointed and confirmed.

At last the Vidal papers were surrendered. Governor Jackson then directed Alcalde Brackenridge to investigate the case. It was characteristic of Governor Jackson to act first and investigate afterward—if at all. Brackenridge's investigation disclosed that the papers were of no value—or less than none, because they showed the Vidal estate to be indebted to Forbes and Company in a small sum. Besides, it appeared that the handsome quadroon woman had no rights in the inheritance, under the laws of the State of Louisiana, where the estate was situate, being illegitimate and born of a slave mother.

CHAPTER VI

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

NOTHING came of this serio-comedy. The Spanish government made no effort to secure redress of Señor Callava's wrongs and Governor Don Andreas Jackson —as the Spaniards called him—reigned supreme. No other episode worth historical mention occurred during Jackson's brief incumbency of the territorial governorship. He resigned and returned to the Hermitage in November. The General himself left to history no expression of his own concerning his view of the gubernatorial office. But Mrs. Jackson, in letters to her brother, Colonel John Donelson, and to her friend, the wife of Captain Kingsley of the army,* was more communicative. Her letters possess the double value of an index to her character and of gossipy contributions to "inside history." Keenly as the General may have felt the restraints by which the organic law of the Territory denied him the privilege of "recognizing the claims of his friends," he made no sign—at least none that ever reached the public eye or ear. But he doubtless imparted his chagrin to Mrs. Jackson.

In August she wrote to Colonel Donelson:

I am sure our stay here will not be long. This office does not suit my husband. . . . There never was a man more

* Historical Society of Tennessee.

disappointed than he has been. He has not the power to appoint one of his friends; which I thought was in part the reason for his coming. But it has almost taken his life. Captain Call says it is equal to the Seminole campaign. Well, I knew it would be a ruining concern. I shall not pretend to describe the toils, fatigues and trouble. These Spaniards had as lief die as give up their country. He has had terrible scenes: the Governor [Callava] has been put in the calaboose; which is a terrible thing, really. I was afraid there would be a rebellion, but the Spanish troops were all gone to Havana; only some officers remaining here yet. Rebellion would have been terrible. You know how he [meaning the General] deals with rebellions. Let us thank the Lord there was none. . . .

We have a hope of setting out by the first of October for home. . . . They all begin to think with me that Tennessee is the best country yet. Tell our friends I hope to see them again in our country and to know that it is the best I ever saw. . . . The glory of high office is nothing. I shall never forget how quickly the leaves withered of the laurel crown they put upon the General at New Orleans! There is but one Crown that never fades or withers. O, let us all seek it while yet we may.

In one of her letters to Mrs. Kingsley, Mrs. Jackson said:

O, that I had the pen of a ready writer that I might give you a correct detail of the great transactions. We having a house prepared and furnished, the General advised me to move down and remain until he could with propriety march in with the Fourth Regiment.*

Three Sabbaths I spent in this house before the country was

* Governor Jackson would not enter the town until the Spanish authorities were ready to transfer the government to him But he did not wish Mrs. Jackson to undergo the privations of camp, and therefore he sent her to reside in the town three weeks before he took official possession.

in possession under American government. In all that time I was not an idle spectator. The Sabbath profanely kept; a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open; trade going on, I think, more than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday [the one after the transfer—AUTHOR] would be differently kept.* And I must say the worst people here are the cast-out Americans and negroes. Yesterday [the first Sunday after the transfer] I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling-houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's Day; cursing not to be heard. . . .

While the General was in camp, fourteen miles from Pensacola, he was very sick. I went to see him and try and persuade him to come to his house. But no. All his friends tried. He said that when he came in it should be under his own standard, and that would be the third time he had planted that flag on that wall. And he has done so. O, how solemn was his pale countenance when he dismounted from his horse! Recollections of scenes and perils of war not to be dissevered presented themselves to view. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude you nor I nor any of us ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven almost in nature's darkness. But thanks to the Lord that hath put grace in this His servant to issue His proclamation in a language they all

* Mrs. Jackson knew what she was writing about. Among the first acts of Governor Jackson was to ordain that, "As the Christian Sabbath is observed throughout the civilized world, in order to remove any doubt which might be entertained with respect to the powers of the Mayor and Council on this subject, they are authorized to make any regulations on the observance thereof which they may deem proper."

It is necessary to add only that the "regulations made by the Mayor and Council" were drafted at head-quarters, and no doubt approved by Mrs. Jackson. Pensacola became a "closed town" on Sunday, under the régime of Governor and Mrs. Jackson.

understand. I think the sanctuary is about to be purged for a minister of the gospel to come over to the help of the Lord's cause in this dark region.

There is a Catholic Church in the place and the priest seems a divine-looking man. He comes to see us. He dined with us yesterday, the Governor and Secretary, French, Spanish, American ladies and all. I have as pleasant a house as any in town.

My dear husband is, I think, not any better as to his health. He has indeed performed a great work in his day. Had I heard by the hearing of the ear I could not have believed!

O, for Zion. I am not at rest nor can I be in a heathen land. How happy and thankful should you be in a land of gospel light and liberty. O, rejoice and be glad; far more it is to be desired than all the honor and riches in this vain world. Farewell, my dear friend, and should the great Arbiter of fate order His servant not to see her kindred and friends again I hope to meet you in the realms of everlasting bliss. Then shall I weep no more at parting.

Do not be uneasy for me. "Although the vine yield no fruit and the olive no oil, yet will I serve the Lord."

The date of the foregoing letter was July 23d. Two months later she wrote to Mrs. Kingsley again:

Happy am I to tell you and all my dear friends that we are not much longer for this place. The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it a wild-goose chase, his coming here. . . . You are in the best country in America. O, how has this place been overrated. Among many disadvantages it has few advantages. Not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet; no, not one; but we have a prayer-meeting every Sabbath. The house is crowded so there is not room for them. Sincere prayers are constantly sent up to the Hearer of Prayer for a faithful minister. O, what a reviving, refreshing scene it would be to the Christians, though few in number. The non-professors also desire it.

You named, my dear friend, my going to the theatre. I went once and then with much reluctance. I felt so little interest in it, however, I shall not take up much time in apologizing.

At last the tired and disappointed General and his pious and patient spouse once more found the rest and congenial society of their beloved Hermitage a few days before Christmas-tide, 1821. It proved a rest of two years. The brief governorship of Florida passed into memory more as a nightmare than as an experience. For the first time since 1789 Andrew Jackson was a private citizen in the full sense of the term. For thirty-two years consecutively he had held office, civil or military: Territorial district-attorney for Tennessee; member of Congress from the new State; Senator; Supreme Court Judge; Major-General of militia; Major-General in the regular army; defender of the Louisiana Purchase; conqueror and Governor of Florida. A long list of honors, surely. For some men they would have sufficed. For a time he declared and believed that they must suffice for him.

"I am no longer a strong man," he said to his friend, ex-Senator Campbell, who had recently returned from Russia, where he was American minister from 1818 to 1821, and who visited him at the Hermitage. "I can't stand the fatigues and privations I used to. Why, bless us, George, do you realize we are getting old? I'm fifty-four! And God knows I've never spared myself. You are a year younger and have taken better care of yourself. But, after all, we're both getting old—or towards it, anyhow."

Campbell pooh-poohed the General's pessimism. "You

are only tired out," he said, "and a little bit sick. That miserable climate and the wretched filth of a Spanish town have temporarily enfeebled your system. But wait, General, till our own pure air braces you up this winter and something happens to stir your spirit up and you'll soon be your old self again. You are by no means safe from the presidency in 1824——"

"I really hope you don't think, George, that I am d——d fool enough to believe that!" interrupted the General with something of his wonted warmth. "No, sir; I may be pretty well satisfied with myself in some things, but am not vain enough for that."

One by one all his closest friends approached him in the same way. To all he returned the same answer. Since about 1818 he had to a great extent lost interest in politics. He had even let go his hold on the throttle-valve of the "Tennessee machine," and his mantle as its "Boss" had fallen upon the broad shoulders of his favorite protégé, General William Carroll. He really and earnestly hoped to be left alone; to eke out his days—which he believed would be few—in private life. He longed for the repose and seclusion of his now superb plantation; to re-establish his erstwhile supremacy as a stock-breeder and horse-fancier. Since 1804 most of the outlying land had been sold off, so that in 1821 the Hermitage plantation was a solid tract of about three thousand acres, of which say twelve hundred were under cultivation; the rest magnificent timber. Since 1819 a new brick mansion had been built—a palace in that environment, but which M. Lavasseur, private secretary to Lafayette, when that illustrious French patriot visited General Jackson in 1825, thought would hardly be

a suitable porter's lodge for the chateau of so great a man in France.

However, it was a palace to the victor of New Orleans. A commodious, though plain, "double house," with wide hall, good-sized rooms, two stories and a lofty attic, thickly shaded lawn, a large garden laid out in gravelled walks and redolent with the perfume of flowers, a wide porch whereon to while away pleasant evenings or afternoons with good cheer drawn from a capacious cellar amply stocked; all this, howsoever primitive it might seem to M. Lavasseur, was idyllic and luxurious to a pioneer like Andrew Jackson and to the daughter of one like Mrs. Jackson.

Beyond doubt, General Jackson's firm resolve in 1821 to quit public life "for good and all" was largely due to the influence of his wife. During that winter—in February, 1822—she wrote to her niece, Mary Donelson:

> I do hope they will now leave Mr. Jackson alone. He is not a well man and never will be unless they allow him to rest. He has done his share for the country. How little time has he had to himself or for his own interests in the thirty years of our wedded life. In all that time he has not spent one-fourth of his days under his own roof. The rest of the time away, travelling, holding court, or at the capital of the country, or in camp, or fighting its battles, or treating with the Indians; mercy knows what not, so that it kept him from home, from his own concerns and serving the people as a Christian serves the Lord.
>
> In all this time and through all such trials I have not said aye, yes or no. It was his work to do, he seemed called to it and I watched, waited and prayed most of the time alone. Now I hope it is at an end. They talk of his being President. Major Eaton, General Carroll, Mr. Campbell, the Doctor [meaning

Bronaugh] and even the Parson [probably meaning the Rev. Dr. Blackburn] and I can't tell how many others—all of his friends who come here—talk everlastingly about his being President. In this as in all else, I can only say, the Lord's will be done. But I hope he may not be called again to the strife and empty honors of public place.

But neither the General's modest estimate of himself nor Mrs. Jackson's longing for a serene home life made any difference with the programme of the people. From this time on Jackson became a candidate for the presidency; a passive one, indeed; so passive that he not only did not seek it, but for a time was almost oblivious of the fact. His candidature was not only non-personal, but it was not even the evolution of a "favorite son." True, he was the candidate of Tennessee, but not in the sense in which Clay was the "favorite son" of Kentucky, Adams of Massachusetts, Crawford of Georgia, Calhoun of South Carolina, or DeWitt Clinton of New York. The political parties of earlier days had ceased to exist. The Federalism that Hamilton invented and John Adams exploited into the presidency had disappeared along with Pakenham's soldiers and other wreckage of the war of 1812. No party in those days could survive Hartford conventions. The old Republican party, of which Jefferson was the prophet, had disappeared in the apostolic succession of Madison and Monroe. It was clear that Virginia had ceased to be the Rome of Republican popes, or, at least, of Jeffersonian pontiffs. No new parties of definitive organization or tangible growth had taken the places of those that were defunct.

In such a chaos the supremacy of personalism becomes inevitable under any elective or popular form of gov-

ernment. From this view-point two men stood head and shoulders above the others, though on diametrically opposite pedestals. They were Adams and Jackson. Mr. Adams was unquestionably the leading American statesman of his time. He had all of his father's intellectual grasp and power, with vastly more than his father's savoir faire. His character had been polished in the schools of Europe and his natural subtlety made keen as a razor by contact with the best-trained and most astute diplomatists of the Old World. All American statesmen in that epoch were more or less provincial. Even Clay, peerless in oratory and with the advantage of having dabbled in diplomacy at Ghent, was still a Kentuckian of the Kentuckians, and had not yet quite got over feeling a bit awkward as soon as he arrived on the Atlantic slope. He was, moreover, a politician of the hour and for the stake in sight, who could never let a trick pass him, no matter how high a card he might have to play to take it. As for Crawford, Calhoun and Clinton, they were simply "favorite sons," omnipotent in their respective States, but little known and less cared about beyond their own provincial confines.

Jackson held a rank and occupied a position different from all. He was not a statesman. He was not widely known as a politician, though, in his own bailiwick, he had long been a most adroit, masterful and commanding one. But he *was* known, not only throughout the Union, but far and wide in the civilized world, as the greatest soldier of America. In that capacity his popularity was as overwhelming in Pennsylvania as in Tennessee, in New Hampshire as in Missouri. Without exactly knowing why, the people of every State and section viewed

him as the man who, when their national pride was prostrated and their patriotic self-esteem turned to shame by the disasters of 1814, had revived the one and rekindled the other by the thunderbolt of unexpected victory he sent reverberating through the land from Chalmette Plain in 1815.

The seven years passed since then had not in the least cooled the blood or lessened the gratitude of the people. Hence it was that, while the States which had "favorite sons" nursed them tenderly, the name of Jackson overleapt alike boundaries of commonwealths and lines of sections. Benton, "Boss" of Missouri and holding the political destinies of the new Northwest as in the hollow of his hand, forgot the deadly brawl of 1813. He was loud, indeed, publicly in his support of his wife's uncle, Mr. Clay, but he quietly advised his friends not to let the Jackson procession pass altogether by them. Pennsylvania, having no "favorite son" of her own, adopted Jackson, without regard to party, by a sort of consensus of the plain people. Sturdy Isaac Hill, in the granite-ribbed Adamsite State of New Hampshire, under the shadow of Mount Washington, nailed the Jackson banner to the mast of his unterrified *Patriot*.

During all this furor the General remained perfectly quiescent and apparently unconcerned on his plantation. Mrs. Jackson declared that she "could not remember when she had been so happy. Never before had she enjoyed so much of Mr. Jackson's society. He hardly went away from home at all now. And, best of all, his health was mending wonderfully." In a rather vague way, she realized that "he was talked about for President by a good many people, but she didn't think there

was really much danger of his being called away from home again. Of course, she knew that Major Lewis, her near neighbor, and Edward Livingston, her husband's good friend in New Orleans, were moving heaven and earth to nominate the General. She knew what Major Lewis was doing because he told her. And she knew what Mr. Livingston was doing because his little daughter of 1815, now grown to young ladyhood, wrote to her about it. As for the rest, she knew but little, because she found little time to read the newspapers and the General did not bother her with the myriad of letters that poured in upon him.

So things went along through 1822 and till near the end of 1823. Late in the summer of that year General Jackson was forced by local conditions into a positive attitude as a presidential candidate. His nomination for the presidency, according to the custom then in vogue, by the Tennessee legislature was already assured. But there a complication arose in the fact that Senator John Williams, whose term expired March 4, 1823, was a candidate for re-election. Williams was not only personally and politically adverse to Jackson * in the State, but he was also known to be pledged to the support of Crawford. It was known that he had already obtained pledges of support from a majority of the legislature. The General's keen instinct of party management taught

* Williams had been colonel of the Thirty-ninth United States Infantry, and was with Jackson in the last campaign of the Creek war. Jackson named Fort Williams in Alabama for him. But in his report of the battle of Tohopeka, where the Thirty-ninth really behaved well, the General, as Williams thought, failed to give his regiment due credit. Jackson declined to amend his report and Williams, who, upon reduction of the army after the war, went into politics in Tennessee, became his inveterate, and at one time most formidable, enemy in the State.

him that if the same legislature which nominated him for the presidency should also choose a senator known to be hostile to him and pledged to Crawford, the presidential nomination would naturally be viewed as a mere personal compliment, if not a farce.

Whatever may have been his indifference up to this time, he was not willing to be placed in such a position and the emergency roused all his old-time combative energy. His first thought was to select one of his own adherents to run against Williams as the Jackson candidate. But a careful analysis of the situation, based upon an actual canvass of the legislature, showed that but one man in the State could beat Williams, and that one was Andrew Jackson. At first he was not disposed to enter the lists for the senatorship. But all his friends —Eaton, Carroll, Lewis, Rhea, Campbell, Blount and many others—insisted. Finally, seeing no alternative, he consented to run. He beat Williams, notwithstanding the "pledges" the latter had obtained from members-elect in a personal canvass of the State, by more than two-thirds—only twenty-three out of seventy-four voting for Williams. Twenty-five voted for Williams at first, but before the result was announced, two of them changed their votes to Jackson. A striking evidence of the General's hold upon the popular mind in Tennessee was the fact that of the twenty-three who voted for Williams to the end, only three were returned to the next legislature—an object-lesson not soon to be forgotten.

The General's friends lost no time in publishing this suggestive paragraph of political history throughout the country. It strengthened the hands of the Jackson men

everywhere. It particularly dismayed the adherents of Crawford, who had confidently expected that the re-election of Williams would break the force of Jackson's nomination as a presidential candidate by the legislature. Isaac Hill dressed the New Hampshire *Patriot* in the Star-Spangled Banner and claimed, in large headlines, "First Blood for Jackson!" It was, in fact, the first "test-vote" in that presidential campaign.

The General took his seat in the Senate December 6, 1823. It was not a particularly strong Senate. Benton, Hayne and Van Buren are about the only names on its roll-call that survive in full splendor the ravage of time. His service in that august body lasted a little less than two years. He sat through the long session of 1823–'24 and the short session of 1824–'25, including the brief executive session after March 4th, to act upon the nominations for the new Cabinet.

The most important event of General Jackson's second term in the Senate was the reconciliation—or rather the resumption of friendly personal relations—between himself and Thomas H. Benton, interrupted at Nashville ten years before by powder and ball. General Jackson still carried in the back of his left shoulder the encysted token of Colonel Benton's skill with the pistol. Several versions of the reconciliation have been related. That given by Martin Van Buren was imparted to the author of this work by Horatio Seymour in 1876, as Governor Seymour received it from Mr. Van Buren in 1852.

According to this account there was no scene whatever. On entering the Senate, General Jackson took the seat formerly occupied by his defeated predecessor, Colonel John Williams. The next seat but one was that of

Colonel Benton, and Mr. Van Buren was the intervening one. This arrangement was changed later in the session, bringing Jackson and Benton in adjoining seats. Mr. Van Buren said that at first the two men bowed ceremoniously but said nothing more than "Good-morning, sir." This was kept up until the committees were announced. Senator Jackson was chairman of the Committee on Revolutionary Claims, and Senator Benton was the leading member on it. A day or two after the announcement of committees, Mr. Van Buren heard Senator Jackson say: "Colonel Benton, will you inform me as to your earliest convenience for a meeting of our committee?"

To which Senator Benton replied: "General Jackson, your convenience will be mine. You are the chairman, sir."

"After that," said Mr. Van Buren, "their intercourse seemed as unconstrained as that between either and other senators. Neither of them was ever very free, certainly not familiar, in his manner toward any other senator, both being inclined to dignity and reserve. At a dinner given by the President soon afterward, I noticed General Jackson with Mrs. Benton on his arm, and she was introducing him to other senatorial ladies. Then I knew the re-establishment of friendly relations was perfect, though I hardly imagined that in a few years Colonel Benton would become the personal representative and most powerful champion in the Senate of the President who still carried his bullet. That they ever cordially liked each other, I do not believe. That they profoundly admired each other, I know. That Benton supported Jackson in the Senate more for sake of the

party than of the man, I believe. That Jackson was keenly grateful to Benton for that support on personal as well as on party grounds, he has often assured me."

Benton, though his chief support in the Senate, never asked many favors of the President. He even politely declined some that were offered. Benton was exceedingly punctilious on the score of political morals. Going as he did all lengths in support of Jackson's administration, he held that he himself, of all men, must keep aloof from even the suspicion of being actuated by the hope or enjoyment of patronage. Jackson, somewhat more practical—or perhaps less sensitive—could not at first quite understand Benton's self-isolation from the rewards of his fidelity; but after a while came to comprehend the motive, and his appreciation of it immeasurably exalted the great Missouri Senator in his esteem. "Never," said Mr. Van Buren in conclusion, "was there so perfect a combination of executive and forensic forces, such a reciprocity of diverse though complimentary personalities, as Jackson in the White House and Benton in the Senate chamber!"

"It might not ineptly be suggested in this connection," said Governor Seymour, "that modesty forbade Mr. Van Buren to add 'and himself in the Cabinet'!"

Of Jackson's work in the Senate there is little record outside the yeas and nays. Neither of the two sessions was marked by great measures. The long session lasting from December to June preceded a presidential election, and that is customarily a season for evading rather than promoting important legislation. Jackson was the only candidate for the presidency in the Senate. Of the

other three, one was Speaker of the House, one Secretary of State and one Secretary of the Treasury. So Jackson alone was in a position compelling him to "make a record" in legislation, except in case of a tie in the House, when the speaker might be called upon to vote.

Senator Jackson voted on most roll-calls, and his votes were in themselves "planks of his platform," as far as they went. Generally speaking, they indicated that he favored protection to industries established in the United States and a tariff for revenue on products that had to be imported. His vote "to place frying-pans on the free-list" was obviously a concession to the frontier, where the frying-pan was, perhaps, the most important single utensil of cookery. He voted for every bill to aid internal improvements. He made no remarks on any question. But he explained his attitude on the tariff in a letter to Mr. Colman, a member of the Virginia legislature, dated April 26, 1824.

This letter was almost immediately published—at Jackson's own instance, most people believed—and he was wont to say to all who inquired that it "embodied his views as well as he was able to express them." For the rest, it has been said that, in the executive session after March 4, 1825, he made quite a speech explaining his reasons for voting against the confirmation of Henry Clay to be Secretary of State in Mr. Adams's Cabinet; also that he concluded his remarks by stating that there were other things he would say if the session were an open one, but which he did not think a gentleman of personal responsibility would or could say behind the shield of executive secrecy.

By far the most important public or national measure

put forth during General Jackson's term in the Senate was one that called for no immediate legislative attention. It was embodied in President Monroe's annual message laid before Congress Tuesday, December 2, 1823, three days before the General took his seat. It has passed into history as "The Monroe Doctrine," and into the polity of this nation as an informal amendment to the Constitution by unanimous consent—or by "Suspension of the Rules." It met with the enthusiastic approval of Senator Jackson. There are evidences in his extant correspondence—rather oracular than explicit—that he anticipated a possible necessity of vindicating it by armed force should the Holy Alliance undertake to carry into effect its proposed restoration to Spain and Portugal sovereignty over their revolted colonies in the Western Hemisphere. It is, however, barely possible that Senator Jackson's enthusiasm might have been slightly chilled had he been aware of the fact, then known to very few but now a matter of common history, that the actual originator—or, as Jackson might have said, "instigator"—of the Monroe Doctrine was George Canning, then Premier of Great Britain. However, he learned the fact afterward and, when President, held the doctrine as tenaciously as if there had been no British taint in its origin.

The presidential election of 1824 was remarkable for three events:

First—It was illuminated by the advent of the Democratic party as an organized political force of national scope.

Second—It was the last appearance of the "Congressional Caucus" as a mode of nominating presidential candidates.

Third—It was signalized by the agglomeration of all that political flotsam and jetsam alike of Hamiltonian Federalism and Jeffersonian Republicanism under our primitive oligarchical system which four years later took shape and name in the Whig party.

To these some writer of cynical tendencies might add a fourth innovation—the counting-in of a President not elected. But that is a subject for future consideration.

The old congressional caucus system, as we have intimated, though clearly doomed, still held spasmodic vitality enough to name Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, as the Democratic candidate and John Quincy Adams as the candidate of all other shades of opinion represented in Congress. Mr. Clay and General Jackson were put in nomination by the legislatures of their own and other States or by State conventions. The downfall of the congressional caucus system marked an epoch in party management by giving—or purporting to give—to the people the nominating as well as the electing power, and was therefore the most important of all the innovations of 1824. Whether or not it was an unmixed political blessing and whether its effect in the long run told for better or purer party management is a question for the political philosopher rather than for the personal biographer. Our own view—if it be of any passing interest—has always been that while in one sense it apparently expanded the power of the people in exercise of choice, it, in another and more practical sense, actually crippled their potency by lodging the real exercise of choice in the hands of irresponsible "managers," generally self-constituted, and thereby superseded a system of representative centralism that, with all its faults, was tangible,

by one of personal Boss-ism, which is elusive in form and impalpable in substance. However, as the congressional caucus system is dead beyond resurrection, discussion of its relative merits would be little else than unprofitable, even if interesting, political archæology.

The campaign was not particularly strenuous. That is to say, there was comparatively little vituperation. No one of the four candidates was denounced by his opponents as a usurper, a thief, a gambler or a murderer. Mr. Crawford was the candidate of what little still lingered of the Jeffersonian apostolic succession. Mr. Adams was the candidate of the accumulated wealth, the large commercial aspiration and enterprise and the growing culture of the country—elements more respectable in character than potent in number; and Mr. Adams was their natural, almost inevitable, exponent. He put forth no effort to secure either nomination or election, but maintained throughout the canvass that cold, almost repellent, reserve in public character and manners which was so singularly antipodal to his geniality and good-nature in private life.

Jackson and Clay were the candidates of the people, of the masses, who now for the first time struggled to expand the right of suffrage and to transfer the sceptre from narrow and effete Virginia or Massachusetts to the broad and brawny West. Jackson was, as he understood it, a Democrat. On all occasions he was wont to proclaim himself a believer in the doctrines expounded by Jefferson. But whatever his theories were—or perhaps it would be more perspicuous to say, whatever he may have thought they were—Jackson in practice was a territorial expansionist; a believer in a strong central

government; he despised the weakness of individual States and the impotency of their militia in the emergencies of war; he favored a strong regular army; he was for increase of the navy from his first congressional vote in 1796 to his last message in 1837; whenever he conscientiously conceived the national safety or the integrity of the Union to be imminently jeopardized, he was capable of suspending the Constitution, overriding the civil laws, suppressing legislatures, arresting courts, and exiling judges; under such conditions he could invade foreign territory on his own responsibility, subjugate with the national forces the colonies of European governments with whom the United States was at peace, and execute culprits by general order or by fiat of court-martial without reference or appeal. And then, the moment the emergency was over, he could relapse into the most submissive of patriots, the most law-abiding of citizens. In short, whatever he may have fancied himself to be theoretically, General Jackson was in practice what would now be termed an Imperialist of the deepest dye. And that was what gave to him his marvellous hold on the imagination and the ambition of the plain people.*

From the beginning of Jefferson to the end of Monroe the people had *heard* men of words only. In Jackson, for the first time in a generation, they *saw* a man of

* This undercurrent of sentiment was once aptly voiced by William Allen in the speech which elected him to the Senate from Ohio in 1836:

"They tell us that Andrew Jackson is a man to be feared by the American people—that his lease of power is dangerous to American liberty! Gentlemen, let me suggest that no man so dreaded by the enemies of America as he is need be feared by our people; no man so destructive to those who have tried to destroy us can be dangerous to the liberties he has defended!"

acts. They did not trouble themselves with elaborate analysis of the acts. They simply applauded the results without question and apotheosized the actor without argument.

As for Mr. Clay, the author confesses utter incapacity to comprehend his character, to estimate his motives or to analyze the mental processes through which he reached conclusions. We have already suggested that he was "a man who always played for the stake in sight, and who never let a trick pass him, no matter how high the card he might have to play to take it." That expression exhausts our ability to fathom Mr. Clay.

The campaign dragged along. General Jackson did not await the adjournment of Congress, but started for Tennessee nearly a month before it. Arrived at home, he took but little personal part in the struggle. As a rule, he acknowledged the numerous letters and papers sent to him. Excepting his letter to Mr. Colman, already mentioned, and a few letters to editors in his own State which were published, he was silent. Toward the close of the campaign he began to believe his election possible. There is nothing to indicate that he considered it probable except the fact that, when he started for Washington, the 4th of November, he took Mrs. Jackson with him, and they travelled in state, with the great family coach drawn by four splendid horses of the Hermitage thorough-bred stock. Editors and orators opposed to him afterward contrasted this display of grandeur with the republican simplicity of Jefferson, riding to the Capital from Monticello on the back of a plantation nag without pedigree. Such criticisms deserve historical mention only as examples of silliness rampant.

General and Mrs. Jackson, with their aristocratic equipage, arrived at Washington the night of December 6th. News of the result of the election kept about even pace with them. But few "scattering returns" were yet wanting when they reached the Capital. The general result was known. Neither one of the four candidates had received a majority, either electoral or popular. The House of Representatives, voting by States, must render the constitutional decision provided for such cases. By the middle of December the official returns were all in, showing the result in the Electoral College to be 99 votes for Jackson, 84 for Adams, 41 for Crawford and 37 for Clay. General Jackson had also received a large plurality of the popular vote. Counting by States as units, for voting in the House of Representatives, Jackson had 11, Adams 7, and Crawford and Clay 3 each.

Under such conditions the country and the candidates alike waited anxiously for the operation of the constitutional provision, which would that year (1825) take place the 9th of February. General and Mrs. Jackson took apartments in the same house with Lafayette and his suite, and the General resumed his seat in the Senate.

Mrs. Jackson, in a letter * to one of her friends in Nashville of December 23, 1824, describes the meeting of the General and Lafayette:

> My dear husband is in better health than when we came. We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, Lafayette. I am delighted with him. All the attention, all the parties he goes to never appear to have any effect on him.

* Parton, Vol. III., pp. 52–53.

In fact, he is an extraordinary man. He has a happy faculty of knowing those he has once seen.

For instance, when we first came to this house, the General said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. The emotion of Revolutionary feeling was aroused in them both. At Charleston General Jackson saw him on the field of battle; the one a boy of twelve, the Marquis twenty-three.* He wears a wig and is a little inclined to corpulency. He is very healthy, eats hearty, goes to every party, and that is every night.

In the same letter Mrs. Jackson speaks of Washington as "a great city," says she "cannot do justice to the subject," and observes that "the extravagance is in dressing and running to parties." But she "must say they regard the Sabbath and attend preaching, for there are churches of every denomination and able ministers of the gospel."

This was Mrs. Jackson's first trip east of the mountains since, as a girl of twelve, she left Virginia with her father in 1779. Her presence at parties and dinners was much sought; her plain, matronly ways captivated everyone and she quite evenly divided social honors with her famous husband. She had, however, no taste for the gayeties of the Capital and longed for her own serene Hermitage. She was beyond question the only Amer-

* Mrs. Jackson seems a little confused in her history here. Lafayette was in Charleston from the 18th to the 24th of June, 1777, but not at any time thereafter during the Revolution. And he never participated in any of the fighting at or about that city. General Jackson must have seen him there in June, 1777. There is no other historical mention of the fact. But there is record that young Jackson was at Charleston in the summer of 1777, with his Uncle Crawford, helping to handle a drove of cattle from the upper country.

ican woman that ever lived who had no ambition to be mistress of the White House and "the first lady of the land."

The question of the presidential succession had been simply taken from the popular tribunal and focused at Washington. No one could foresee the final result. The stake was great and the game desperate. It soon became evident that neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Crawford could be chosen by the House. Mr. Clay was barred by the constitutional limitation of "the highest three." A brief canvass showed that Mr. Crawford could never get the necessary thirteen unit votes of States. Among the singular provisions of our Constitution is that, in case of failure to choose a President by majority of the Electoral College, the choice shall be made by the House of Representatives elected two years before. This provision might reverse the will of the people in more ways than one. The House elected two years before might not represent the popular will as expressed in the presidential election. It was so in this case. Mr. Adams had seven States to his credit and General Jackson had eleven States, as determined by the electoral vote of 1824. But the vote in the House elected in 1822 was thirteen States for Adams and only seven for Jackson. Mr. Crawford had only three States by the electoral vote of 1824. But he received the vote of four States in the House, chosen in 1822.

This apparent anomaly is easily explained by saying that the majority of each State delegation in the House determines how the unit vote of that State shall be cast in an election of a President by the House. It some-

times happens that the majority of States in the House, by unit rule, is adverse to the majority in the Electoral College by collective vote. It was so in 1824. Though Mr. Adams had only seven States by electoral vote, he had eight by unit vote in the House. Though General Jackson had eleven States by electoral vote, he had only seven by unit vote in the House. And though Mr. Crawford had only three States by electoral vote, he had four by unit vote in the House. But Mr. Adams needed five more than his normal eight. They were made up by Kentucky, Ohio and Missouri, which had cast their electoral votes for Clay, and by Maryland and Illinois, which had voted for Jackson in the Electoral College. North Carolina, whose electoral vote was for Jackson, voted for Crawford in the House.

Mr. Adams was thus elected by constitutional majority in the House. The result was accepted with little comment at first. There was no mystery about the votes of Maryland and Illinois for Adams in the House because their delegations were controlled by majorities favorable to him. The same explanation would suffice for the change of North Carolina from Jackson to Crawford. But there was mystery about the vote of the three Clay States—Kentucky, Ohio and Missouri—for Mr. Adams. It was popularly supposed to be cleared up when Mr. Adams, after his inauguration, nominated Mr. Clay to be his Secretary of State. The executive session of the Senate, when this nomination was considered, is said to have been stormy. Fifteen votes were recorded against confirmation. Among them was that of Senator Jackson. We have mentioned his explanation of the vote on a previous page.

According to the reports that leaked out—as the secrets of executive session always do when any matter of superlative importance is under consideration—the principal speech against the confirmation of Mr. Clay was made by John Randolph. Among other things, the Virginia Senator related the fable of the wolf and the lamb playing together with result that the wolf swallowed the lamb. In this case, however, the lamb had eaten up the wolf. Afterward, and publicly, Randolph proclaimed it to be "a coalition between the Puritan and the blackleg!" at which the whole country laughed except Mr. Clay, who made it the subject of a private meeting with Senator Randolph at Bladensburg, the bloodless result of which made absurd what at first was only ludicrous.

Then resounded from one end of the country to the other a hue-and-cry of "Bargain and sale"; of "Treason, stratagem and spoils"! Briefly, the theory was that Mr. Clay had bartered the unit votes of Kentucky, Ohio and Missouri in the House for the portfolio of State; that Mr. Adams had paid that portfolio as the price of those votes. The only evidence was that Mr. Clay held the office. There was collateral evidence that certain friends of General Jackson had been mysteriously advised that a pledge of the Secretaryship of State to Mr. Clay through *his* friends would secure the same votes for General Jackson.

It is no part of our purpose to revive, or even review, that unsavory political legend in these pages. For nearly fourscore years it has been thrashed over *ad nauseam.* It has been used to point moral and adorn tale in every recital of the sly games of American polit-

ical chicanery from that day to this. In short, it has been awarded a permanent place in the annals of political casuistry. Let it rest there. The real place earned by John Quincy Adams in our history has been irrevocably judged by other and less noisome standards. Mr. Clay's standards may be different. But it is certain that two are always needed to make a bargain. And whatever may be thought of anyone else, no man whose judgment of historical characters is worth a hearing will ascribe such a capability to John Quincy Adams.

However, General Jackson believed it; believed it to his last day; believed it as implicitly of Adams as of Clay. It soured his already suspicious nature. It bred in his soul enmities that racked his imagination to the end and hatreds that inflamed his soul to the moment of its flight from his body. From the practical point of view it made him, from the 9th of February, 1825, an active, earnest, unsparing and, so far as it in him lay to be so, an unscrupulous candidate, where before he had been only a passive, almost indifferent one, wholly in the hands of his friends. Saturated with such animosities and strung to vehemence with such resolves, General Jackson went home to Tennessee in June, 1825, and resigned his seat in the Senate. From that moment the words "Jackson" and "Democracy" became synonyms and political contests in this country resolved themselves into pitched battles.

CHAPTER VII

ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

LAFAYETTE was among General Jackson's first visitors after his arrival home. The great French patriot had left Washington some time before Jackson did and arrived in Nashville by way of the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, after a triumphal tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. After a public reception and banquet at Nashville, at which General Jackson, as the "first citizen of the State," did the honors, Lafayette spent a few days at the Hermitage. Major Lewis says "most of their conversation was about the American and French revolutions and the Louisiana campaign, together with a good deal about Napoleon. The subject of the late election was not mentioned. The marquis compared New Orleans to Waterloo, with the conditions reversed, which highly gratified the General. M. Lavasseur, not being familiar with the mode of living in this country, was constantly surprised at the simple habitations of our people, even the most eminent, and their plain style as compared with his own countrymen of high rank. But the marquis, who knew the Americans of old, was quite at home and thoroughly enjoyed Tennessee."

During the rest of the year 1825, and a good part of 1826, General Jackson gave little attention to public affairs. He was now fifty-six years old. His health, precarious at best for the past twenty years, had begun

to improve. His old enemy, dysentery, ceased from troubling. He lived more regularly than in former years and was more careful of his diet. The long, wearisome journeys and marches, often with scanty or unwholesome fare and inadequate shelter, that so strained his system and sapped his vitality in former years, were ended now. Even his mental activity, hitherto so unflagging, was abated somewhat in this period. He wrote but little, and that mostly on private subjects. Occasionally he answered some inquiry or corrected some error in the discussion of "treason, stratagem and spoils" that filled all the newspapers for more than a year after the inauguration of Mr. Adams. He gave more attention to his plantation than ever before and materially increased and improved his breeding herd and stud.

Among other improvements he cleared off a considerable tract on which the best of the timber had been cut, thereby adding about two hundred acres to the estate under cultivation. He gained not only in strength but in weight. Judge Ballard, of Kentucky—the rifleman of New Orleans—who visited him in the spring of 1826, remarks that he had "never seen the General look so well-fed and well-groomed."

But all this time a shadow was creeping over the hearthstone of the Hermitage. Soon after the return from Washington in 1825, Mrs. Jackson began to develop spells of dizziness or vertigo. She had grown very stout of late years, there was an evident accumulation of fatty matter about her heart, she became short of breath, and could not stand much active exertion. It became known to her physician, family and friends that she was threatened with fatty degeneration of the

heart. Yet she was the same marvellous housewife as ever and as tireless in the offices of neighborly benevolence and charity. Her efforts to Christianize the General were redoubled. She used to tell him that she was not long for this world, and she hoped her last moments might be soothed by seeing him an earnest and devout member of the church. He promised—but always indefinitely. She had given up all hope of a serene old age, with her "dear husband" by her side in the peace and comfort of her beloved Hermitage. She knew that the General intended now to try conclusions again with his adversaries for the presidency, and that he would keep on trying till he conquered or died. That warning letter of his to Colonel George Wilson of August 18, 1824, was always before her. In that letter the General suggested to Colonel Wilson a paragraph for publication:

> General Jackson's course requires neither falsehood nor intrigue to support it. He has been brought before the nation by the people without his knowledge, wishes or consent. His support is the people. And so long as they choose to support him he will not interfere. He will neither intrigue nor combine with any man nor set of men, nor has he ever so combined or intrigued. . . . It is the people's cause.

This suggestion, made in 1824, was looked upon by Jackson's supporters as prophecy in 1825, when it was first published broadcast. Mrs. Jackson recognized in it or between its lines a declaration by the General that he considered himself the chosen exponent of "the people," and she knew he would never shirk the responsibilities of such an attitude. She therefore ceased her pleadings for retirement to private life and left her hus-

band to work out the ends of destiny his own way. A Presbyterian of the foreordination school, she had become convinced that the General was predestined to the presidency, and she believed he must therefore achieve it. But she dreaded the consequent necessity of living in Washington, with its "extravagance in dressing, its incessant parties and dinners, its vanities and frivolities," so repugnant to her primitive Christianity. But she bowed to the inevitable, as she viewed it, with the calm resignation of a faithful servant of the Lord.

In the fall of 1826 General Jackson began the presidential campaign of 1828. He did not begin it with a brass band. His first step was to organize a small, compact and highly efficient "head-quarters staff" in his own State. The next was to create in every other State a similarly compact and efficient Jackson group to manipulate the popular preference for him into a positive, dirigible political force. This was the beginning of that "organized Democracy" which, aside from the two accidental interruptions of Harrison in 1840 and Taylor in 1848—both transitory—controlled the Federal government from 1829 to 1861. Among the fanciful theories of General Jackson was that which he often expressed in the words, "I am not a politician." It was quite as fanciful as his equally iterated proclamation that he "believed in the doctrines of Jefferson." He was a politician; the most forceful and successful, if not the ablest and most subtile, this country has ever known. And what he really "believed in" was not the "doctrines of Jefferson," but the Will of Jackson. We do not believe that the devoutest Jackson Democrats—among whom, by the way, the author of this work is by

heredity—will try to dispute these propositions at this distance.

"General Jackson's ideas of political management," said the venerable Francis P. Blair to the author in 1873, "were best summed up in his own words: 'To give effect to any principle you must avail yourselves of the physical force of an organized body of men. This is true alike in war, politics and religion. You cannot organize men in effective bodies without giving them a reason for it. And when the organization is once made, you cannot keep it together unless you hold constantly before its members the reasons why they are organized.' These are indeed," pursued Mr. Blair, "the broadest generalizations. But in them is embraced every detail known to the management of political parties."

Jackson was a politician on a very large scale. The infinite details he was willing to leave in the hands of subordinates, but each of these must know his place, and he himself must always command. His system was not one of argument or persuasion. He was as imperious in a political as in a military crisis. And all through his career, in forum as in field, the element of personal control and responsibility was pre-eminent. Those who supported him must do so with all their might and without question or quibble. Those not willing to support him on such terms he preferred to see on the other side.

We have already described him as the "Boss" of Tennessee. In 1826 he enlarged that rôle to the Boss-ship of the national Democracy. What he accomplished with such a "physical force" at his command the world knows by heart. But just how he did it is not so intimately or

so widely known. By the end of that year his general organization was perfect. His personal staff at home in Tennessee was made up of Major Lewis, Senator Eaton, Governor Carroll, and one or two others, with the veteran George W. Campbell as general counsellor and adviser. Major Lewis was his neighbor; a man of culture and literary tastes, possessed a large and productive estate, and was personally devoted to Jackson. He had been chief quartermaster on the General's staff in the campaigns of 1812–'15, and in that capacity had disbursed immense sums — "in final settlement for which," the General used to say with great satisfaction, "the government appeared the major's debtor in the sum of three cents, which was never paid!"

Major Lewis, though not quite so prominent in other respects as Eaton, Carroll or Campbell, was more directly and intimately useful to Jackson than any of them. He was the confidential secretary, who looked after the correspondence, revised the General's letters, which was no light task, but for which his skill as a writer eminently qualified him; and, generally speaking, groomed the rugged old war-horse on all occasions of public appearance and display. It is doubtful if General Jackson could have found in the whole country another man so exactly adapted to his peculiar needs at such a momentous time as William B. Lewis was.

John Henry Eaton was a native of Tennessee, but was educated at the University of Virginia. He inherited considerable wealth, and, though a lawyer of thorough reading and more than ordinary ability, he never practised to any extent, his income from his inheritance being ample. He was a gentleman of leisure, lived in elegant

style and entertained lavishly. He served in a volunteer capacity on Jackson's staff during the war and gained an enviable reputation for enterprise and gallantry. He possessed fair literary ability, though his style, like that of many men educated in Virginia in those days, was somewhat pompous and turgid. His principal work was a Life of Jackson, published at New York in 1824, which has the merit, if any, of being the only biography of the General prepared under his own eye and expressly authorized by him as "a fair and just account of what I have done."

In personal bearing Senator Eaton was dignified and impressive, and his manners were the extreme of courtliness and self-poise. He had, moreover, a genius for politics and was invariably selected for delicate missions to the head-quarters of various State organizations in the arduous campaigns waged under Jackson's leadership. It was he who won Van Buren over to Jackson, and with him the electoral vote of New York—or a majority of it; he who dethroned Crawford in Georgia and destructively undermined even Clay's supremacy in Kentucky. Eaton would have been a much more imposing figure in history than he is had he not been fated to live and move and have his being in the portentous shadow of Andrew Jackson.

Governor—and General—William Carroll was unquestionably, next to Jackson, the most forceful personality in Tennessee. His origin and the circumstances of his advent in the Cumberland Valley have been mentioned in the first volume of this work. In 1826 he was thirty-eight years old and serving the last year of his third term as governor. Carroll was reputed to be the

handsomest man in the State, he had a large fortune amassed by his own efforts, and he spent his money as easily as he made it. In 1814, when Jackson was appointed major-general in the regular army, Carroll succeeded him as commander-in-chief of the Tennessee militia, serving, as we have seen, with signal honor in the last Creek campaign and at New Orleans. In 1818, when Jackson retired from the management of the Tennessee Democracy, Carroll, by common consent, inherited the leadership, and in his hands the "machine" by no means went to decay.* On the other hand, it ran smoothly and vigorously. In 1820 he caused himself to be elected governor and held the place for three terms. The State constitution prohibited more than that number

* In his manipulation of the "machine," Carroll was much more ruthless than Jackson ever had been. Jackson would occasionally permit an adversary to gain foothold—particularly if he happened to live in East Tennessee. But when Carroll became "Boss" his first stroke was to reduce the mountain stronghold of the enemy. He did it with a thoroughness like unto the subjugation of Athens by Macedon. It was Carroll who, in 1823, more than all others combined, forced Jackson into the senatorial lists to beat Colonel John Williams. And then, as if to remove all doubt as to the conclusive nature of his processes, he caused the defeat of all but three of the legislators who had dared to vote for Williams on joint ballot. It may easily be imagined that the spirit of rebellion disappeared. Singularly enough Carroll had no ambition for the honors of national office He could have been chosen Senator on any occasion of vacancy between 1820 and the time of his sudden death in 1844. But the governorship of the State, which he held twelve years, together with the power to send his friends to the Senate or the House of Representatives, seemed to fill the measure of his aspiration. His popularity was of the kind that penetrates the humblest log cabin. Of Irish extraction he had all the wit and humor of his race. As we have seen, he could crack a joke at the expense of old Sergeant Sam Williams in the imminent crisis of battle at New Orleans. His powers as a raconteur and at repartee were proverbial. The nature of his relations to the plain people may be inferred from the fact that he was known the length and breadth of the State as "Bill" Carroll, and was usually addressed with that abbreviation by all whom he chanced to meet

of terms consecutively. Therefore, in 1826, Carroll caused his friend Sam Houston to be elected, merely to hold the place during the two-years interim which must elapse before he would be again eligible. In 1828 Carroll was again elected and held the gubernatorial chair through another constitutional period of three terms until 1834, when he retired from politics and set about retrieving his finances, which more than a dozen years of lavish generosity, uncounted expense and general neglect had thrown into dire confusion.

In five years he was richer than ever. Carroll combined military, political and business ability in an astonishing degree. He was successful in everything he essayed. His education was as thorough as could be without being collegiate, he wrote freely, gracefully and forcibly, and was an orator of far more than ordinary power. With all his charms of person and manner, however, he was never a conspicuous social figure, preferring the association of men and the excitements of war and politics to the gentler pleasures of "high society." Though he had himself fought on the "field of honor," he opposed duelling on principle, and successfully used his power as governor to substantially suppress the practice in Tennessee. His position in Jackson's political head-quarters staff was analogous to that of paymaster-general of the forces. He looked out for the "sinews of war" whenever any might be needed. It is true that "the barrel" had not become a force in American politics as early as 1826–'27–'28; but "legitimate campaign expenses" had to be met then as well as at later periods.

Ex-Senator and ex-Minister Campbell was as perfectly adapted to his special rôle of counsellor-general as his

colleagues were to theirs. He was born in 1768, in the then Western District of North Carolina, now Tennessee, and was the first white male child born within the present limits of the latter State. Though only twelve years old in 1780, he was present at the battle of King's Mountain with his uncle, Colonel William Campbell. Graduating at Princeton in the class of 1794, he returned to Tennessee and became a successful lawyer and land speculator. He and Jackson became acquainted about 1795, and remained close friends until death parted them. From 1797 to 1802 he was in the legislature. From 1802 to 1818 he was continuously in public life at Washington, as member of Congress or Senator or Secretary of the Treasury; from 1818 to 1821 he served as minister to Russia and also as special envoy to Denmark.

At the conclusion of these public services he was a poor man and had to recoup his fortunes by the practice of his profession. When Jackson retired from the Senate in 1825 the "machine" offered the succession to Campbell, but he could not afford to live in Washington, and Hugh L. White was chosen. The same reason impelled him to decline two offers of cabinet positions by Jackson and also the post of minister to Prussia in 1831. In the last-named year, however, he accepted from Jackson the office of commissioner finally to adjust the French spoliation claims. His acquaintance with men in national public life and with political methods at Washington was as wide and thorough as that of any man then living. He was a strong speaker and fluent writer and much of the correspondence in the great campaign of 1828 was from his pen.

To these four, each perfect in his sphere, might be added the names of Sam Houston, Judge Overton and George Davidson, who from time to time played such parts as might be assigned to them. This was "the Organization" in Tennessee.

The country at large was handled by States, the Jackson "machine" in each being constructed with equal skill and a like eye to maximum efficiency. In New York, the manager was that wonderful disciple of Burr, Martin Van Buren, with James Watson Webb as the chief and James Gordon Bennett as the first assistant in charge of the journalistic end of the campaign, and with William L. Marcy, at the upper end of the Hudson Valley, in a similar capacity.

The Pennsylvania cohorts were marshalled by Duane, Ingham and Buchanan. Jackson never quite trusted the last-named after an episode in the "treason, stratagem and spoils" uproar of 1825; but his objections were silenced by mutual friends. Even if Buchanan did suggest that Jackson could gain Clay's support at the same price Adams was subsequently accused of paying, and even if Jackson had said that the suggestion, guarded as it was, "gave him a shock he never expected to recover from"—yet Buchanan did yeoman work for him in Pennsylvania. Maryland responded to the McLanes and Wilson. The Jackson champion in Virginia was, of course, John Randolph, with a brilliant retinue of Ritchie, the Masons, McCartys, Garlands, the younger Lees and a host too numerous for individual mention.

In North Carolina the Jackson standard was held aloft by General William Polk, Branch, Stokes, Davie and others. Out of compliment to Mr. Calhoun, who was

the Jackson choice for Vice-President, no "machine" was formally set in motion in South Carolina. In Georgia an almost similar deference was paid—as William Carroll put it—"to the memory of the late Crawford, upon whose grave Georgia might lay her vote as chaplet if she wanted to; as there would be enough without it!"

It was not at first considered worth while to waste much powder on Kentucky. But William Barry, the Butlers, Garrards, Thompsons, Ballards, Amos Kendall, Blair and other Blue-grass Jacksonians could be relied upon to keep Mr. Clay busy.

The Jackson interests in Missouri were, of course, lodged in the keeping of Benton, whose power was sufficient for an effective overflow into Illinois. In Indiana, the brilliant young Edward Hannegan was the main reliance of the Jackson forces, with General Cass close at hand to advise and guide him. In Ohio the "Jackson organization" of 1828 was made up of men less eminent * than those we have mentioned; but it proved effective and carried the State in spite of General Harrison, who, up to the very day he sailed for Bogota to

* The only member of the Jackson organization in Ohio for that campaign to achieve great subsequent distinction was William Allen, then in his twenty-first year. Young Allen made a hundred and seven speeches, travelling on horseback all over the State, besides making incursions into Kentucky several times for the purpose of bearding the lion of Ashland in his den. Some of his speeches were published in pamphlet form and attracted the attention of Jackson. In a speech at Cincinnati he replied to General Harrison's arraignment of Jackson's invasion of Florida. This was considered a masterpiece of the campaign. Most of it was reprinted in a supplement to the New York *Courier and Inquirer;* and Benton wrote a letter complimenting the youthful orator in most extravagant terms—a letter which, in 1875, the then venerable governor exhibited to the author with as much pride as he felt the day it reached him. It led Jackson, the next year, to offer him the position of United States district attorney for Ohio—only to learn that Mr. Allen had not yet been admitted to the bar. Allen's letter

be our minister there, was sure its vote would be cast for Mr. Adams.

Edward Livingston and Colonel Planché, the gallant Creole soldier of New Orleans, kept Louisiana in line. George Poindexter was a guarantee for Mississippi. From the Jackson point of view New England was an arid region, but the unterrified Isaac Hill and his New Hampshire *Patriot* waged gallant battle against hopeless odds for "the people's hero" among the granite crags, and worried if he did not alarm the steadfast Adamsite editors of that region.

We have devoted so much space to a detailed account of the Jacksonian national organization of 1828 in order to dispel any lingering suspicion that General Jackson was in earnest when he used to declare himself to be "no politician." Even now, with all modern improvements in travel and communication, it is doubtful if so perfect a national organization could be created in so short a time and of such discordant material.

There was no question as to candidates for the presidency. They were selected by the conditions of the time. On the side of Jackson was the Democratic party,

of thanks to the President was characteristic. "I am so young," he said, "that I reckon it will be best to let the people have a chance at me before I aspire to appointive office. As I am too poor to visit Washington for pleasure, I shall have to wait till the people elect me to Congress, when I may have the honor to meet and thank you in person."

He was as good as his word. In 1832, when in his twenty-fifth year, he defeated his father-in-law, Governor Duncan McArthur, for Congress and took his seat when only a few months over the constitutional age of twenty-five. He received the certificate of election, however, from the governor whom he had defeated, a few weeks before he was eligible, by age. The cyclopædias of biography state that he was born at Edenton, N. C., in 1806. The family record, which the author saw at his home in Chillicothe, gives the year as 1807.

then four years old, *eo nomine*. On the side of Mr. Adams was everything in the country not Democratic. It was still an agglomeration, somewhat more distinctly crystallized than in 1824, but still inchoate. It was not organized, it had no discipline, its very cohesion was negative rather than positive.

Mr. Adams held the Utopian theory that a President who does anything to promote his own renomination or re-election outside of an acceptable discharge of the duties of the office itself commits an offence against true political morality. This doctrine was not calculated to evoke enthusiasm. From the view-point of a hereditary Jackson Democrat, we cordially admit that no honester man than John Quincy Adams ever lived. But he lived in theory on a plane higher than that with which he had to deal practically.

For example, after he was inaugurated in March, 1825, a great many of the quondam Federalists thought he ought to turn out those office-holders who represented the Jeffersonian apostolic succession which had lasted three double-terms—twenty-four years. We think they were right. But Mr. Adams thought otherwise. In all the civil service below the Cabinet, the foreign appointments and a few places actually personal to the President, he turned out only five—two for actual cause, two to accommodate Mr. Webster and one to make place for a friend of Mr. Clay.

The result was that when the campaign waxed warm, a good majority of the Federal office-holders, holding over from Monroe and even from Madison, proved to be Democrats still or of Democratic preferences under an un-Democratic administration. Some of them re-

mained quiescent. But the vast majority of them, particularly in the pivotal States of New York and Ohio, displayed what President Cleveland once characterized as "pernicious activity," and were formidable factors in the opposition.

Then, the Adams party itself had no cohesive force except a negation. It was held together more by a desire to beat Jackson than to elect Adams—though under the circumstances this was cohesive force enough for the moment, because one could not be done without doing the other. On the whole, the support of Mr. Adams was not only unorganized, but it yet even lacked a distinctive party name. It was not the Federalist party, because that had ceased to exist and, besides, Mr. Adams himself, for his support of the war of 1812 and for other reasons, was viewed by the old Federalists of his father's day as a Democrat and, in extreme cases, as "a traitor to his traditions."

The name "Whig," though already bruited about, was too new in this country to be found in American political lexicons, and was often flouted as a servile borrowing from English politics. Some argued that it was not borrowed from England at all, but a peaceful perpetuation of the term used for short in the Revolution to distinguish patriots from Tories. This was Daniel Webster's philology of the word, and it may be accepted as the true one. However, it was new and did not take well. The result was that the anti-Jackson party in 1828 became popularly known by the name of the candidate it supported—"Adamsite." This was by no means a term of opprobrium. At that moment Mr. Adams was greater and more illustrious than the motley

crowd that supported him, and the application of his name in its designation was more of a distinction to it than to him. It really was the "Adamsite party," because the only valid reason for its existence was the fact that it supported him.

Under such singular conditions the campaign opened with a fury fortunately unknown before or since. Principles and policies, logical arguments and sensible appeals, were scattered to the winds. It instantly became a tournament of billingsgate, a jargon of vituperation, a joust of epithet, and finally degenerated into a common brawl of vulgarity and indecency. The Jackson papers and stump orators could not find much material for criminal indictment against Mr. Adams except the story of treason, stratagem and spoils. Mr. Adams had lived openly in the sight of his country since boyhood. His domestic life was pure beyond even suspicion. His private business conduct was spotless. His public life—which embraced his whole adult existence—was impregnable, with the one exception noted. The worst they could say of him seemed to be that he was cold, repellent, self-centred—ungrateful, some said—an aristocrat, bred and trained in Europe more than at home; alien in his tastes; foreign in his temperament; pro-English in his institutional sympathies and anti-American in his social instincts.

Beyond these things, they said he was weak on the Northwest Boundary question. His tentative agreement with Canning to side-track that issue for twelve years was viewed as a preliminary truce, to be ratified in due time by capitulation—which proved true. The Jackson people declared that he was ready to barter our

Northwestern domain to old England as the price of free codfish for New England. That important element of the Jackson forces who lived, in the phrase of the frontier, on "hog and hominy," with now and then a saddle of venison, had no sympathy with the codfish of New England, either as an article of diet or as "an issue" in national politics.

The fact was—though few realized it then—that Mr. Adams foresaw, by two generations, what all clearly see now; the inevitable Anglo-American *rapprochement.* But all these things in 1828 constituted, indeed, a terrible arraignment from the Western and Southern point of view. Though grotesquely exaggerated, it had germs of truth. Mr. Adams answered to the description—more or less. After all, none of the traits imputed to him affected his integrity as a gentleman or his rank as a statesman. But they wrought havoc with his popularity as an American, and that was fatal.

Turning to the side of Jackson, it was clear from the outset that the tactics of the Adamsites were to put him on the defensive. In a campaign of that kind they had one great advantage. Though vastly in the numerical minority, the Adamsites possessed at least three-fourths of the American press, four-fifths of the American pulpit—so far as the pulpit figured in politics; seven-eighths of the banking capital, and practically all the external commerce of the country, together with its then developed manufacturing industries. All these great forces in society viewed Jackson as a dangerous enemy. He could be beaten only by loosening the hold he had upon the imagination of the plain people. That could be done only by breaking down his personal character.

This was the real cause of the fury with which he was assailed. Personally Mr. Adams was not responsible for the spirit of the campaign. He took no part in it. The *deus ex machina* was Mr. Clay. This fact was well known to the Jackson men. Two months before election the irrepressible Isaac Hill proclaimed from his eyry among the New Hampshire crags: "This is Mr. Clay's fight. The country has him on trial for bribery and, having no defence, he abuses the prosecutor." And again: "Clay is managing Mr. Adams's campaign, not like a statesman of the cabinet, but like a shyster pettifogging for the defendant in a bastardy case before a country 'squire."

The reader of old newspaper files and pamphlet collections of the Adamsite persuasion, in the absence of other knowledge, would gather that General Jackson was a usurper, an adulterer, a gambler, a cock-fighter, a brawler, a drunkard, and withal a murderer of the most cruel and bloodthirsty description.* General Jackson was not much perturbed by this tirade, so long as it was

* One day Isaac Hill found a paragraph in a Boston paper stating that General Jackson had committed twelve murders—Dickinson, Arbuthnot, Ambrister, two Indian chiefs and seven of his own soldiers—all in cold blood and in most cowardly fashion. Hill copied the paragraph and added: "Pshaw! Why don't you tell the whole truth? On the 8th of January, 1815, he murdered in the coldest kind of cold blood above fifteen hundred British soldiers for merely trying to get into New Orleans in search of Booty and Beauty!"

This shot "echoed round" the country. It was copied in every Jackson paper—and in a good many that were not for Jackson. It was read from every "stump" and recited in every tavern. It was printed on three-sheet posters and displayed on barn-doors. When it reached Jackson's eye he remarked: "That Ike Hill must be a devilish funny feller! I'd like to meet him!" He then wrote a letter to Mr. Hill, in which he said, among other things: "They don't seem to have much use for that particular 'murder' you speak of."

aimed only at him. Once, when Mr. Blair sent him a paragraph from a Clay organ in Kentucky, of particular virulence, he answered: "I am no stranger to the warfare of savages. I have seen the tomahawk and scalping-knife before."

But the Adamsite organs and some of their orators went beyond the General to assail the good name of his wife and even to slander the memory of his dead mother. That was too much. One of the most virulent assailants of Mrs. Jackson was the "organ of the Adams administration" in Washington, a paper called the *National Journal.* General Jackson thought that Mr. Adams had power to stop such slanders, at least in a paper published "under his own nose," and reputed to be his personal organ. But Mr. Adams did not interfere. From the General's point of view, that made Mr. Adams personally responsible for the outrage. It was this episode, and this alone, which caused General Jackson, when inaugurated, to refuse observance toward Mr. Adams of the courtesies usual between outgoing and incoming Presidents.*

This atrocity was also perpetrated by an Adamsite editor in New Jersey, in the form of an anonymous letter. When it came to the notice of Jackson, the grim soldier of Tohopeka and New Orleans was moved to tears. The local effect was different. A stalwart Democrat,

* Commenting on the incident to Mr. Blair some time afterward, the General said: "Of course, no one can say that Mr. Adams was himself a blackguard. But he certainly tolerated the good opinion and support of one, such as it was, right under his own nose. How much difference there may be between such a wretch and his patron is a question of personal judgment for every gentleman to decide his own way."

meeting the editor the day after publication, demanded to know the name of the author of the anonymous letter. The editor refused to give it. The stalwart Democrat thrashed him within an inch of his life—and then paid a fine of $50, besides thirty-one days in the county jail. The stalwart Democrat, however, subsequently held the office of postmaster at Amboy!

So the wretched spectacle went on. Never had there been such a presidential campaign. It is to be hoped there may never be such another. On both sides alike it was a disgrace to the manhood and a shame upon the decency of the American people. But when we measure its character, we must bear in mind that it was actually a revolution, with all the passions, the hates and the fury that revolution engenders. After all, only ink was shed instead of blood; only reputations stabbed, not men. All the time the Jackson cause gained ground and the Adams fortunes waned day by day.

About two months before election, Barry, Kendall, Blair, Ballard, the Butlers and others announced to the "general head-quarters staff" that they had shaken Clay's hold on Kentucky to a point where the State could be carried out from under him. Jackson then ordered a general onslaught upon Kentucky from every point of the compass. Even the titanic Benton strode out of Missouri to pitch battle against his wife's uncle on his own blue-grass. William Carroll and John Coffee made a pilgrimage to Harrodsburg to enlist once more their old comrade, John Adair, under the Jackson standard. The suave and stately Eaton flitted noiselessly about the State, making—not speeches, but—well, let the rest of

the sentence be understood.* Judge Overton bore a master hand; such a hand as only a Kentucky pioneer, transplanted to Tennessee, could bear. The son of Daniel Boone †—Nathan—came with Benton from Missouri to stir up the memories of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Suddenly poor Mr. Clay saw the fine fabric of his pride and his hopes tottering all around him. In a few weeks he was overwhelmed amid the débris of its downfall. Kentucky went for Jackson. Yet Jackson was "no politician"!

We have devoted to this campaign a space which would be undue but for its unique character in all our history. As already intimated, the real, substantial issue at stake was set aside. That was the expansion or liberation of the elective franchise. It was hardly mentioned in the canvass—except here and there in State platforms. Election came and in due time the result

* There was outcry long and loud from the adherents of Mr. Clay that Jackson "bought the vote of Kentucky by shameless barter of Federal patronage." It is quite true that the men who carried Kentucky for Jackson "out from under the feet of Mr. Clay" were not ignored when the distribution of prizes occurred. Whatever Senator Eaton may have done during what the Clay people called his "Kentucky still-hunt," there is no record of promises dishonored. No complaint was ever heard. Whatever he may have done, history is clear as to what he avoided doing. He did not retain any pronounced supporter of Mr. Clay in Federal office.

† Years before this time, Nathan Boone had visited Nashville and stopped at the Nashville Inn. He had never seen General Jackson. The latter, coming into town from the Hermitage, learned that a son of Daniel Boone was in the city. Hunting him up at once, the General seized him—bag and baggage—and bore him off to the Hermitage, declaring that "Old Dan Boone's dog couldn't stay at a hotel within *his* reach, to say nothing about a son!" At the time under consideration Nathan Boone was a State Senator in Missouri, and one of Benton's most valued lieutenants.

was announced. Jackson had 178 electoral votes. Mr. Adams received 83, more than two-thirds going to Jackson. In the popular vote Jackson's majority was even proportionately greater. Both branches of Congress were Democratic; the House overwhelmingly, the Senate safely. The six New England States were solid for Adams—except a single vote in Maine—together with New Jersey and Delaware. The whole West and South, with Pennsylvania, were solid for Jackson. New York (20 for Jackson and 16 for Adams) and Maryland (6 for Jackson and 5 for Adams) were divided. But on the whole, it was "a clean sweep," soon to be followed by another one.

By Tuesday, December 9th, the returns that had reached Nashville apparently assured the election of General Jackson by 200 electoral votes to 62 for Mr. Adams, it then being supposed that Jackson would receive the entire votes of New York and Maryland. General William Carroll rode out to the Hermitage with the news. He found only Mrs. Jackson at home, the General and Major Lewis having gone down to the old place at Clover Bottom on some business. Carroll always addressed Mrs. Jackson as "mother."

So he said: "I suppose, mother, you want to hear the news."

"Oh, William, I can guess what it is, from all I have been hearing of late, and from your own manner."

"Yes, the General is elected. He seems to have all the electoral votes except about sixty—over three-fourths! You may as well get ready for moving into the White House."

Mrs. Jackson was silent for a couple of minutes.

Finally: "Well, William, I'm glad of it for Mr. Jackson's sake, because it is his ambition. For me it is but one more burden. Even if I was qualified in other ways to do the honors of the White House, my health is not good enough to bear the strain. I am much farther from being well than you would think just from looking at me." *

General Jackson and Major Lewis soon returned and the "general head-quarters staff" retired to the library to consider the situation and look over the mass of confidential correspondence that General Carroll brought.

"General Jackson," says Major Lewis, "showed no elation. In fact, he had for some time considered his election sure, the only question in his mind now being the extent of majority. When he finished looking over the summary by States, his only remark was that, considering the odds against him, Isaac Hill had done wonders in New Hampshire. After a while tea was announced. Mrs. Jackson, as usual, led the table-talk. But she did not say anything on the great subject except that she was going to try and persuade one or two of her nieces to go and help her in the social duties of the White House. One was Miss Donelson, her own niece, the other Mrs. Emily, wife of her nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, who was to be private secretary. How little anyone suspected the sadness so soon to come."

By the 17th of December the exact result was known, and the assembled representative people of the whole State at Nashville determined to give a reception, banquet and ball the next Tuesday—December 23d—which

* From General Carroll's eulogy, after her funeral.

should surpass any social occasion ever seen in the Southwest—surpass even the celebration in New Orleans, January 8, 1828, of the battle anniversary. But on the 17th of December Mrs. Jackson was seized with faintness, difficult respiration, and other symptoms of heart trouble. Some attributed it to excitement over the triumph of her husband. But it was more probably a reaction from the strain to which her mind had been subjected so long. She rallied, however, and by Saturday, the 20th, was apparently much better again, though weak. Sunday, the 21st, she did not feel able to attend the little Hermitage chapel, but religious exercises were observed in the mansion. She was able to sit up a little in the afternoon and conversed with her neighbors as cheerfully as usual. Monday she appeared to be much better, but kept her couch most of the day. About dark, Monday evening, she rose without assistance and sat in her easy chair. The General happened to be out of the room at this time. All at once the end came. The General, hearing her cry, was at her side in an instant. He told the attending physician, Dr. Robertson, to bleed her, but the vein in her temple made no response to the lancet. Rachel Jackson was dead.

The effect of such a bereavement upon General Jackson cannot be described. For more than sixteen hours, though already worn out with almost sleepless watching by her bedside, he stayed beside the corpse—tearless, speechless, almost expressionless. Finally Carroll, Coffee, Rutledge, Lewis and other friends who had flocked in, persuaded him to retire to his own room and try to get some sleep. Addressing General Coffee, he said: "John, can you realize that she is dead? I certainly can't!"

However, he went to his room and soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Of course, all public demonstrations in that region were at an end. Jackson passed all his waking hours by his wife's coffin until the funeral. She was buried in a corner of the Hermitage garden amid the rose-bushes she had planted. At the graveside were men whose names can never perish from the pages of American history. With or near them stood the negro slaves of the Jackson household. A lady in the family of Major Rutledge, the General's old aide-de-camp, has placed on record the following picture of the scene:

In the tall, trembling, grief-stricken man who gazed blankly and with dry eyes upon the lid of that plain coffin-box as the first shovelful of earth descended upon it, and who in his speechless grief could only wring his thin, bony hands and groan, none would have recognized a President-elect of the United States. Among his old friends there was General Adair, Governor of Kentucky, one of his trusty lieutenants at New Orleans. General Adair had come by express invitation to attend the grand banquet that was prepared at Nashville, but found a funeral instead. My father had told me that some years before an angry controversy over some official matter occurred between Generals Jackson and Adair. But that trouble had long ago been composed and they were good friends again. General Adair, being one of my father's old friends, was my escort there.

When General Jackson finally turned away from the tomb he actually tottered so that General Adair let go my arm and took that of his old commander—I verily believe to keep him from falling. He said to Adair, "John, it is very good of you to be here and comfort me now. You have been with me before when I needed you." General Adair could hardly find words, but his eyes filled with tears. He and General Coffee then walked with General Jackson—one on each side of him—

to the house. General Carroll offered me his arm, and we walked along behind them. There were so many people in the house it was not easy to get through the hall. But finally a way was made, and General Jackson reached the room he used as his private office. There all soon took leave of him except Generals Coffee, Carroll and Adair and Major Lewis.

As I was leaving the room I noticed that he was brightening up and heard him say, in answer to some remark by one of his generals, "Oh, yes, oh, yes, we're all nothing but poor creatures anyhow. No matter what we gain there is always some loss that takes it all away!"

If I had not seen, I could not have believed that General Jackson could be so prostrated with sorrow. I had known him since I was a little girl, but only to see him occasionally. From what people continually said about him I thought he was made of iron or his heart of stone. But now I knew better, and from that moment I changed my whole opinion of him. He certainly had been in many cruel scenes. But he could not help it. Duty called him there. By nature I am sure he was a real good, true, tender-hearted man.

It was a singularly touching coincidence that such a man as Jackson should have had all three* of his immortal old lieutenants by his side again at such a moment; so different from the scenes of his glory and theirs!

* It is true, as related by the fair writer, that General Adair attended the funeral of Mrs. Jackson. But he happened to be in Nashville at the time on business and not as a guest invited to the great demonstration that had been arranged. The feeling roused between Adair and Jackson by their quarrel in 1817, heretofore noticed, was not yet altogether allayed. While this might have prevented him from attending a personal or political demonstration in honor of General Jackson as President-elect, it could have nothing to do with the funeral of Mrs. Jackson, whom Adair had known when his relations with her husband were pleasant and to whom he was personally grateful for many courtesies. Adair was never a warm supporter of Jackson in politics. He served in Congress as a Democrat while Jackson was President, but always maintained an attitude of independence.

General Jackson believed that the cause of his wife's illness and death was the series of shocks inflicted upon her by the savage malignity of the Adamsite press. Some time after the funeral he went to her tomb, accompanied by Major Lewis, young Andrew J. Donelson, the latter's wife, Emily, and Mary Donelson. One of the party relates that the General, after arranging the branches of a rose-bush at the foot of the mound, clasped his hands and said, as if talking to himself: "She was murdered—murdered by slanders that pierced her heart! May God Almighty forgive her murderers as I know she forgave them! I never can!"

And he never did.

Throughout the rest of his life he never spoke of her except as "that sainted woman." Everyone in whose veins the blood of her family flowed, no matter how remotely, became "his children." It was a beautiful and a wonderful devotion.

Time was scant for mourning. The busy world might leave a humble man alone with his grief, but not a President-elect. The funeral occurred the day after Christmas. Only a little over two months intervened between that time and inauguration. In that brief period must occur the journey to Washington, made more difficult than usual by ice in the upper Ohio and snow-drifts in the mountains. The inaugural message must be thought out and prepared. The cabinet must be arranged. Besides these requirements, which of course had similarly confronted every preceding President-elect, there was in Jackson's case a problem more formidable than any of them; a problem not hitherto presented. It was that complete reorganization of the Federal civil

service which, though not specifically put forward as an "issue in the campaign," was well understood by the President-elect and his supporters to be a cardinal—though unwritten—"plank" in the platform.

The inaugural message was in general terms dictated by General Jackson, but put together by Major Lewis. It was a disappointing document, failing to meet the hopes of one side and the prognostications of the other. Its tone was dignified, its comment upon public topics conservative, its indications of policy almost vague enough to be called diplomatic. The Jackson people—that is to say, the great mass of voters—had expected a "ringing" proclamation, such as the old General had been wont to promulgate on the tented field. They were disappointed at its tameness. The Adams people, high and low alike, were looking for a fierce philippic against pretty much everything that was—or had been. They were disgusted with its serene reserve and impassive dignity. On one subject, however, its sound was not uncertain:

"The task of reform," said the new President, "will require particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointment, and have placed or continued power in unfaithful or incompetent hands."

Whatever the authorship of other clauses may have been, the source of this one was Andrew Jackson. In phrase somewhat subdued to fit the august occasion, it was simply "holding before the members of the organization the reasons why they were organized." Marcy

afterward condensed both into an aphorism—blunt and graphic—"To the victors belong the spoils."

On all other points the document was purely academic. It proclaimed those doctrines of Jefferson, in which General Jackson had always theoretically believed, and it discountenanced, if it did not denounce, most of the policies he had always practised. A reader of that message who had also read the General's earlier and more vigorously expressed views upon such topics as the need of a strong standing army, the impotence of State militia, the propriety of "protection to home industries," etc., might easily, in absence of other information, have inferred that President Jackson and Major-General Jackson were two distinct individuals, opposed in most tenets of national politics.

With regard to the tariff, he did, indeed, reserve a thought in favor of "products essential to our national independence." Such products, whether "of commerce, of agriculture, or of manufactures," he thought should be protected. The probability is that the home products most essential to our national independence were, from his point of view, such things as gunpowder, lead, iron for rifles, muskets, artillery and cannon-balls, cordage and other equipment known as naval stores—or, generally speaking, those commodities indispensable to the national defence. If so, the tariff views cautiously set forth in the message were purely patriotic, but not paternal—as they have been made by later policies.

CHAPTER VIII

POLICY OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

THE inaugural message being prepared, the presidential party left Nashville Saturday, January 17, 1829, on a steamboat, bound down the Cumberland and up the Ohio to Pittsburg; thence by land over that great "Public Improvement," the National Road. Jackson had travelled that road before. Its benefits, which even the strictest constructionist of the Jeffersonian school could not help perceiving, may have suggested the clause in his inaugural message which read:

"Internal Improvements. . . . So far as they can be promoted by the constitutional acts of the Federal government, are of high importance."

There is every reason to believe that General Jackson always considered the National Road as not only "of high importance," but perfectly "constitutional." Accompanying the President-elect to Washington were Major Lewis, Andrew J. and Mrs. Emily Donelson and Miss Hays, a niece of Mrs. Jackson. The young daughter of General Coffee and grand-niece of Mrs. Jackson was to be a member of the party, and had come from Florence, Alabama, where the general lived, for that purpose. But on the eve of her departure the sudden illness of another member of the family compelled her to return home.

The journey by river was slow and difficult on account of ice. Great crowds flocked to see the presidential boat at every city and town, but in consequence of the general mourning there was no public demonstration. The party arrived at Washington, February 14th, and were temporarily domiciled at the old Indian Queen Hotel, since known as the Metropolitan—a perfectly Vandalic change of name, defiant alike of tradition and euphony.

Arrived at the Capital, the General was, as always and everywhere, accessible to the people. But he was not communicative. At least, his late opponents thought so. As near the inauguration as March 2d, Daniel Webster wrote to his brother Ezekiel that "General Jackson is constantly surrounded by his friends, but seems to keep his own counsel. Very little has been given to the public. . . . Probably he will make some removals, but I think not a very great many, immediately."

Isaac Hill wrote, the last day of February, to his assistant editor:

I see the General almost every day. He is extremely cordial, and from the way he often repeats and laughs at things that appeared in our columns during the campaign we may flatter ourselves with having a most illustrious reader of our paper. He says little about the future, except in a general way. I infer that in New Hampshire affairs, and possibly in other New England States, my advice may be asked occasionally, but as yet there has been no conference. I do not believe anyone knows his intentions beyond the Cabinet itself and the list of that was printed in the *National Telegraph* here day before yesterday (February 26) from the General's own manuscript. The paper will reach you before this can. It is, as you will see, a strong cabinet, judiciously distributed:

Van Buren and Ingham from the East; Branch and Berrien from the South; Eaton and Barry from the West.

They tell a funny story here that William Wirt, who has been Attorney-General a good many years, under all sorts of administrations, and who liked the job, wrote to Monroe, soliciting his influence with the General to keep him on the pay-roll. Monroe, who originally appointed Wirt to please Jefferson, advised Wirt to resign. Jefferson had Monroe appoint Wirt as a reward for his prosecution of Burr. Adams had held on to him for substantially the same reason. But General Jackson does not owe any debts of that kind.

No one knows anything definite as yet about the subordinate offices, except that changes will be made both in the departments here and throughout the country as rapidly as due consideration of individual merits may permit. To hear the old officials in the departments talk, you would think the places they hold were their private property, or that the Government must collapse instantly they are put out. There is an old man in the same boarding-house with me who has been translator in the State Department over twenty years—appointed by Madison when Secretary of State under Jefferson. He expressed wonder, the other day in conversation, where the new administration would find a Democrat to translate "diplomatic French"! This was told, as a good joke, to the General. "Oh, just tell him," said Jackson, "that if necessary I can bring Planché's whole Creole Battalion up here! Those French fellows, you know, who helped defend New Orleans against the same redcoats that had just made all the translators here take to the woods for their lives!"

Good, wasn't it? Capital! Besides his courage and truth, Old Hickory has a fund of humor in his make-up. But most of his sallies, like the above, are likely to be a little bit cruel.

In another letter, written after the inauguration, Hill coined a phrase that has passed into our political thesaurus as a synonym:

You may say to all our anxious Adamsite friends that *the barnacles will be scraped clean off the Ship of State.* Most of them have grown so large and stick so tight that the scraping process will doubtless be fatal to them; but it can't be helped. Just add them to Zeke Webster's and Jerry Mason's list of "Jackson's murders"!

This was only personal gossip, as between an editor and his assistant, not intended for the public eye. Just how Mr. Hill connected Jeremiah Mason with campaign libels against Jackson is not clear. Mason was an Adamsite, it is true, but he had nothing whatever to do with newspapers or public speaking, being president of the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) branch of the United States Bank. He may have assisted Ezekiel Webster financially, and Webster did write pamphlets and newspaper articles. Hill was himself a director of the State bank at Concord, and also its vice-president. Through that connection he may have found means of learning how and to what extent the United States branch bank at Portsmouth, or its president, had been a contributor to the Adamsite campaign fund.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of this period is one that the author in youth was wont to hear from an ancestral relative. The relative was editor of an exceedingly stalwart Jackson organ in Ulster County, New York. Naturally, he joined the innumerable throng of strenuous patriots who went to Washington to see the People's President inaugurated. The 4th of March, 1829, fell on a Sunday. Our relative, notwithstanding his unterrified Jackson Democracy, always went to church on the Sabbath. That particular Sunday he attended the sanctuary where the Adams family was wont to worship.

To his amazement—not to say amusement—the worthy pastor chose for his text some words from the prophecy of Isaiah, foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem. The words of the text were: "What will ye do in the solemn day?" Upon this text the learned divine discoursed feelingly and at length. The relative listened to the sermon and then betook himself to the Indian Queen tavern, where he related the text and as much as he could remember of the sermon. The concourse of men who listened to him were undoubtedly some of those whom Judge Story, in a letter written at the time, describes as "a mixture such as I never saw; the subjects of King Mob, who reigns triumphant!"—or words to that effect. Be this as it may, the stalwart Jacksonians assembled at the Indian Queen agreed with the reverend doctor that it was a "solemn day"; one exceedingly solemn for those whom Isaac Hill had already described as the "barnacles" that were to be "scraped clean off the Ship of State."

The Adamsite organs, now that their cause and their candidate were hopelessly beaten, transferred their scurrility from General and Mrs. Jackson to the "horde of the unwashed" who had come from all quarters to see the old régime of Virginia and Massachusetts go out and the new régime of the plain people come in. To reproduce their jeremiads—or even to epitomize them—would require the addition of another volume to this work. Suffice here to say that, while there may have been some pretext for the fish-market tone of the Adamsite press before election, when they may have hoped to win, their persistence in billingsgate after the verdict of the country had been rendered was silly, because impo-

tent, and the next thing to criminal because unpatriotic. The inference was that they thought the vast preponderance of citizens whose votes elected Jackson had no right to even aspire to office under him, and that any policy which contemplated the "scraping off of barnacles" must be seditious, if not treasonable.

If the Jackson régime had wanted an argument in favor of the "clean sweep," it need not have gone beyond calling attention to the temper in which the "barnacles" viewed themselves as owners of the offices they held or the bare proposition of turning them out as a wrongful invasion of vested rights. Most men of sense will admit that governments, so far as they may be establishments for transaction of business, should be conducted on business principles. To that extent a permanent civil service —or, in plainer phrase, an office-holding class—in a popular form of government may be defensible. But in 1829 the "ancient barnacles" who had fastened themselves upon every clerkship and the purblind moles who burrowed under every Federal pay-roll carried their spleen to the *reductio ad absurdum,* and deserved expulsion for their folly if for nothing worse. For such, the 4th of March, 1829, was, indeed, "the solemn day"—in the words of the prophet.

This relative—who, by the way, was a younger brother of David Buell, elsewhere referred to—has left on record a graphic account of a visit to President Jackson in the autumn of 1829:

I had a note of introduction from Mr. Webb [James Watson Webb] and also one from Mr. Marcy, who was good enough to mention my service under General Dearborn and General Macomb during the war [of 1812]. I also knew Mr. Van

Buren personally, and he gave me his own card with a few words written on the back of it. With these introductions I easily gained access to the President on a favorable footing. I will give our conversation, as I wrote it down the first thing after I left his presence. He happened to be alone in his executive office when I was ushered in. He looked tired and worn and I noticed his complexion was almost sallow enough for jaundice. But he was alert and active enough despite the feebleness of his appearance.

I will explain that the object of my visit, besides that of paying my respects, was to ask the retention of a postmaster in our county, who, when a volunteer landsman on board the Lawrence, had lost a leg in the battle of Lake Erie. He had been appointed by Mr. Madison in 1815 and held the office ever since. But he had voted for Mr. Adams in 1824 and 1828, and a Jackson man wanted his place. Having been a soldier in the Niagara campaigns and also at Plattsburg, I naturally sympathized with the one-legged man, irrespective of his politics. When I entered the room General Jackson rose from his desk and said abruptly:

"How are you, sir? Glad to see you. Can I be of any service to you?"

I then related as briefly as possible the object of my visit.

"Lost his leg, you say, in the battle of Lake Erie?"

"Yes, sir. Permit me to say, further, Mr. President——"

"Mr. Marcy says in his letter introducing you that you were a soldier."

"Yes, sir. I was on the Niagara frontier from September, 1812, to May, 1814, and then went to Plattsburg, where I served till the end of the war."

"Well, then, call me 'General.' I like it better than any other title when I am talking with soldiers!"

"I was about to say, General, that this postmaster, Mr. T——, has a boot and shoe shop in the village, and the post-office, being in his store, helps him in his trade—a consideration worth more to him than the income of the office itself. He is a good man and has a large family. The people there

all like him. But I must tell you that he voted against you——"

"I don't care a bawbee, sir, how he voted, if he lost a leg fighting for the country! That is vote enough for me, sir. If more men of his politics in the East had exposed their lives for the country as he did in that war, sir, the northern campaigns might have been more satisfactory—more glorious to our arms, sir!"

He said these words with great animation and emphasis, bringing his hand down heavily on the table beside him every time he said "sir." His eyes flashed, the sallowness went out of his face, and a healthy flush took its place, and his voice rang like a bell.

Then he added: "I don't believe that office is a presidential appointment."*

"No, sir, it is not. It is a small office or branch, and comes under the Postmaster-General."

He then said to his private secretary: "Major, make a memorandum for Colonel Barry that the postmaster at Esopus, New York, is to be retained."

It then occurred to me to remark that my brother, who was a surveyor in Indiana Territory before the war of 1812, went with the Kentucky troops to New Orleans and served there in General Adair's rifle brigade; mentioning, of course, his first name.

"Oh, yes, I remember him well. I had him detailed on special duty in the city after the battle. So you are David Buell's brother? I now recollect that he was born in New York. Well, sir, I am glad to meet his brother. Where is he now?"

* Under the postal laws and regulations then in force the smaller post-offices were treated practically as branches of the nearest important office. The latter would be a presidential appointment; but the lesser ones would be under its jurisdiction and their postmasters were designated by the Post-master-General, usually upon recommendation of the incumbent of the larger office, whose "patronage" was thereby increased. Moreover, one of the innovations of the Jackson régime was that of making the Postmaster-General a Cabinet officer. Prior to that time the General Post-office had been treated as a business concern, without political status.

I explained that he was employed on a canal survey in Ohio.

He then said: "I know almost every man in that army, sir, by sight, and I believe if they were all here I could call them by name. Every one of them, sir, is my personal friend, and I am his! Yes, sir; for life, sir!"

Seeing he was getting excited again, I ventured to suggest that it was remarkable to remember so many men, such a long time. At this a good-natured expression came over his features, and he smiled in a half-quizzical way as he said:

"Oh, no, sir; there were not so very many of them. The world has got the impression that they must have been numerous from what they did. True, it was almost fifteen years ago. But when a man once gets acquainted with such fellows as they were he never can forget them."

While this was going on a number of callers had been announced and I thought it proper to make way for them. As I rose to go he held out his hand, and as I took it he placed the other hand on my shoulder and asked: "Now, sir, can I be of any service to you personally?"

"Not in any official way, sir. I do not want any place. If you will keep my crippled old comrade of the war in his little office, I ask nothing else."

"I will keep him there, sir, never fear."

Then he walked to the door with me and at the threshold took me by the hand again, saying: "Remember me cordially to your brother when you see him or write to him. Tell him I would like to see him and talk over the old times if he should happen to come this way."

As I went out, a dozen or so of gentlemen were in the waiting-room, and from the way they surveyed me it was evident they thought I must have the appointment to some important foreign mission in my pocket. As I thought over the interview I said to myself, So this is the terrible Jackson! Plain, straightforward, no pomp or reserve about him. Impressive he truly was; but in a kindly, homely sort of way that inspired anything but awe.

This was the first time I had a chance to talk with him.

Of course I had seen him before, but it was in the crush of inauguration, when a regular mob was surging around him. Some time afterward he, without my asking it, appointed me on a commission to acquire more land for barracks at Sackett's Harbor, and also for improving the arsenal at Watervliet. But when I got home from Washington on this occasion and tried to relate my experience with him to my neighbors, they thought—or some of them—that I must be drawing the long bow, because they could hardly believe that so great and famous a man would be so plain and every-day-like in his ways.

Viewed as a partisan bogey, the so-called "clean sweep" had been overworked on one side as absurdly as "treason, stratagem and spoils" was on the other. The sweep was by no means clean. It was not, in fact, half-way so. Exclusive of the 8,600-odd post-offices of all classes, the total number of Federal offices in 1829 did not exceed two thousand. Of these, a considerable number were clerks, marshals and other officials of United States courts; and only the marshals came within political purview. The others were not disturbed. In one case the clerk of a district court resigned because he had vehemently supported Adams in the campaign and supposed he would have to go. The Attorney-General—Berrien—returned the clerk's resignation directly to him with the remark that, if he desired to vacate his position, he must first put his resignation in the hands of the judge of the court. The clerk held his place. Of the 8,600 postmasters, fewer than 500 were removed for political reasons; though, of course, these embraced the most important centres, and involved a considerable number of assistants and clerks. Of the total number

of post-offices in 1829, about 8,000 had no clerical force, but were managed by the postmasters themselves. Such offices as collectorships, territorial governors, secretaries, etc., Federal district attorneys, United States marshals, commissioners and special agents, were included in the political list and changed. This was also true of the diplomatic and consular representation abroad.

In the departments at Washington, all the heads of bureaus were removed except the Indian Commissioner, who was retained because General Eaton, Secretary of War, in whose department the Indian office was then embraced, did not wish to dispense with the experience and acquaintance the old commissioner had with the Indians personally. Not more than half of the Indian agencies were changed. Among the new Indian agents appointed was Robert Polk—the same man whom General Jackson had threatened to shoot in the battle of New Orleans for being too brave.

On the whole, the total number of removals was not over 700, including postmasters. Of course, this was, for that time, an innovation. But it was by no means illogical. The government was then forty years old. The civil service, modelled at the beginning after that of England, was aristocratic, and had already begun to be hereditary. It belonged to the epoch of apostolic succession of cabinet officers to the presidency, the oligarchy of the congressional caucus and restricted suffrage. As such it was an anachronism. Its efficiency had decreased with its permanency, and the arrogance of clerks had grown with their sense of security in place from one administration to another. They were ceasing to consider themselves servants of the people and

coming to view the public crib as part of their private estate. When removed they cried out that the motives of those who asked for their places were selfish and sordid. They did not seem to realize that the desire of those who are in to stay in is quite as selfish and sordid as the ambition of those who are out to get in.

The old system that came to an abrupt end in 1829 involved the cardinal theory that only a very small, select and self-perpetuating class of men were fit to transact the business of the government, while the rest of the people—the uncounted majority—were fit only to pay taxes for their support. This theory was un-Republican, un-Democratic, oligarchical, almost feudal, and of course it had to go. Its further perpetuity would give the lie to the progress of the nation. That its end came with the advent of Jackson was a mere coincidence. It was bound to come anyhow.

Yet to the defeated Adamsite party—which for convenience we may henceforth term "Whig"—the so-called "clean sweep" afforded political stock in trade. They therefore called it the "Spoils System," and on that phrase they rang the changes. There was then and has been ever since a peculiarity of the American mind which makes men who would face the mouth of a hostile cannon without flinching, run like rabbits from an epithet. And it is not in party strife alone that epithet proves a deadly weapon. The average citizen is proud of his country's integrity and cherishes her honor. He is willing to fight for either at any time. But if some hysterical peace society calls him "a jingo," the voice of patriotism is silenced in his soul. Fortunately, among the pests of Jackson's era, the millennial peace-piffler had not yet

appeared. If he had, the situation would have been hopeless, for Jackson was—or would have been—the ideal "jingo."

In all general policies there must be individual errors. But in this instance the marvel really was that they were so few. Doubtless the most palpable mistake General Jackson made was the recall of General Harrison from the Colombian mission. The hero of Tippecanoe and the Thames had, indeed, done his best for Adams and his worst against Jackson in the campaign. But he had conducted his part of the debate with dignity and always fully acknowledged the debt his country owed to the victor of New Orleans. Before the election—months before—Mr. Adams had chosen General Harrison to represent the United States at the capital of the new South American republic.

To this selection Mr. Adams was moved by a sentimental impulse—quite unusual with him. General Harrison in 1812 had borne a master hand to vindicate the Declaration his father signed in 1776. Mr. Adams thought that such a man would be *persona grata* in the highest degree to a young republic just freed from the yoke. But General Harrison did not go to Bogota at once. Some believed—and the President among them—that he delayed his departure for the purpose of taking part in the campaign; even to manage the campaign in Ohio against Jackson. But General Harrison always said that he waited until November because he did not wish to make a tropical voyage in midsummer. Harrison sailed from New York for Bogota the 10th of November, 1828—the Monday after election—on board the sloop-of-war Erie. His route was by sea to the mouth

of the Magdalena River, thence partly up that stream and partly by land—primitive water carriage and bad roads—to the Colombian capital. The journey occupied just four months. He presented his credentials to General Bolivar at Bogotá—or rather at Oçaña—the 10th of March. On that same day, President Jackson, at Washington, signed the letter recalling him!

This was a blunder; not merely from the political, but from the patriotic point of view. No President ever threw aside so magnificent an occasion for magnanimity as Jackson did when he recalled Harrison. It is quite probable that Harrison would have offered his resignation. But that would have been his fault. In fact, Jackson almost belied his own character in the transaction. Those who love to revere the old hero's memory console themselves with the well-founded belief that it was Van Buren, and not Jackson, who really recalled Harrison. There were hosts of Democrats in New York who voted for Jackson in 1828 and 1832 and against Van Buren and for Harrison in 1836 and 1840. They were veterans of the war of 1812, and resented the indignity done to their old comrade, which they laid at Van Buren's door.

Jackson ought to have viewed Harrison with reference to what he did in the Canada campaign of 1813, not in the Ohio campaign of 1829. William Allen, who was by no means friendly to General Harrison—except personally—related to the author that when the matter of recalling him was under consideration, Colonel Barry —then Postmaster-General—who had served under Harrison in all his campaigns, suggested to General Jackson: "If you had seen him as I did at the Thames, you would, I think, let him alone."

"You may be right, Barry," retorted the President; "I reckon you are. But, thank God, I didn't see him there!" *

The course of the clean sweep did not run smoothly. Though there was a normal administration majority of three or four in the Senate, some Democratic Senators were unwilling to assume the "thick-and-thin" attitude. Few of these revolted, however, except in extreme cases. Most of those who made a practice of insurrection at the beginning of the administration soon learned better. The few who did not or could not learn retired to private life at the expiration of their existing terms, except one, who had six years before him. Jackson "removed" this one—from the Senate to the Federal bench.

Of the nominations rejected, the most noteworthy was that of the New Hampshire Boanerges, our old friend, Isaac Hill. His name was sent to the Senate for Second Comptroller of the Treasury. Like the nominations of other prominent journalists since his time, that of Mr. Hill encountered what is called "senatorial courtesy," a grim, but invisible, intangible and impalpable fetich, which hovers and hisses above the bald heads of solemn Solons, but which, described in plain English, means that Senators make use of executive session to wreak their private revenges. The New Hampshire *Patriot* was charged with "abusing Mrs. Adams." Hill's friends in the Senate demonstrated that the "abuse" consisted of

* Some of General Jackson's superserviceable friends set up the preposterous theory that Harrison was recalled at the request of General Bolivar because he (Harrison) advised him to reject the offer of dictatorial powers made by the Colombian Congress at the moment when Harrison arrived at Bogota. This silly tale refutes itself. The letter of recall had left Washington two weeks before General Harrison at Bogota wrote his letter to Bolivar on the subject of the dictatorship. And the average time of communication between the two capitals then was four months.

reprinting extracts from a Journal of Foreign Travel; By an American Lady. The writer of the Journal accused Mrs. Adams of aping the manners of nobility and of supercilious conduct toward her own countrywomen when residing with her husband abroad in official position.

The accusation probably had no better basis than an ambitious woman's pique. We have seen American ladies abroad, whose husbands had recently struck oil or something of that sort, and who considered themselves denied the inalienable rights guaranteed by the Constitution whenever the wives or daughters of our ministers or ambassadors could not find time or inclination to be their chaperons or cicerones in foreign capitals. But in any event, Hill had no right, even in that roundabout way, to bring Mrs. Adams's name into the filthy sewage of such a campaign as that was. His offence differed only in quality from that of the Adamsite editors, who traduced Mrs. Jackson. The crime, in either case, was that of bringing the woman's name into newspaper columns for a partisan purpose.

Hill was rejected. Benton voted for him, and so did Edward Livingston. But both explained their votes by saying that perhaps the chivalry of his environment as to the sacredness of a woman's name may not have been so delicate as it was in other parts of the country! However, the Senate rejected his nomination by a vote of 22 to 21, five Senators declining to either vote or pair on the question.

Jackson resented this more bitterly than any other action of the Senate. He at once set about a scheme to get even. He arranged that Senator Woodbury

should resign and take the Secretaryship of the Navy, in order that the irrepressible Mr. Hill might enjoy the triumph of sitting in that Senate which had voted him unfit to be Second Comptroller. In this as in most other political operations to which he gave his personal attention, General Jackson succeeded exactly according to plan. Mr. Hill was sworn in as a Senator about a year after the Senate rejected him as Second Comptroller.

It might be interesting to analyze—if we could—the mental processes through which Jackson differentiated the bringing of Mrs. Adams's name by Hill and that of Mrs. Jackson by the Adamsite editors-at-large into the campaign literature of 1828. True, Hill did not asperse the character of Mrs. Adams. He merely quoted the American Lady, who accused her of being what the New England people used to term "stuck-up in her manners." On the other hand, the Adamsite organs accused Mrs. Jackson of marrying her second husband before being legally divorced from the first one; and on that basis they called her an adulteress. The Adamsite organs, in these assertions, did no more than echo the declaration of Charles Dickinson, for which Jackson killed him. Of course, if Hill had aspersed the name of Mrs. Adams as her husband's editorial supporters, and even Henry Clay himself, vilified the name of Mrs. Jackson, the General would never have tolerated his presence. But Jackson, by his extravagant countenance and support of Hill, seems to have proclaimed indirectly that, according to his code, the name of a presidential candidate's wife might be dragged through the columns of an opposing party organ, for the purpose of inflaming the prejudices of voters, provided no aspersion was cast

upon her chastity. If so, it must be admitted that the line of distinction was most nicely drawn. On the other hand, it might serve as one among many incidents tending to show that the character of General Jackson was a strange assemblage of antitheses.

Jackson made several other blunders of a personal nature in the removals and appointments of 1829. Most conspicuous among them was the nomination of Henry Lee to a consulate in France. The Senate rejected the nomination on the ground of unfitness of Lee's personal character, serious charges against him having been sustained. Major Lewis, in a letter written soon after the rejection of Lee's nomination, says that his own relatives were the cause of it; that they were unwilling that he should be sent abroad as a representative of that illustrious family. Among those who voted against Lee were such friends of Jackson as Senators White and Grundy, of Tennessee; Benton, Edward Livingston, Hayne and Woodbury—the most ardent and powerful supporters he had in all the Senate. Jackson did not find fault with them for voting against Lee. He was less chivalrous with men than with women whom scandal pursued, as we shall now see.

Great as may have been the issue of the "clean sweep," it soon gave place to an agitation that "shook society" to its foundations. We have already seen that most of General Jackson's troubles—or at least his worst ones—had a woman in the case. The one now about to be considered unquestionably made the most noise and gave him the greatest worry of all—excepting, of course, the one which, unjust and cruel as the imputation was, had hung over his own hearth.

In January, 1829, about two months before General Jackson appointed him Secretary of War, Senator Eaton, of Tennessee, married Mrs. Margaret O'Neal Timberlake, of Washington. Mrs. Timberlake was the widow of a purser in the navy who died by his own hand while on duty with the Mediterranean squadron. Her father, William O'Neal, had for a long time kept a private hotel or large boarding-house, much patronized by Senators and members of Congress from the South and West. As a young girl, Miss O'Neal had been well educated, and her association with men and women of culture and refinement who boarded at her father's house had been a social training, in the mental sense, of which she took full advantage. She was petite, pretty, vivacious and well-read. She knew as much about political affairs as most men, and could discuss questions of state with the ablest of them.

In fact, when she married Mr. Timberlake, most of those who admired her viewed it as an inferior match, and thought she ought to have cherished loftier aspirations. This opinion was more generally held by the men than by the women who were acquainted with Miss O'Neal. Anyone who has passed twenty years in Washington as a newspaper man, or in any other capacity involving the entrée to official society, is likely to be aware of the fact that the wife of an American statesman—unless a second wife—is usually somewhat passée, because men do not customarily arrive at the national period of political success until they reach middle age, and a middle-aged woman is always older than a man of equal years.

The result was that by the time Miss O'Neal became

Mrs. Timberlake, she had been the cause of no little jealousy on the part of a number of dames whose husbands had not been able to conceal their admiration for the sprightly and handsome girl. The dames, therefore, welcomed Mr. Timberlake, and hoped that married life might tone down the captivating manners and the—they thought—dangerous graces of the boarding-house man's daughter. But when Mrs. Timberlake, after a matrimonial experience of four or five years, became a blooming young widow, the perturbations of society were renewed.

These conditions became acute when Mrs. Timberlake became the wife of Senator Eaton. And when it transpired that Senator Eaton was to be a member of the Cabinet, the situation ceased to be endurable. From the view-point of those who were leaders of society, the sole alternative was to crush Mrs. Eaton at once. General Jackson had not been President quite two weeks when the storm burst upon him.

On March 22d he received a letter from the Rev. Dr. E. S. Ely, of Philadelphia, informing him that certain allegations of the most serious character against the character of Mrs. Eaton had been imparted to him by a clergyman in Washington, who desired him to communicate them to the President. Long as the list of allegations was, it contained but two which, if sustained, could be admitted as evidence in court. All the rest was gossip, insinuation and vague whispers of what Mrs. A. had told Mrs. B. in strict confidence—to be divulged only to Mrs. C., D., E. and F.

The two substantive allegations were:

First—That the Washington clergyman had told Dr.

Ely that a certain physician, then deceased, had told him that Mrs. Timberlake had undergone a premature accouchement when her husband had been absent a year or more.

Second—That, before their marriage, Senator Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake had visited New York and other cities, registering at hotels as husband and wife.

The Rev. Dr. Ely also declared that the Washington clergyman had told him that Mrs. Jackson herself, when boarding with the General at Mr. O'Neal's house in 1824–'25, had told him (the Washington clergyman) that she entertained the worst suspicions of Mrs. Timberlake. In conclusion, Dr. Ely assured the President that his object in taking up the matter was to "save his administration from scandal."

The letter of Dr. Ely received General Jackson's immediate attention. Under date of March 23, 1829, he wrote at great length to Dr. Ely, analyzing the statements offered and requesting to know the identity of the "Washington clergyman" in particular. One clause from the General's letter serves to exhibit the spirit of the whole:

"Would you desire me, my worthy friend, to add the weight and influence of my name, whatever it may be, to assist in crushing Mrs. Eaton, who, I do believe and have a right to believe, is a much injured woman, and more virtuous than some of her enemies?"

In this letter General Jackson pointed out clearly and with characteristic vigor the inconsistencies and self-contradictions that were apparent in the "evidence" offered against Mrs. Eaton. And he flatly denounced, of his own knowledge, as false and malicious, the dec-

laration that Mrs. Jackson had ever suspected Mrs. Eaton.

To this letter Dr. Ely replied with reiteration of the hearsays on which his first epistle was based, but declined to divulge either the name of the "Washington clergyman" or of any other informant in the endless chain of what "A told B and B told C that A had heard a man say," etc., which constituted what he called his "evidence."

The effect of such a restatement as this upon such a temperament as Jackson's need not be described. He at once concluded that the reverend doctor had been drawn in to serve as the respectable tool of a conspiracy fomented by Mr. Clay, and none the less foul because most of the co-conspirators happened to be women of high social rank, some of whom he had already described in his first letter to Ely as less virtuous than Mrs. Eaton. Jackson was unwilling to suspect any preacher of malice. While Mrs. Jackson had never succeeded in inducing him to join the church, she had thoroughly imbued his mind with that essential preliminary to conversion or "convincement"—a childlike faith in the purity of preachers. He therefore implicitly believed in the good intentions of Dr. Ely, but considered him as a just man wofully deceived. His second letter to the reverend doctor, dated April 10, 1829, was a categorical refutation of the allegations in the doctor's two letters, so far as any of them was tangible; and finally he emphasized his wish to know the identity of the mysterious "Washington clergyman" from a request to a demand.

In the meantime he had employed competent men to

investigate the accusation concerning the hotel-registry in New York, the Gadsby's Hotel story and everything else in the case affording the least shadow of clue. The result was always the same. Every trail of "evidence" ended in nothing—not even a consistent rumor. No authority for anything could be found anywhere. The only progress made was that Dr. Ely, when fairly cornered, wrote a letter to the "Washington clergyman"—Rev. Dr. J. N. Campbell; no less than the pastor of the Presbyterian Church which General Jackson himself attended—and informed him that the time had come when he (Campbell) must take the responsibility.

Accordingly, the evening of September 1, 1829, an interview occurred between the President and the Rev. Dr. Campbell. This interview was witnessed by Colonel Towson and Major Donelson. The President, under dates of September 3d and 10th, wrote out an account of it, to the accuracy of which he and the two witnesses present were willing to make oath. Briefly, the result of this interview was to develop the fact that Dr. Campbell had given two dates, nearly five years apart, for the alleged premature accouchement; that his first date was 1821; and that then, finding out that Mr. Timberlake did not leave the United States till the end of 1824, he changed the date to 1826. This barefaced confession of want of real evidence completed General Jackson's disgust.

But he did not stop even there. He was determined that the members of his Cabinet should know the facts as he had ascertained them. So he called a special cabinet council, at which the Rev. Drs. Ely and Campbell were present. This was the evening of September

10, 1829. At this council the Rev. Dr. Ely admitted that the story of the hotel-registry in New York had proved to be wholly false. This left the Rev. Dr. Campbell to stand alone as "Chaplain to the Conspiracy." * Upon close examination by General Jackson, Dr. Campbell broke down more completely than Dr. Ely had done. The case was then considered closed, and the President evidently believed that Mrs. Eaton's position as a lady of the Cabinet would be conceded.

It is of course impossible to follow the case in all its bearings or to reproduce the mass of extant letters, statements, reports of private investigations, etc., etc., that the affair evoked. They could not be presented in less than a hundred and fifty pages of this volume. The total collapse of the prosecution for want of even a shadow of evidence was viewed with perfect indifference by the women of the Branch, Berrien, Calhoun and Ingham families. If anything, their proscription of Mrs. Eaton gained strength as the prosecution weakened, until, when the last shred of alleged evidence had vanished, they solemnly pronounced her guiltier than ever!

The sequel proved that General Jackson's knowledge of the female character was extremely shallow. His whole conception of it was based upon his experience with Mrs. Jackson or his own mother—both simple, honest pioneer women, as ignorant of the arts and the artifices of "high society" as they were of necromancy or the evil eye. He was therefore utterly incapable of perceiving — much less dealing with — the influences which the ambitions and the devices of women in high official society never fail to exert upon the current of political and diplomatic affairs.

* Isaac Hill's definition of Campbell's attitude.

This incapacity led him into the grotesquely absurd belief or expectation that the women who had employed the two preachers as instruments in their crusade against Mrs. Eaton, would accept the result in good faith and that social harmony would thereby be restored. He was soon undeceived. The women not only redoubled their hate toward Mrs. Eaton, but they also hated General Jackson for his defence of her—or rather, for his exposure of the hollowness of the plot against her.

His instincts now, as ever before, impelled him, whenever a woman appeared as an enemy, to find some man whom he could hold responsible for her conduct. In earlier days he always found summary means of settling such difficulties. But that recourse was denied to him now. He could no longer exact the penalties of physical responsibility. But he held Mr. Calhoun and Secretaries Ingham and Branch and Attorney-General Berrien morally responsible for the attitude of their wives. Of the Cabinet, Van Buren and Barry alone stood by him. Van Buren was a widower without daughters. The ladies of Barry's household were Kentuckians, as chivalrous as men—and as fearless.

At first the President resorted to overtures. He wrote a note to Calhoun on the subject. The Vice-President replied that it was a quarrel among women, whose laws, like those of the Medes and Persians, admitted of neither repeal nor appeal. But this diplomatic parry did not save Mr. Calhoun from General Jackson's resentment. Finally, the services of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, as mediator were invoked. He found Messrs. Branch, Berrien and Ingham wholly helpless in the hands of the women of their families, and the general result of his mediation was to make a bad matter worse.

Meantime the President took every opportunity to exalt Mrs. Eaton socially. The wife of Mrs. Jackson's nephew, Mrs. Emily Donelson, had been installed as mistress of the White House. She yielded to the influence of the Calhoun, Branch, Berrien and Ingham women. She declined to receive Mrs. Eaton. The President sent her forthwith home to Tennessee. Her husband, who was the President's private secretary, soon followed her.

Mrs. Eaton now became to all intents and purposes mistress of the White House. She did not live there, but, with her husband—who, as we have noted in a previous chapter, was adept in the art of entertaining—superintended the preparation of all functions and frequently appeared as presiding lady on state occasions. Meantime the rebellious cabinet ladies remained unsubdued. General Jackson had at last found a foe he could not conquer. The incident influenced the whole history of his two administrations. Its effects constantly cropped out from 1826 to 1837. No other woman has ever exerted so great an influence upon the political history of the United States as Margaret Eaton.

CHAPTER IX

UNION AND NULLIFICATION

THE Democratic or the Jackson preponderance in the House of Representatives that organized December 7, 1829, was as 150 to 41. The Senate, as has already been noted, was more evenly balanced, but the opposition on general party questions could rely on about 25 out of the 48 senators, or a clear majority of two. On more purely personal questions there was, as yet, no thick-and-thin majority in that body. There had been no development of public policy. Nothing had been done except to remove office-holders and vindicate Mrs. Eaton. The political or partisan aspect of the situation may be described by saying that Mr. Clay had begun the campaign of 1832 as soon as the votes were counted in 1828.

The first annual message of the new President was not an imposing document. It touched tenderly upon nearly every topic that it touched at all. But it contained one clause, the significance of which admitted of no doubtful interpretation. The language of the clause was circumspect and its tone conservative, but its actual portent was unmistakable to those who knew the opinions and purposes of the President. Referring to the fact that the charter of the United States Bank would expire in 1836, it suggested:

> Both the constitutionality and expediency of the law creating this Bank are well questioned by a large portion of our

fellow-citizens; and it must be admitted by all that it has failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency.

Under these circumstances, if such an institution is deemed essential to the fiscal operations of the government, I submit to the wisdom of the legislature whether a national one, founded upon the credit of the government and its revenues, might not be devised which would avoid all constitutional difficulties, and at the same time secure all the advantages to the government and the country that were expected to result from the present Bank.

The President's declaration that the Bank had "failed to establish a uniform and sound currency" was certainly open to question. During the Bank's existence the country had, indeed, been from time to time flooded with the notes of State banks, which varied widely in value outside the States in which they were issued. But neither the Federal government nor the Bank had any power to remedy this evil. If the notes of State banks were not "a uniform and stable currency"—as they most assuredly were not, then or at any other period of our history—the fault was not attributable to either the Federal government, which had not then claimed the power to monopolize the issue of paper money, or to the Bank of the United States, which had no more to do with the notes of State banks than with the private due-bills of individuals one to another. Therefore, the Bank should not have been held responsible for a currency over which it had no control.

Later experience has taught the American people a great truth that was not known—or that would have been fiercely controverted—in 1830: The great truth that the power to issue or authorize paper money must be lodged

in the same depository with the power to coin metallic money. Now (1904), after more than forty years' experience of this wise and salutary application of principle, the State bank theory, so far as concerns issue of currency, is as dead as Nullification or Secession. But in 1830 the State bank insanity was rampant, and from it sprang much of the popular hostility to the Bank of the United States. Whether the latter was properly organized or equitably managed is a question the consideration of which belongs elsewhere.

General Jackson's own public record on the subject of the Bank was clear. In 1797 he had opposed in Congress the first bank as proposed and organized by Alexander Hamilton. In 1816 his military position kept him out of active politics; but so far as he had expressed his views then, they were known to be against its re-charter.

The fact that while governor of Florida he had recommended the establishment of a branch bank at Pensacola and subsequently had recommended officers for one at Nashville, did not affect his views upon the subject at large. His motive for attacking the Bank in his first annual message has been explained in many ways, some of which are at variance one with another. The most probable one is the simplest. He undoubtedly held in 1829 to the opinions that dictated his opposition in 1797, and those opinions were strengthened by what he had seen—or what he believed—of the dangerous political power the institution wielded. His point that it "had failed to give the country a uniform and sound currency" was—as we have already intimated—hardly well taken, because it had done that to

a degree most remarkable, considering the vast extent of the country and the imperfect system of communications and exchanges. At the time he wrote the phrase quoted the notes of the United States Bank were a currency as uniform and sound as any paper money the world has ever seen—not excepting those of the Bank of England or our own Treasury notes of to-day. The statement was, therefore, reckless. If the stability of its notes had varied at any time, it was because of conditions such as war or threatening complications, which never fail to affect any paper currency; but, whenever there was no disturbing element beyond the control of any fiscal institution, its notes had always been as good on the upper Missouri as on the Delaware, and as good as gold anywhere.

The alternative that he proposed for it, "a national bank," was vague. It might mean a system of Treasury notes, resting on the faith of the government, like the present greenbacks or coin certificates based on a Treasury reserve, or it might mean a scheme like the present national banking system, having a note circulation secured by the obligations of the government—or both combined. He could hardly, however, have contemplated a national banking system based upon government debt, because he was in favor of extinguishing the latter as soon as the excess of revenues over expenditures would permit.

It is therefore fair to conclude that he had in mind notes of the Treasury itself or a "greenback" currency, such as now exists; and it is perfectly clear that he was opposed to any system that lodged the fiscal affairs of the government in the hands of a chartered company,

having a limited number of stockholders and, in general terms, a legalized monopoly. If he held the Treasury note theory his views were prophetic. We remember that during what has passed into history as the "greenback craze," and which lasted with more or less vigor from 1868 to 1878, the advocates of that system, from Thaddeus Stevens and William Allen down, freely quoted from this message and other expressions to claim that Andrew Jackson was the originator of the greenback idea.

Speculation aside, however, it is clear that Jackson viewed the Bank as a Federalist institution in origin and an anti-Democratic machine in perpetuation. True, it had not been made an issue in either of the two campaigns in which he had been a candidate. It had not been mentioned in the canvass of 1824 or in that of 1828. In the former there were no issues except the personalities of candidates, and those were so numerous and the shades of political opinion they represented so indistinct that there seemed to be no demand for issues of policy or of principle. In 1828 the contest was again purely personal, but between two candidates only; and the element of personal abuse assumed at the outset such virulence that the introduction of any rational subject for sane discussion must have marred the consistency of its vituperation.

But that it had been an issue from General Jackson's viewpoint in both campaigns was sufficiently indicated by the fact that he embraced the opportunity presented by his first legislative message to attack it. The result quickly proved that his party had not kept pace with him on that question. Overwhelming as the Democratic

majority in the House was, that body declined to act favorably upon the Bank clause in his message. The Ways and Means Committee made a report favorable to the United States Bank, and by clear implication condemned the national bank suggested in the message. Subsequently a set of resolutions indorsing the fiscal policy proposed by the President and declaring against the re-charter of the existing Bank was laid on the table by a vote of 90 to 65, or, on the final call, 89 to 66, one Democrat changing his vote at the last moment. However, this was hardly a test of the President's strength in the House on this question, because several Democrats explained their votes against the Potter resolutions by saying that they were premature; that the real question was three years in the future, and that for Congress to utter a mere threat now could have no effect except to disturb the business of the country—points which were quite widely viewed as well taken.

The session, though longer than usual, was barren of important legislation. The House originated none of historical import. The time of the Senate was taken up partly by consideration of the numerous executive nominations and partly by the great debate which culminated in the immortal tournament between Hayne and Webster, in which was sounded the first plain warning of the "irrepressible conflict" to come. Other incidents of this session were the clear announcement of the President's opposition to Federal appropriations for internal improvements, at least until a clear and unmistakable authority to grant them should be conferred on Congress by an amendment to the Constitution; also the adoption of the policy of removing the Indians westward, which

soon after took practical form in the creation of the Indian Territory. The session lasted from December 7th till June 1st. Seldom has there been a long session of Congress less prolific of legislation and more fruitful of epoch-making debate than this one. In those discussions was, for the first time, clearly developed and frankly defined the ultra view of State-rights, and then was openly asserted for the first time in the halls of Congress the doctrine that the sovereignty of the State was original and paramount, while that of the Federal Union was merely delegated and subsidiary.

On this issue—which, by the way, was thrust to the front more by accident than design—General Jackson announced his own attitude with neither delay nor uncertain sound. Having no voice in debate, he availed himself of a resource he had often used before—a dinner. The 13th of April was Jefferson's birthday. The apostle of Democracy had been dead four years. Jackson, who never liked either the man or his philosophy, was now the selected successor of the one and exponent of the other. Jefferson, while coquetting with the theories of Patrick Henry, had ignored them in practice. Now Calhoun and Hayne had set Jefferson aside and proclaimed Patrick Henry as the true prophet. They had not only declared the purely ministerial character of the Federal Government, but they had also announced their faith that the sovereign State, through the voice of its people, possessed the reserved right to annul the Federal laws. In this he who ran might read the preface of secession and disunion. This Jackson foresaw as clearly in 1830 as he could have seen it in 1861 had he lived so long.

Besides all these patriotic instincts, there was another phase of the situation that appealed to the strongest trait in his character—there was the chance of a fight in it. He had not yet openly broken with Calhoun. But those nearest to his inner confidence knew that he only awaited opportunity that would give him the popular side in the combat. Since he had been President he had learned some truths about Calhoun's real attitude toward him in 1819; truths that Calhoun had fondly imagined to be buried in the secrecy of cabinet council. In other words, he had learned that, pretending out of doors to be his friend, Calhoun had been his enemy in Monroe's Cabinet. Not much knowledge of Jackson is required to apprehend the impression such a revelation of facing both ways must make upon him. Jackson had made up his mind to crush Calhoun before Hayne's avowal of the doctrines and the intentions of South Carolina. The uplifting of the serpent's head in Nullification only gave him a mark to strike at. And he did not spare the blow.

The Jefferson banquet was a grand one. To the President was, of course, accorded the honor of the first volunteer toast. No one—except his private secretary and the members of his "kitchen cabinet"—had the remotest inkling of what was to come. Only Benton, Hill, Lewis and Kendall knew the President's intention. The general drift of the regular toasts, as Benton describes the affair, and of the short speeches that accompanied them, had been that of an effort to identify Jefferson's teachings with the ultra State-rights theory and to make him, not the apostle of Democracy so much as the high priest of Nullification.

When Jackson rose to the privilege of the leading

volunteer toast, he straightened to his full height, raised his right hand, looked straight at Calhoun and, amid a hush that was almost breathless, said—in that crisp, harsh tone that had so often been heard above the crashing of many rifles—*"Our Federal Union! It Must and Shall be Preserved!"* *

Not long afterward, Isaac Hill, who was present, said:

A proclamation of martial law in South Carolina and an order to arrest Calhoun where he sat could not have come with more blinding, staggering force. All hilarity ceased. The President, without adding one word in the way of a speech, lifted up his glass as a notice that the toast was to be quaffed

* This famous phrase has been badly mangled by careless reproduction. Most readers in our day, if asked what Jackson said, would answer: "The Union! It must and shall be preserved!" What he did say was: "Our Federal Union!" etc. To apprehend fully the distinction it is necessary to know the spirit of the time in which the words were used. Calhoun did say in his toast merely "The Union." But Jackson called it "Our Federal Union." Jackson's phrase meant a specific political fact and expressed a particular patriotic thought which Calhoun's did not mean or express. Calhoun's "The Union" referred simply to an existing fact, but recognized no reason for its existence. It might have meant "A Union" or "Any Union" or "Some Union." It might have been a thing hated or feared —and many of Calhoun's followers did hate or fear it or both. Maybe he himself did.

But General Jackson's "Our Federal Union!" could mean but one thing. It meant not only that the Union existed, but also gave two reasons for its existence; one of statesmanship, the other of patriotism. The phrase was not extempore. He had deliberated over it for days beforehand. He had submitted several forms to excellent judges of phraseology. Benton, Kendall, Isaac Hill and Major Lewis were skilled and practical writers, masters of dialectics and acute in "shades of meaning." And they all had approved his own preference for the form he used. Other phrases, framed but discarded, were: "Our Union! Let us preserve it!" "The Federal Union! It must be preserved!" "The Union of our fathers! Their sons must defend it!" "The Union of the States! Perfect and imperishable!" All these were considered and finally set aside, in favor of "Our Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved!" The choice was wise to inspiration. (Reminiscence of Mr. Blair to the Author.)

standing. Calhoun rose with the rest. His glass so trembled in his hand that a little of the amber fluid trickled down the side. Jackson stood silent and impassive. There was no response to the toast. Calhoun waited until all sat down. Then he slowly and with hesitating accent offered the second volunteer toast:

"The Union! Next to Our Liberty the Most Dear!"

Then, after half a minute's hesitation, and in a way that left doubt as to whether he intended it for part of the toast or for the preface to a speech, he added:

"May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States and by distributing equally the benefits and burdens of the Union.

The contrast between the terse, quick sentiment of General Jackson and the labored deliverance of Calhoun was almost painful. It was the difference between the crack of a rifle and an old musket flashing in the pan. That Calhoun had been taken by surprise and thrown completely off his feet was apparent to all, and to none so painfully as to his friends or colleagues. The incident itself was quickly over. Other volunteer toasts followed in due succession, but there was no more zest. The company—more than a hundred at the start—dwindled to thirty within five minutes after Calhoun sat down.

"General Jackson," says Mr. Hill, "rose from his seat and went to the end of the room where Benton was. The two engaged in conversation, but it was not about this episode. I could not help thinking—what a difference between 1813 and 1830; between the banquet-hall in Washington and the hallway of the old City Hotel in Nashville! And Jackson still carried Benton's bullet in his flesh!"

In his Thirty Years in the Senate, Benton describes

the scene and its effect. After reciting the two toasts, he comments on that of Calhoun:

> This toast touched every tender part of the new question; liberty before union; *only* to be preserved; State rights; inequality of burdens and benefits. These phrases, connecting themselves with Mr. Hayne's speech and with proceedings and publications in South Carolina, unveiled Nullification as a new and distinct doctrine in the United States, with Mr. Calhoun as the leader of a new party in the field . . . and revealed to the public mind the fact of an actual design tending to dissolve the Union.

All this Jackson well knew. He saw that the progress of Nullification must bring on a fight, and he applied to the situation his favorite tactics in war—he forced the fighting. It was like his night-battle of December 23d. He did not wait for the enemy to attack him in the morning. He struck the enemy in the dark in his own bivouac.

Of course, the issue involved then was upon a minor question as compared with the one that soon took its place. It was only an affair of customs; of a tariff. There was nothing in that to kindle the imagination or stir the hearts of the people. It was only when human slavery became the issue that the republic shook to its foundations. But all great things begin small. That Jefferson banquet in Washington, April 13, 1830, set going a contest between two irreconcilable schools of thought; between two doctrines that could not live together under the same flag; between two forces that must fight until one or the other perished. The contest begun at the banquet lasted thirty-five years and ended at Appomattox. In such a struggle it was a miracle of good

fortune for the right side to have Andrew Jackson at its start and Abraham Lincoln at its finish.

From that time to the end of the session—seven weeks—little was talked of in Washington but Union and Nullification; Jackson and Calhoun. Few realized the full gravity of the peril. Many viewed it as a blow opportunely struck by Jackson at an aspirant to the presidency whom it was his policy to crush. There was doubt as to which would in the outcome fare worse—the man who struck or who received the blow. Some believed it would detach all the anti-tariff States from Jackson and drive them to Calhoun. Among these was the last-named gentleman himself. Clay, Webster and other Whig leaders believed the result would be a Democracy divided between Jackson and Calhoun, and a consequent repetition of minority triumphant as in 1824. The wish was father to the thought. A Whig paper in New York suggested that "the South had elected Jackson President for the same reason that a farmer fattens a hog—only to kill him."

To this the inevitable Isaac Hill retorted: "And then you expect to steal the pork again, as you did five years ago."

News of the ominous banquet sped to South Carolina as well as to New England. Singularly, the Nullification organs of Charleston and the Whig papers of Boston agreed that it was a Belshazzar's feast and that the handwriting had been seen on the wall. And, what was still more grotesque, these two extremes agreed that the Belshazzar was Jackson. This brought forth from Amos Kendall's pen the epigram, afterward famous in the literature of a campaign, that "Clay would

be willing to be President of half the Union if he couldn't get the whole of it; and in that, if in nothing else, he and Calhoun were agreed."

During all this discussion Jackson held his peace. But one expression from him has been authentically recorded. A few days after Congress adjourned, Mr. Potter, of South Carolina, who was about to leave the Capital for his home, called on the President. Mr. Potter was one of the Jackson leaders in the House; author of the tabled resolutions approving the Bank policy foreshadowed in the President's message. On the point of taking his leave, Mr. Potter asked:

"Have you any message for your friends in my State, General?"

"Nothing in particular that I think of just now; but—yes, wait a minute! Are those Charleston folks who declared in mass-meeting the other day that the army and navy were not big enough to collect a penny of duties the people didn't want to pay—are they in earnest? Did they mean it? Or do they realize what their words mean?"

"I am afraid they mean it, General!"

"Well, then, tell them from me that they can talk and write resolutions and print threats to their hearts' content. *But if one drop of blood be shed there in defiance of the laws of the United States, I will hang the first man of them I can get my hands on to the first tree I can find!*"

Mr. Potter's response, if any, is not of record. But an admonition of that kind from Andrew Jackson carried with it at least the weight of a reputation for hanging people which no one could say was not well earned.

It does not seem necessary to pursue the subject of Nullification further at this point. The people of South Carolina observed the advice General Jackson sent to them through the amiable Mr. Potter. They talked and wrote and passed fiery resolutions to their hearts' content, but they did not shed any blood. And Jackson did not hang any of them. The remark he made to Mr. Potter, however, soon found its way into public gossip.

One day not long afterward, Colonel Hayne said to Benton: "I don't believe he would really hang anybody, do you?"

"Well," replied Benton, "before he invaded Florida on his own hook, few people could have believed that he would hang Arbuthnot and shoot Ambrister—also on his own authority—could they? I tell you, Hayne, when Jackson begins to talk about hanging, they can begin to look out for ropes!" *

Congress adjourned and its members went home to "look after their fences" for the congressional campaign of 1830. The Whigs made no concerted effort to regain control of the House in this campaign. Perhaps they were still appalled by the memory of the avalanche two years before. Thurlow Weed once bluntly declared that, "as the Bank had retired from politics and Jackson had evicted all their place-holders, the Whigs had no source of political income in 1830 and '31." The Democratic majority in the preceding Congress—150 against 41—was cut down to 139 against 52; but that signified nothing. The United States Bank still had a majority of its own. The senatorial changes consequent upon the election of 1830 added only one to the Jackson strength,

* Reminiscence by William Allen, related to him by Benton himself.

which gave him under normal conditions a vote of 26 to 22. But the Senate still retained its distinctive independence, and was by no means so "reliable" as the House.

One old condition, and a most important one, was not changed in the composition of the Senate. It still had a majority for the Bank—small, indeed, but safe—25 against 23 on a full vote. The new Congress, of course, would not meet until December, 1831, and the old one would live until March 4th. It proved by no means the last Senate with a United States Bank majority. Late in the short session, Mr. Benton decided formally to open the anti-Bank campaign with a speech, as a text for which he offered a resolution. His object was merely to place the topic before the country in order that the new Senate might have plenty of time to hear from the people before meeting in December. Benton always considered this his greatest speech, and in his Thirty Years comments upon it and its effects with undiluted satisfaction. "It was a speech," he says, "to be read by the people—the masses—the millions. . . . It has been complimented since as having crippled the Bank, and given it the wound of which it afterward died." The resolution was defeated, as he expected it would be—by 23 to 20.

The short session of 1830–'31 was otherwise uneventful, and when Congress adjourned, the 4th of March, it left the administration with nine months of time before it, all its own.

General Jackson had abundant use for this period of non-interference. He had determined to reorganize his Cabinet completely. There seems to be an impression

that the social troubles of Mrs. Eaton were at the bottom of this movement. Mr. Parton, whose investigation and analysis of that episode were more exhaustive than any other we have seen, inclines to that theory. Doubtless the social embarrassments consequent upon the stubborn proscription of Mrs. Eaton by the Calhoun, Branch, Ingham and Berrien women formed a contributory cause for reorganization. But the main cause was far deeper and more weighty than could result from any feminine squabble. Besides, at this time (the spring of 1831) these troubles had practically adjusted themselves.

General Jackson's own views on the subject of the social difficulty had been clearly stated in a conversation with the paymaster-general of the army, Colonel Towson, whose wife was among the principal enemies of Mrs. Eaton and chief, if not only, prompter of the Rev. Drs. Campbell and Ely. On behalf of his wife and her colleagues, Colonel Towson had remonstrated against the selection of Major Eaton before the appointment was officially made. In reply to a question, Colonel Towson told the General that there was no objection to Major Eaton, but that "great objections were made to his wife."

General Jackson inquired what his wife could have to do with the duties of the War Department.

Colonel Towson replied in effect that the other cabinet women would not recognize her, which would cause annoyance to all concerned.

To this General Jackson replied: "Colonel, do you suppose that the people sent me here to consult the ladies of Washington as to the proper persons to com-

pose my Cabinet? . . . I shall consult my own judgment, looking singly to the interests of the country and not to accommodation of society and the drawing-rooms of this or any other city."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer, there can be no doubt that the social situation had annoyed the President. Among other things, it had caused Mrs. Emily Donelson's return to Tennessee in 1830, leaving the White House without a mistress, and with her had gone her husband, the President's useful private secretary. When Mrs. Donelson returned to Nashville, she found herself "frowned upon by society" and seriously discountenanced by her own relatives for having, as they expressed it, "played the fool." *

The result was that in less than six months Mrs. Donelson and her husband returned to the White House; and when she returned she adopted a very different attitude toward the women who had misled her. This had been the greatest of the President's annoyances, and now that it was happily ended, he cared little or nothing for the other social aspects.

True, the ill-feeling that had naturally grown up between Messrs. Branch, Berrien and Ingham on the one hand and Secretary Eaton on the other resulted practically in a suspension of cabinet councils for nearly fifteen months. But even this was not the real trouble. The

* Mrs. Polk, the wife of President Polk, described Mrs. Donelson as "one of the best women in the world and, though not brilliant, yet of good mental endowment. But she had not seen the great world until she went to Washington as the 'first lady of the land.' Therefore she was easily led by scheming women of long experience in the society of Washington. Her illusions were soon dispelled and she eagerly embraced the opportunity to enjoy again the position that her illustrious uncle wished her to hold."

three cabinet officers first named were known to be Calhoun men. In addition to that fact, the General had found out—or believed—that Ingham was secretly a Bank man, and he entertained no flattering suspicions as to the causes of his conversion to the standard of "the Emperor Nicholas," as Mr. Biddle, the Bank's president and autocrat, was popularly called. Berrien, he believed to be at heart a Nullifier; and it seemed incongruous to have at the head of the law department a man who secretly favored the policy of defying and resisting the laws he was sworn to enforce. For Branch the General cherished a kind of sentimental attachment for the reason that a near relative of the Secretary of the Navy had been his school-teacher in boyhood at the Waxhaws Settlement. But upon close contact he had found Branch dull, pompous, incompetent and wholly under petticoat government, not merely in social affairs, but in the official conduct of the Navy Department itself.

This, however, was not singular, because, with two or three possible exceptions in recent years, all secretaries of the navy have been brought into more or less bondage by the charming and diplomatic wives and daughters of that arm of service. Branch, however, seems to have been an extreme case, if we may rely upon the stories of such veterans of the old navy as Stewart, Shubrick and the elder John Rodgers. Candor, however, compels the author to admit, as a result of thirty years' experience and close observation in Washington, that if any cabinet officer may be exculpated for surrender to feminine influence, it is he who has to deal with the ladies of the navy. On the average, they are the brightest and most captivating coterie in the world.

Besides these considerations, Jackson had thus far adhered to his original single-term resolution. He was a sick man. The terrible malaria of Washington was, he thought, killing him by inches, and he longed for the pure air and the invigorating climate of his own Tennessee. At the Hermitage he was always well. Everywhere else he was always ill. He had selected Mr. Van Buren as his successor. Mr. Van Buren believed a secluded nook, such as the English mission, far from the whirl of American politics, would improve his own political health as a presidential candidate in training. Major Eaton, sick and tired of the indignities to which he had been subjected, was anxious to get out of the Cabinet. Colonel Barry did not count in this intricate game, and was therefore left out of the calculation, to hold the General Post-office at his pleasure. The result was, between April and June, 1831, Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, succeeded Mr. Van Buren; General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, took the place of Major Eaton; Senator Woodbury, of New Hampshire, supplanted Mr. Branch; Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, relieved Mr. Berrien as Attorney-General; while Louis McLane came home from the English mission to take the Treasury Department from Mr. Ingham.

Incidental to these changes, Mr. Van Buren went to England vice Mr. McLane and Isaac Hill came, in place of Mr. Woodbury, to sit in that Senate which had refused to confirm him as second comptroller the previous year.

Such a general break-up of such a structure could hardly be expected to pass without injury to someone somewhere. Mrs. Ingham had led the persecution of

Mrs. Eaton. As soon as both were out of the Cabinet, Major Eaton endeavored to hold Mr. Ingham personally responsible for the utterances of his wife. Mr. Ingham declined the belligerent overtures of Major Eaton. The latter then lay in wait for his late colleague with a horsewhip. Mr. Ingham used other streets in his travel about town than those upon which Major Eaton was looking for him. Finally, the quest became so acute that Mr. Ingham took to communicating with his own lodgings by way of the alley, backyard and backdoor. He ultimately escaped by chartering a stage-coach and leaving for Philadelphia two hours before daybreak.

This programme had involved seven different moves on the chess-board. Only one failed. The President's plan was to give the War Department to Senator Hugh White, of Tennessee, thereby making a vacancy in the Senate, to which Major Eaton was "slated" for election. Mr. White refused to leave the Senate. He was as friendly now to General Jackson—or pretended to be—as he ever had been when he depended on the "machine" for his political fortune. But he did not like Eaton, and was unwilling to contribute to any scheme for his accommodation. This difficulty might have been overcome. But there was a deeper reason, which he did not reveal until years afterward—which he revealed only when the "machine," in the strong and ruthless hands of General Carroll and Major Lewis, had crushed him and driven him into feeble and hopeless opposition at the end of his term.

Then he admitted—or his friends did for him—that he saw the scheme was intended, among other objects,

to promote Van Buren's chances for the next presidency, and he hated Van Buren. Mr. White liked Calhoun, and leaned as far as he dared toward the extreme, ultra State-rights doctrine. But he was not prepared to side with Calhoun in an open war against Jackson. He could, however, privately share Calhoun's hatred of Van Buren. He rebelled against Jackson—who had made him. He served out his term in the Senate—to which Jackson had elected him. That was all. White's defection postponed provision for Eaton nearly three years. In 1834 he was made governor of Florida and in 1836 minister to Spain, where Mrs. Eaton's career was brilliant and creditable—in a society where only very able women can shine.*

We have said that "only one of seven moves failed." To that possibly another, at least partial, failure should be added. Mr. Van Buren went to England in July. The Senate met in December. Mr. Clay and Mr. Web-

* In 1873 and until 1879 Mrs. Eaton was living in Washington. In the last-named year she died, aged eighty-three. The Author became acquainted with her in the former year, when she was seventy-seven. She was in moderate circumstances, having suffered financial reverses some years before. But she was bright, cheerful, and apparently as entertaining as when in youth she was wont to turn the heads of solemn statesmen and grave diplomatists. With regard to that phase of her life most interesting to American readers she was neither reticent nor communicative. Her favorite themes of reminiscence were anecdotes of the great men she had known in her girlhood at her father's hostelry; her own observations in Spain during her husband's residence there as American minister (1836-1840), and personal recollections of General Jackson, Colonel Benton, Mr. Van Buren, Isaac Hill and others. She spoke of those who had persecuted her, with singular gentleness and charity. But she "felt warranted in saying one thing": That the real motive of the crusade against her was the fact that she was the daughter of parents who kept a boarding-house, while three of the four families whose ladies made war upon her were Southern aristocrats. The assault upon her moral character was a pretext. As for the fourth family (meaning, of course, the Inghams) she said that the woman

ster resolved to defeat his confirmation. They succeeded —with the help of Hugh White and some other Democratic enemies of Mr. Van Buren. They fondly imagined that the rejection of the nomination would end his political career. Mr. Calhoun, at the opposite extreme, agreed with them. It made him Vice-President in 1832 and President in 1836. A remarkable peculiarity of the "political management" of Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster was that it invariably served to keep both out of the presidency or the vice-presidency, and more than once—or than twice—helped those they hated worst to get in. Neither of them could understand why the plain people should pass by two such orators as they were to glorify and exalt a "mere rude military chief" or a shrewd politician.

The ground now seemed well cleared of all minor obstructions and open for a fair trial of strength between the administration and the Bank; between General Jackson and the "Emperor Nicholas." In this contest the President soon found that he had not gained an ally in his new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McLane.*

in that family may have thought it a convenient way of distracting attention from herself; though on that score she said she had always preferred to believe that the woman, no matter how bitterly she may have pursued herself, was better than those who whispered about her. General Jackson's defence of her, she said, was wholly unsolicited and he never took counsel with her at any stage of it. As for her presiding at the White House on a few occasions, it was at his request through her husband, which, as she viewed it, amounted to an order.

* On this subject we have a characteristic comment from Senator Isaac Hill: "No matter by what name he may go—Federalist or Republican, Whig or Democrat, Unionist or Nullifier—you can't find a real, genuine, simon-pure anti-Bank man anywhere within two days' ride of Nick Biddle. They may profess and pretend, but when the pinch comes, they vote for the Bank or not at all." Mr. Hill was mistaken: Roger B. Taney lived within the "two days' ride."

Notwithstanding the large nominal Democratic majority in the House and the apparent preponderance of so-called Democrats in the Senate of this Congress, the Bank had a "working majority" in each. It was the Congress chosen in November, 1830—the middle of the administrative term. Its first or "long" session, beginning in December, 1831, would extend into midsummer, 1832—the presidential year. It was known that General Jackson had abandoned his one-term intention and would stand for re-election. That he would be re-elected was known to a majority of the American people, and believed by most of the minority—except Clay, Webster, Nicholas Biddle and Calhoun. The charter of the Bank had until March 4, 1836, to run, which would carry it nearly through Jackson's second term. These conditions brought forward the question whether to force the contest or let it go over till after the election. General Jackson's attitude was known from the two messages in which he had dealt with the subject none the less explicitly because conservatively. Benton, in his great senatorial speech, had announced the position of the Democratic party as such. We have the authority of Edward Livingston, Major Lewis, Amos Kendall and Mr. Blair that both Jackson and Benton were willing to rest the case there until after the presidential contest of 1832. Not that they feared the issue, but they preferred to leave the Bank out of the maelstrom of that campaign as it had been left out in 1824 and 1828. Benton believed that, as compared with the Congress chosen in 1830, the Bank would lose strength in that to be chosen in 1832. He did not anticipate a clear anti-Bank majority in the new Senate, but there was a

chance of making a tie on the floor—24 to 24—and as Mr. Van Buren would, beyond doubt, be elected Vice-President, the casting vote would be against the Bank.

The choice as to postponing or precipitating the conflict was, therefore, left wholly to the Bank and its friends. Among the managers of the Bank, and also among its supporters in Congress, there was difference of opinion upon the question of expediency. Those opposed to forcing the fight were in the numerical majority. But those who could not or would not sanction the Fabian policy embraced the vast preponderance of power and ambition. They knew that a bill to renew the charter for twenty years after 1836 could be passed through Congress. They also knew that Jackson would veto it. And there was no hope of a two-thirds vote to pass it, notwithstanding the objections of the President—or "over his head," as the cant phrase is.

The whole question thus became one of expediency; a game in politics. If Congress passed the re-charter and Jackson vetoed it, then the Bank must either elect a new Congress with a two-thirds majority or beat Jackson, or go to the wall. No plainer situation could be conceived.

The Bank people did not waste much time debating the question of expediency. Their councils were soon resolved into a triumvirate—Clay, Webster and Nicholas Biddle. At the outset Mr. Webster, influenced no doubt by the views of Jeremiah Mason—president of the Portsmouth branch and the ablest man then connected with the system—was in favor of delay. Nicholas Biddle—president of the central or parent Bank and aggressive to a fault—was in favor of forcing the issue. Mr. Clay

was the presidential candidate of the Bank people. Therefore, both Webster and Biddle were willing to leave the ultimate decision to him. Mr. Clay was deeply impressed with the gravity of the situation. He needed time for deliberation. His "deliberation" seems to have been something like that of the old Mohawk Dutchman unexpectedly elected justice of the peace in Herkimer County, New York, many years ago. The first case on his docket was tried without jury, by agreement of the parties. When the evidence was all in and arguments concluded, the 'Squire said: "Shentelmen, as dis iss my first gase, I shall take four tays to gonsitter der effidence; but shall finally find shudgment for der blaintiff!"

The number of days taken by Mr. Clay to consider the situation is not of record, but his decision is.

He decided that the Bank must force the issue. The reasoning upon which he based his conclusion was characteristic. He always figured on States. Any smaller or more simple unit than a State was beneath his notice in a political calculation. He reasoned, first, that Pennsylvania was the key of the situation; that New York and Ohio would go as Pennsylvania went. Such a combination—with Kentucky, which he personally undertook to "deliver"—would beat Jackson. He reasoned, second, that in a purely Bank campaign, Pennsylvania must go in favor of the Bank because it was a Philadelphia institution, most of its private stock was owned by Pennsylvanians, and nearly all business men in the State, irrespective of party, were under obligations to it. Besides these considerations, the commanding personal and social rank of Mr. Biddle must prove a tower of strength. To all this Mr. Clay might have added—under his breath—

that such a fighting man as Mr. Biddle notedly was would not be likely to let the chance of victory be impaled upon any point of false economy or be jeopardized by overscrupulous counting of honest pennies in the make-up of a campaign expense-sheet.

Thus was the die cast. The decision was reached almost simultaneously with the convening of Congress, December 6, 1831. Ten days later the first national convention of a political party ever held in this country assembled at Baltimore to nominate Henry Clay for President and John Sergeant for Vice-President, as the candidates of what may henceforth be styled the Whig party. Mr. Sergeant was chosen for the second place to strengthen Mr. Clay's project of carrying Pennsylvania.

Mr. Sergeant's place in his own time was more eminent than in history. A graduate of Princeton, he for many years stood at the head of the Philadelphia bar—in days when the term "Philadelphia lawyer" was a proud distinction. He was not only a great lawyer, but a man of refined literary taste and ability, a patron of the fine arts and a promoter of learned societies. His character was, of course, perfectly unassailable. But he had no large political following in the State, nor did he possess the arts or skill of the politician. His place on the ticket gave it no strength that it did not normally possess.

Three weeks after these nominations were made, Senator Dallas, of Pennsylvania, a Bank Democrat, offered in the Senate a memorial from the United States Bank, signed by Nicholas Biddle as its president, requesting that Congress renew its charter for the usual term of

twenty years, from March 4, 1836. When he offered the memorial, Mr. Dallas made a few remarks expressing doubt as to whether this was the most opportune time at which to present such a request, but said it was his duty to conform to the wishes of his constituents in the matter of offering petitions or memorials.

The programme of the Bank people was to pass the re-charter in the Senate first and then put it through the House, believing that to be the best tactical plan, though they were sure of their majority in either branch at any time the vote might be taken. From this time to the 4th of July—almost six months—Congress did nothing but debate and investigate the United States Bank. Most of the debating was senatorial. The House did most of the investigating, the chairman of the select committee being ex-President John Quincy Adams. The Senate debated the bill almost continuously from the end of January to the 10th of June, and passed it the 11th, by a vote of 28 to 25, Bank Democrats voting with the Whigs. Debate in the House was, as usual, limited. The bill was taken up June 16th and passed July 3d, by vote of 108 to 76. Twenty-eight Bank Democrats voted for the bill in the House. From these votes it appeared that the Bank was stronger than the President in both branches of a Congress normally Democratic. On strict party lines, the Senate would have defeated the bill by 25 to 23, and the House by 104 to 80.*

* The Author once asked Governor William Allen how it happened that General Jackson, who was commonly supposed to be an intolerant man, never manifested displeasure toward those Democrats who supported the Bank. He answered that General Jackson never questioned the action of any man in Congress. He never demanded personal fealty from any officials

Apropos of the controversy in Congress over the Bank, much injustice has been done to the memory of General Jackson by writers of really just intent, who seem either to base a whole conclusion upon evidence of a part or to accept as history the literary wreckage of political campaigns and partisan battle-fields. Consider, for example, the remark of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, in his History of the American People (Vol. IV., p. 14). "And so," he says, "a veritable personal government was set up, so far as the Executive and *the discipline*

except his own appointees. He awarded the proper share of patronage to Democratic members and Senators who he knew would vote for the Bank, and after they had so voted he gave them more. In the whole contest he never tried to influence one vote nor did he even ask any member or Senator how he intended to vote. "I can give you an anecdote in point," pursued the venerable Governor: "About a week before the House voted, a Democratic member from Ohio went to the White House and recommended an appointment to fill a vacancy caused by death. 'Very well,' said the General, 'I will appoint him to-morrow.' The member then said: 'General, I feel it my duty to tell you that I must vote for the re-charter of the Bank.'

"'I can't help that, sir. But I already knew it. See here—I can take a roll of the House and check off every Democrat who will vote for the Bank. In fact, I have one here' (producing a roll with the names checked off).

"The member looked it over and, pointing to one name, told the General he was mistaken about that man.

"'How do you know?'

"'Because he has told me that his constituents have sent him so many letters and petitions that he has made up his mind to vote against the bill.'

"'He is a lucky fellow,' said Jackson, 'to get the views of his constituents in that way beforehand. There are some other Bank Democrats in the House who will not receive similar information until next fall, I fear.' (Meaning, of course, when they confronted their constituents.)

"As it turned out, several of the Bank Democrats failed of renomination and two or three were defeated at the polls by anti-Bank Democrats, who were able to beat both them and the regular opposition candidate in a three-cornered contest. In this particular case the General was mistaken. The member referred to did vote against the bill and was returned the next fall by a greatly increased majority. The General then wrote him a congratulatory letter."

of the Executive's friends in Congress were concerned . . ."

The italics are ours. Dr. Wilson is right, so far as his declaration applies to officers of the executive branch proper; or, in other words, officers appointed by the President. General Jackson did exact from them a personal fealty and a concurrence with his executive policy as such which, from some points of view, might appear almost military in its stringency. But his reasons for this were far from those which might actuate an autocrat by nature or by heredity. He held the theory that he, and he alone, was responsible to the people who elected him. He also believed, with deep and sensitive conscientiousness, that, though he might delegate to appointees some of the power the people had placed in his hands, he could not equally transfer from his own shoulders to theirs a particle of the personal responsibility the people had imposed upon him.

It was this keen sense acting upon his high-strung notions of personal honor that led him to view as an outrage upon himself any dereliction on the part of an official whom he had appointed. It was hard to shake his trust in a man who had once won his confidence; but when the evidence became conclusive, that man was invariably relegated to the list of his enemies, and he always hated him with an intensity in exact ratio to the faith previously reposed. Such a trait, we think, is hardly to be viewed as the mere instinct of an autocrat or the impulse of a tyrant. On the other hand, when considered in connection with General Jackson's universally admitted probity and inflexible honesty of motive and of act, it becomes creditable, if not necessarily

admirable. His object in enforcing what Dr. Wilson calls personal discipline was not to enhance his own powers or to promote his own fortunes, but to imbue those he trusted with the sense of honor and of conscientious responsibility to the public which was his own invariable law of action. But this condition he held as applying to his own appointees alone.

With regard to Senators and members of the House, his theory was entirely different. He held that Senators were directly responsible to the States and Representatives to the constituencies that chose them, in the same way and to the same degree that measured his own responsibility. This was his theory as to the true meaning of the term "co-ordination" between branches of the government, and it seems a tenable one. It is true that States and constituencies which supported him often punished Senators and Representatives who opposed him by defeating them at the first opportunity. But there never was an authenticated instance of his own participation in such punitive methods. Even when the Tennessee "machine" punished Senator Hugh White for thwarting him, as has been described, the act was neither counselled nor aided by him. To those who suggested that it was in his power to restrain the managers of the "machine"—Carroll and Lewis—from punishing Senator White by defeating him, he always retorted that he had no more right of dictation to Carroll and Lewis than to White, even if his own State did happen to be the scene of operations. If, as Dr. Wilson observes, this was "personal government," it seems to have been an expression of that system easily susceptible of valid defence from all points of view and of positive popular

approbation from many. That a man of sinister ambition might have turned to destructive effect the marvellous ascendancy General Jackson held over the minds and fancies of the people, goes without saying. But he was the exact antipodes of that character, and even the mistakes he made grew out of honest zeal for the public welfare.

CHAPTER X

RE-ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

While the Bank bill was still under debate in the Senate, the second national convention of a political party met in Baltimore to renominate Andrew Jackson for President and Martin Van Buren for Vice-President, as the candidates of the Democracy. This occurred the 21st of May. The convention contented itself with the nomination of candidates, and issued no "address to the people"—or what would now be termed a "platform." Isaac Hill says that this omission was in deference to the wishes of General Jackson himself, who had authorized Benton to say, if necessary, that "if the people had not got acquainted with Jackson by this time, an address describing him and formulating his principles could not help them." However, it was not necessary for Benton to say anything. The convention and the people considered Jackson's name a sufficient platform without comment.

The act to re-charter the Bank was placed before the President, the 4th of July, 1832. He held it under review six days, and on the 10th returned it to Congress without approval and with his objections. The veto message was one of the longest ever sent to Congress by any President. It reviewed the Bank from every point of contemplation. It had been "blocked out" and, to a great extent, written in final form before the bill

reached the President in enrolled official form. Its substance had been prepared by the President in sections and paragraphs. Its law-points were studied by Attorney-General Taney and Edward Livingston. Its financial theories were scrutinized by Louis McLane, himself at heart a Bank man. Questions as to its public expediency, apart from constitutional and technical considerations, were in the phraseology of the President himself. As a whole, it may be described as the joint product of the minds of Jackson, Benton, Livingston and Taney, grouped into literary symmetry by William B. Lewis, Francis P. Blair and Amos Kendall—than whom three cleverer writers were not to be found. It was a document not only for its own time and place, but for all history. It not only stated the President's objections to the bill before him, but it crystallized for all time all arguments that could be offered against lending the fiscal power and resources of the United States to the use and behoof of any chartered monopoly whatsoever. Its tone was moderate, its temper unruffled, its style lofty, its diction clear, dignified and forceful.

Both sides hailed it with delight. The partisans of General Jackson considered it as having determined the verdict of the people in their favor beforehand. The partisans of the Bank—not only the fiery and sanguine Clay and the resolute and combative Biddle, but even the cautious and ponderous Webster—viewed it as the *hari-kari* of Jackson and everything Jacksonian.

Strange—is it not?—how widely the wisest of men can disagree! From the 10th to the 16th of July this message was debated by both houses of Congress in almost continuous session. In the House of Representatives

the pro-Bank cohorts were led by that consummate "old master," John Quincy Adams. The anti-Bank minority in that body was not so fortunate. They had no leader of towering stature, such as Mr. Adams was. Such men of mental middle-weight as they did have cut little figure in the arena where they were so palpably outclassed. But in the Senate there was a nearer approach to fair play. True, the pro-Bank legion there could put forward such giants of forensic joust as Webster and Clay. But on the other side was Benton—not so profound as Webster or so "magnetic" as Clay, perhaps, but yet a veritable Titan whose physical endurance was as exhaustless as his intellectual resource; always ready, not to be taken aback, seldom staggered, and never thrown down. And close in support of Benton's heavy artillery were the sleepless vigilance, the unerring satire and the biting wit of sardonic Isaac Hill, on the skirmish-line.*

Toward the end of the debate a fierce altercation occurred between Clay and Benton, which only the most energetic interference of nearly the whole Senate prevented from resulting in bloodshed. Clay injected into the debate a campaign story of 1828, which represented Benton to have said in the campaign of 1824 that "if Jackson were elected, Senators would have to legislate with pistols and dirks by their sides." Benton had de-

* "This is a queer tilt," Senator Hill wrote to his friend Mr. Green, of Boston, in the midst of the debate; "with Benton and Clay boxing like two heavy-weight ring-champions, and Webster holding bucket and sponge in Clay's corner!" (Mr. Hill had evidently either been at the old "Boston Corner" ring-side, or had read the pugilistic descriptions of competent sporting reporters.) "Or, to change the simile, one might fancy Benton the invincible windmill, with Webster and Clay in full tilt against it—if one could only resolve the perplexing doubt as to which is which—the redoubted Don or the devoted Esquire—which Quixote and which Panza!"

nounced this statement when it first appeared, in 1828, as utterly false and malicious. He now applied the same terms to Clay's motive and act in bringing it into the Senate. Clay retorted in effect with "You're another!"

Finally, when order was restored, Benton said: "I apologize to the Senate for the manner in which I have spoken, but not to the Senator from Kentucky!"

Clay retorted: "To the Senate I offer apology. To the Senator from Missouri, none!"

This scene occurred in the session of July 14th. On the same day, and nearly at the same hour—by a most marvellous coincidence—Drs. Harris, of Philadelphia, and Triplett, of Virginia, extracted from the President's body the bullet Benton had sent there nineteen years before. It was a simple operation. The ball was embedded close to the left edge of the shoulder-blade and near the surface. By means of a small incision it was exposed to the forceps and easily removed. It had been but little deformed by its "tour de force" through the bones of Jackson's left arm and shoulder. It was a half-ounce ball, and quite covered with cyst. In a few moments the wound was dressed, the General was smoking his pipe, and Dr. Harris brought the bullet to him stripped of the cyst and cleaned. The General took it in his hand and surveyed it with interest. Just then Mr. Blair entered the room. The President handed the bullet to him with the remark: "Don't you think, Blair, we ought to give this back to Benton? It belongs to him!"

Mr. Blair, entering into the General's grim pleasantry, volunteered to mention the subject to Senator Benton.

"Very well," said Jackson, "the first time you see him,

tell him, with my compliments, that I have kept his lead long enough, and it is now at his service. I have no further use for it!"

Mr. Blair carried out the joke. Meeting Benton the same evening, he related what had passed and formally tendered to him the bullet. Benton looked at it, but did not accept it.

"No, Blair," he said, with an air of mock solemnity; "please give General Jackson my compliments, and say that I decline to receive the bullet. It is his property. It may have been mine at one time, but he has now acquired clear title to it at common law—by twenty years' peaceable possession!"

"Only nineteen years," suggested Mr. Blair.

"Oh, well," retorted Benton, "in consideration of the extra care he has taken of it—keeping it constantly about his person, and so on—I'll waive the odd year!"

Mr. Blair reported all this faithfully to General Jackson, who smiled rather grimly and remarked: "Then I reckon I may as well keep it. It might come handy some time. Benton was a great rascal in his young days—a grand rascal, sir! But he is getting to be a d——d good old man."

Not the least astonishing part of this coincidence was the fact that the quarrel between Benton and Clay in the Senate that same day was brought on by an allusion of the latter to the brawl at Nashville in 1813, when Jackson received that bullet from Benton's pistol.

Soon after the adjournment of Congress, General Jackson determined to go home and rest at the Hermitage until after election—a period of about three months. He

was impelled by his own illness and by the rapid advance of the cholera epidemic of 1832 toward Washington. His physicians assured him that if the scourge should attack him in his enfeebled and debilitated condition, it would prove certainly fatal. But so many little things occurred to detain him from day to day that the 9th of August arrived before he could set out. He was accompanied by Francis P. Blair, Mr. Blair's young son Montgomery, then a cadet at West Point; Amos Kendall, who was going only as far as Louisville; Isaac Hill, going for a brief "missionary tour" in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio; General Cass, Secretary of War; Major Lewis, and Nicholas P. Trist, his private secretary. Major Donelson remained at the White House, to look after the correspondence, but Mrs. Emily Donelson accompanied the President—as he was wont to say, "to keep her old uncle's stockings darned and the old uncle himself out of mischief."

The political campaign—except in the columns of the newspapers and the pages of pamphlets—dragged somewhat for a month or two after Congress adjourned. The Whigs—or the "Bankites," as the Democrats usually called them—had their usual vast preponderance of printer's ink; and in this campaign, as distinguished from that of 1828, they had a large re-enforcement in James Watson Webb's New York *Courier and Enquirer*—then, beyond question, the leading newspaper of the country. East of the mountains and north of the Potomac the Jackson Democracy had but three papers of national repute—Mr. Blair's Washington *Globe,* Mr. Van Buren's organ, the Albany *Argus,* and Isaac Hill's New Hampshire *Patriot.* West of the mountains and

in the South, the preponderance may have been the other way; but, excepting two Richmond papers and Jackson's home organ at Nashville, none of them was of any considerable note. In the matter of pamphlets and printed speeches, the Bankites had even a greater excess of apparent strength.

In short, if the tendency of the canvass were to be judged from the literary viewpoint, the Clay ticket was as good as elected before General Jackson reached home. But that contest was not to be decided by printer's ink. Between 1824 and 1832, either by new constitutions or by amendments to old ones, a great mass of new voters had been enfranchised in several States, and some of these were—or had been—debatable. A great majority of these new voters were men who did not read newspapers much, or who, to say the least, were not very susceptible to editorial influence. They were mainly of that humble and hardworking class whom the Clay and Bank organs derisively dubbed "The Great Unwashed"; the *hoi polloi* of farm, forest and prairie, who cared to read little else than an electoral ticket and, as a rule, wanted that ticket to have the name of Jackson printed on it.

The General knew this fact. Messrs. Clay, Webster and Biddle seemed oblivious of it. The result was, that while General Jackson journeyed to his home in Tennessee and stayed there two months in blissful indifference to the clamor of the Northeast, his adversaries were writing congratulatory epistles to each other, speculating as to the extent of the electoral majority that would be returned for Clay and the Bank.

Before long the sporting fraternity began to share the

confidence proclaimed by the Bankites. We have already expressed a surmise that Isaac Hill, notwithstanding his Puritan ancestry and his residence in a staid State of steady habits like New Hampshire, had some "game blood" in his veins. Returning from his "missionary tour" in the West, we find him, on October 8th, writing to a friend * of gambling proclivities:

You need not let the Bank braggarts bully you. Take all you can get on New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio for Jackson. Don't bet on stated majorities, but just hang on to the general result. Of course I can't let it be known that I am on the turf myself; but C. F. [meaning Charles Fisk] of New York has some little things placed for me. B. [meaning Benton] and his friends out West are picking up all offers in that quarter. H. [meaning Mr. Van Buren's friend, Jesse Hoyt] is loaded to the muzzle on New York for Jackson and also for Marcy. I venture he has forty thousand up this minute.

You ask me how the O. M. [meaning the "Old Man," a name they had for Jackson in their private circles] feels about it. I'll tell you. I left him at Wheeling and the last words he said to me as I got off the boat were: "Isaac, it'll be a walk! If our fellers didn't raise a finger from now on, the thing would be done just as well. In fact, Isaac, it's done now!"

The O. M. makes some deep calculations and takes some long chances, but he isn't apt to come out on the under side. You may take a fiver with ciphers to it [meaning, probably, $500] even on each of New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, for my account and draw if you need the cash. I am figuring for myself on N. H.—through friends, of course. Don't be weak! Take everything in sight on the lines I have given you. The Bank's men are betting the Bank's money. *Verb. sap.*

Mackenzie, the compiler of John Van Buren's racy Correspondence, figures that Jesse Hoyt won $60,000

* Thomas Green, of Boston and New York.

on Jackson in 1832, and Tom Green—Hill's friend—about $50,000. How much of it may have found its way, circuitously, into the Puritanical pocket of Isaac Hill, we are not informed.

This letter gives more graphically than a set description could do the inside history of that campaign as viewed in the light of the confidence held by Jackson and his friends. Meantime the uproar continued—everywhere but at the Hermitage. There all was serene until about the 1st of October. Then the old warrior's repose was rudely broken, not by the crash of political battle, but by ill-omened mutterings and mumblings from the State of the Palmetto and John C. Calhoun.

When General Jackson left Washington, the 9th of August, he intended to stay in Tennessee until after the election. His return was hastened by the threatening aspect of affairs in South Carolina. One day—the 2d of October—a party of his old army friends rode out to the Hermitage. They were William Carroll, governor of Tennessee; John Coffee, surveyor-general of Alabama, and William O. Butler, then a leading lawyer of Kentucky, who was in Nashville on professional business in the United States district court sitting there. They were accompanied by David Buell, who was on his way to begin a survey for improvement of navigation in the Tennessee River.

They found the General much excited. He had just heard bad news from South Carolina—that the legislature of that State had passed a joint resolution calling and authorizing a State convention, to meet November 19th, for the purpose of considering a plan of resistance to the collection of customs under the act approved in

June, 1832, commonly known to legislative history as "the Clay Tariff." They were all a little surprised when he said, in his greeting: "Gentlemen, nothing could please me so much just at this moment as to see with me four of my old bull-tarriers of New Orleans!" Then, turning to Butler, he said: "William, I'm sorry that Adair is not here with you. Though he hasn't liked me very well of late years, I'm sure he would be with me in the crisis I fear is close at hand." *

Without waiting for inquiry, he told them that a special agent had just come from South Carolina with news that the whole State was in such a ferment as had never before been seen, about the new tariff, and that its people seemed almost unanimous for Nullification. He also said that he had two letters from Charleston—the authors of which he did not mention—informing him that the very best citizens of the State were ready to go to any extremes in resistance to the collection of the duties imposed by the new law. Having stated these facts, he pursued:

"Gentlemen, I never until now believed that Calhoun

* General Adair—a South Carolinian by birth—was a member of Congress from Kentucky at that time and chairman of the Military Committee of the House. He had supported Jackson as against Adams in 1828; but in 1832 he did not desire to oppose Clay. He therefore declined a renomination to Congress in 1832, giving as principal reasons his age—seventy-three years—and the fact that the Washington climate did not agree with him. When he reached Washington early in December, 1832, to attend the short session, Jackson, instead of inviting him to come to the White House, as Presidents usually do, called upon the veteran at his hotel and had a long talk with him about Calhoun and South Carolina. What passed between them was never known, but Jackson appeared satisfied with the interview. Soon afterward he remarked: "If there is any trouble down there [meaning in South Carolina] I'll have with me my old army of New Orleans—every man and every General!"—Reminiscence of Mr. Blair.

could poison the minds and pervert the souls of that gallant people. But now I see he has done it. *Of course I shall be re-elected!* It will be my duty, if God spares my life, to enforce the laws of the United States and *preserve our Federal Union as it is* until the 4th of March, 1837—more than four years hence. I may have to call on my old army of New Orleans to stand by me! They stood by me once when the country was in danger, and I know they will do it again!"

"But, General, do you really believe the situation can become so grave as that?" asked Governor Carroll.

"I hope not, but I fear it may."

"What, then, would be your course?"

"Suppress the rebellion, sir; root out the treason, sir, with ruthless hand! Assemble a force sufficient to crush any uprising at any point; assume, as constitutional commander-in-chief, the immediate command and take the field in person, sir! Hang every leader and every false counsellor of that infatuated people, sir, by martial law, irrespective of his name, or political or social position—*the higher the worse!* Sir, I shall not only crush them by land, but I will station the navy to prevent their escape!"

"But, General, some of the officers of the army and navy are of South Carolina. Such might refuse to operate against their own State——"

"Such, sir, if such there should be, I will hang with my own hands; without court-martial or benefit of clergy! Yes, sir; with my own hands, sir!"

Seeing that the old warrior was getting highly excited, General Coffee tried to divert his mind to other topics. But he would not be diverted, and he fiercely pursued:

"Nothing, gentlemen, could chagrin and pain me so much as to see that foolish people make Webster out a prophet! To see them make his words in the debate with Hayne come true! Of course, they are crazy—crazed by Calhoun! But it is a dangerous lunacy! No cure for it, I fear, but cold lead or hemp!"

At this, one of the party suggested that probably a firm front on the part of the Federal Government would overawe them, and if once they halted for second thought the crisis would resolve itself.

"God grant it! God knows, I hope so. But I fear that they will plunge ahead blindly. For my part, I declare that I will enforce the laws of the United States if I should have to depopulate the State of traitors and repeople it with a better and wiser race!"

With this, said the narrator, the old General cooled down a little and, with the aid of a timely mint-julep or two, resumed his wonted composure. But during the visit, which lasted most of the afternoon, he was ill at ease and gloomy.

These were indeed harsh, savage words. Spoken by the average man to four other average men, they might have been viewed as the vainglory of the swashbuckler. But, addressed by Andrew Jackson to four men who had stood behind that "low log breastwork," among that "backwoods rabble" that "laid low the Pride of England," they meant all that words could mean. When a man has done things, it is safe to assume that he will do them again. At any rate, it is never safe to take chances on the assumption that he will not do them again. Jackson had hanged men and he had shot men. So, when roused once more by a crisis, graver even than

any he had ever faced before, his talk of hanging more men was something to be viewed as seriously as anything can be.

It was not likely that the man who, when only a major-general, had executed eleven men by the rope or by musketry, and all on his own responsibility, would halt or hesitate in another emergency of duty when he had in his hands the tremendous power of the presidency, and re-elected, as he was a month later, by an electoral vote of 219 to 49—more than a four-fifths majority, and by a popular majority of most decisive figure. Bear in mind, too, that the emergency was not merely that of a rebellion against the laws he was sworn to enforce, but a rebellion fomented and led by a man he hated more than he did any other man then living—and he himself one of the bitterest haters that ever lived.

When due weight is accorded to all these facts, it would be a long stretch of charity to assume that Jackson's proposal to do some wholesale hanging in South Carolina, in certain contingencies then imminent, was in any sense Pickwickian or for dramatic effect. It is a mercy to American history that his ferocious spirit was not driven to the bitter end of making his grewsome words good. For, if he had been so driven, with one little State under his feet and the solid Union at his back, it were a foregone conclusion that he would have made the words "South Carolina" blots of horror upon the history of mankind.

It is worth while to note one sentence in this remarkable interview: *"Of course I shall be re-elected!"* The words were spoken Tuesday, the 2d of October, more than a month before the general election. They showed,

by their utter carelessness, the supreme, sublime confidence Jackson had in his own destiny when he was "in the hands of the people." The pending canvass did not trouble him. He seemed to ignore it altogether. The only thought that gave him concern was that "it would be his duty to enforce the laws of the United States until the 4th of March, 1837."

Leaving the Hermitage, October 6th, the President was in the White House, ready for business, on the 19th. They were beginning to annihilate space in those days. Thirteen days between Nashville and Washington without undue hurry was really rapid transit in the autumn of 1832.

Arrived at the Capital, he set himself singly at the task of heading off treason in South Carolina. He was impatient at the demands of any other executive duties. For the political campaign, then nearing its close, he seemed to care nothing. To him, its result was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Blair, who returned with him, relates that one day, about the end of October, he went to the White House to lay before him some important and gratifying private news of the campaign. He took the letters in his hand, glanced over them hastily, handed them back to Mr. Blair with a simple "Thank you, sir," and then began to talk about South Carolina. Not one word about the canvass. Not one thought of himself! Every thought of the duty before him!

"Never before," said Mr. Blair, "had I seen him so utterly absorbed in a single subject to the exclusion of all else. The lines of his face were hard drawn, his tones were full of wrath and resentment which he made no effort to suppress. Anyone would have thought he

was planning another great battle, with the enemy's outposts in plain sight."

At the time to which Mr. Blair refers here, the General had just received information that the date for the Nullification convention had been fixed for the 19th of November—only three weeks in the future. He at once sent confidential orders to the collector at Charleston for his guidance in case of an attempt to nullify the laws or resist the collection of duties, and ordered General Scott to the scene—not with express military intructions, but to act as adviser to the collector.

A little after this time, Samuel Dale, his old scout in the Creek war and Louisiana campaign, visited him at the White House. Dale had come from his plantation in Mississippi, passing through South Carolina en route. In his Memoir, Dale says that all the talk was about Nullification and Calhoun. Dale had never heard him speak so savagely of any man as he spoke of Calhoun. "I had no doubt," says Dale, "that he was prepared to hang Mr. Calhoun as summarily as he had hanged the prophet Francis or the chief Himollomico, on any decent pretext."

In another passage, Dale says: "The iron man trembled with emotion and covered his face with his hands while tears dropped upon his knees. I was deeply affected myself. He took two or three turns across the room and then abruptly said: "Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it. But, by the God of Heaven, I will uphold the laws!"

He then became calm and gave a homely illustration of the state of things by saying that "if such things were allowed to go on, the country would be like a bag of

meal with both ends open—no matter how you picked up the bag, by either end or by the middle, the meal would all run out!" He proposed, he said, to tie up the ends.

During his absorption in this subject he was taking a walk one morning and met little Francis P. Blair, Jr., then a lad of eleven years. Frank had a suspicious discoloration around one eye.

"Hello, Frank," exclaimed the President, "what's the matter with your eye?"

"Oh, nothing much, sir. Only just a little trouble I had yesterday, coming home from school!"

"Well, Frank, I'm having a little trouble too! But, as you can see, they haven't given me a black eye yet!" *

The election returns came in while the Nullification conclave was assembling and organizing. Blair and Kendall prepared a table showing the result as to the electoral vote—219 to 49—and took it over to the White House. Jackson surveyed it rather indifferently at first, but in a moment brightened up. "The best thing about this, gentlemen," he said, with great animation, "is that it strengthens my hands in this trouble!" Not another thought in his brain. A four-fifths majority in the Electoral College was valuable only as it gave new strength to his hands for dealing with Nullification and treason.

* Little Frank Blair was a great favorite with the President, and was to be found at the White House as often as at home. Twenty-nine years afterward, when as General Blair he was in command at St. Louis and resisting the efforts of Governor Claiborne F. Jackson to take Missouri out of the Union, he remembered the incidents of Nullification. "What a difference there is in Jacksons," he said one day, "and how quick the great one would string up the little one if he were in my place now! But I can't do it, for several reasons. The first reason is, I can't catch him. The others are not important."

But after all, it was that singleness of purpose, that concentration of a powerful will upon one great point to the exclusion of all else, that always made him the master and the commander he was.

"He offered no further comment on the result of the election," said Mr. Blair, "except to ask Kendall and me to draw up for him a close analysis of the popular vote by States and important localities as soon as we could get the necessary official data. 'It's the popular vote that's the thing of prime importance, gentlemen,' he said. 'I want to know just how the people stand! To them, not to the electors, I must look for support in this trouble.' Then he walked up and down the floor, actually wringing his hands and, talking as if to himself rather than to us, he exclaimed: 'Oh, poor South Carolina! Deluded people! And to think it is the State that raised me! Yes, my own native State!'"

The fact was that the popular majority in 1832 ran relatively far short of that in the Electoral College. Many of the States in the Jackson column had been carried for him by small majorities. Most of the few voting for Clay had gone for him overwhelmingly.*

Jackson had carried sixteen States. But in the most populous ones—as New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio—his popular majorities had been small by per-

* The actual popular majority for Jackson over all competitors—Clay, the regular nominee of the Opposition ; Floyd, for whom South Carolina cast her electoral vote ; and William Wirt, the "anti-Masonic" candidate who received the electoral vote of Vermont—was 167,000 in a total vote of 1,100,000 in round figures. Over Clay alone it was more than 200,000. Therefore, from the General's own point of view, the moral effect of his popular majority was less than that of the electoral. Despite the vast electoral majority and the decisive popular majority given for Jackson himself, and the fact that he had carried sixteen States out of twenty-four, the Senate still had a

centage of the total. Clay's six States all gave him large majorities except his own Kentucky, which Jackson had carried in 1828. South Carolina voted for neither Clay nor Jackson; but, as if to accentuate her contempt for the Union and all its belongings, she threw her electoral votes away on John Floyd and Henry Lee, who were never formally nominated.

We have neither space nor patience to discuss in these pages the doctrine of Nullification, either as theoretically expounded by Mr. Calhoun in his labored essays or as practically applied by his infatuated disciples. The final verdict upon that issue, and all others which sprang from it, was pronounced at Appomattox. We take it for granted that no man familiar with that great fact, certainly none who witnessed personally the delivery of the verdict itself, has patience to debate—even as matters of history—the theories which it relegated to the tomb of dead heresies; of heresies that perished, not amid the echoes of the forum, but in the carnage of the battle-field. A funeral sermon should never be preached more than once.

The history of what the Nullifiers actually did may be quite briefly recorded. Their convention met at Columbia, November 19, 1832. It appointed a general committee of twenty-one members which was author-

reliable preponderance in favor of the Bank. In the House, however, the tables had been turned. Benton's speeches, Hill's satires and the President's veto message had begun to tell on the people by the time the polls opened in 1832. The result was that the House of Representatives in the Twenty-third Congress for the first time in the struggle had an out-and-out, thick-and-thin Jackson majority and, on a full vote, stood about 130 for Jackson to 110 for the Bank on any policy the President might propose. This was a great gain in the personal sense; but legislatively it became powerless by reason of the attitude of the Senate.

ized to draw up an "ordinance" of Nullification. This was a long document. Stripped of surplusage, it asserted the right of the State to resist the collection of Federal taxes and the further right to withdraw from the Union if the Federal Government should use force to compel observance of its laws. (Clause V., Ordinance of Nullification.) And it designated the 1st day of February, 1833, as the date at which the State of South Carolina prohibited the further enforcement of Federal tariff laws within its territory. Senator Hayne was elected governor, and his first message scintillated with that exuberant rhetoric which afterward became a distinctive trait of political literature in the South, but which, however, was permanently discontinued about the 9th of April, 1865.

To the promulgation of this ordinance Jackson replied with a proclamation, dated December 11, 1832. There was a period in the history of this country when that proclamation should have been printed in every school-reader or handbook of American eloquence—North, South, East and West. And, though the express occasion for its wide dissemination for purely educational purposes is past, extracts from it might still be read or declaimed by rising generations with interest and profit as classic passages of pure American patriotism. Its general tenor by no means met the expectations of those who had heard General Jackson's expressions of a less public character on the same subject. It contained no threats, and even its admonitions were softened into entreaty. Yet there was all through it a distinct undertone of resolution unmistakable to those who knew the man. It really gained strength in substance from its mildness

of form. On the whole, it disappointed Calhoun and his immediate followers, who had hoped—as one of them frankly said—that Jackson would use language calculated to intensify rather than allay the feeling of the people in South Carolina. The North and West, without distinction of party, hailed it with enthusiasm. Almost the only man outside of Calhoun's cabal to decry or depreciate it was Clay.

"It is not Jackson," he said. "It is Van Buren and Livingston."

Then Clay added an epigram which one of Jackson's biographers repeats without quotation marks: "It is Federalism using the language of the Resolutions of '98; such a blending of creeds as Alexander Hamilton might have written for Patrick Henry!"

Mr. Clay, however, must be viewed charitably as he stood in December, 1832. He was still counting his 49 electoral votes out of 286 cast for all the candidates and was wondering what had happened. Had he been capable of an impartial judgment upon any Jacksonian thing at such a moment, he must have been more than human—certainly a great deal more than Henry Clay.

The proclamation was followed by a special message to Congress requesting more explicit provision of means for enforcing the laws. In this message, though it did not specify the cause for the request, was an admonition that made South Carolina pause—at least to draw one long breath. The pause continued. Congress passed a joint resolution providing the necessary means. Mr. Potter, alone of the South Carolina delegation, voted for it in the House. Mr. Clay voted for it in the Senate, but with the ungracious remark that, though justifiable,

it was not necessary; because, he said, existing laws would prove ample to meet any emergency that could arise—if calmly and prudently administered—and the effect of granting additional powers or means could be nothing more than congressional ratification of threats made elsewhere.

Howsoever tame or mild Jackson's official utterances may have been, his executive preparations were not quite so gentle. He arranged for express despatches from South Carolina to be sent, in case of outbreak, at a speed that would anticipate regular communication by two days. He had also provided, upon receipt of news of actual outbreak, for the instant arrest of Calhoun on the charge of treason. He was prepared to declare martial law in and about Charleston the moment a vessel and cargo of dutiable goods should be seized under authority of the Nullification ordinance. And upon the first overt act under its provisions he intended to outlaw every man who had voted for it or who took any part in its enforcement.

In some way knowledge of these preparations found its way to Calhoun. Governor Allen informed the author that there was a common belief that Jackson, if he did not actually aid in transmitting this knowledge to Calhoun and through him, of course, to South Carolina, certainly took no pains to prevent it. The 1st of February passed without trouble. Ships entered at the port of Charleston and duties were paid upon their cargoes the same as ever. The Nullifiers confined their zeal to loud talk—with one exception. They got up a subscription and had a medallion struck off with Calhoun's vignette on one side and the inscription, "First Presi-

dent of the Southern Confederacy," on the other. This movement was suppressed by Governor Hayne, and most of the medallions were destroyed. A few were secreted and saved—to bring high prices in 1861. Congress, after brief debate, passed a new tariff act, providing a "horizontal scale" of reduction of duties, calculated to reduce all rates to twenty per cent. ad valorem in ten years. The passage of this bill was effected by compromise in the Senate, arranged and engineered by John M. Clayton, of Delaware, and supported by Clay, Calhoun and Webster. During its discussion, says Benton, Mr. Clayton said to Mr. Clay, who had not yet wholly agreed to it: "These South Carolina people have acted very badly; but they are really good fellows, and it would be a pity to leave them for Jackson to shoot and hang—which he certainly will do if he gets among them!"

When the compromise bill was finally framed, Calhoun voted for it. That was the end of Nullification with merely the tariff as provocation. The next time it showed its hand, a far greater question was behind it —and an infinitely bigger fight ahead. Most of his real adherents thought the President ought to have vetoed this compromise bill. It was contrived by his enemies in both parties. It passed the Senate, March 2d, when only one whole legislative day of the session was left. It was then "railroaded"—to use a more modern term—through the House in three-quarters of an hour, without debate, and when not one-third of the members knew exactly what its provisions were. It was a clear case of "tub to the whale"; conceived and put through with the sole object of pacifying South Carolina, regardless of its effect upon the national revenues or industries.

As a sop to South Carolina, it was simply the dictate of cowardice, and nothing else. That State had defied the Union. This compromise bill begged her to be good, and gave her a reward for having been bad. It should have been entitled, "A Bill for Peace at Any Price." South Carolina should have been made to feel the power of the Union first. Then the tariff might have been revised afterward, if revision were necessary. The whole result was that, though the State accepted the morsel thrown to her, she did so with augmented contempt for the Union that threw it, and her contempt lived and thrived for infinitely vaster mischief later on.

Jackson signed the bill and thereby postponed civil war about twenty-eight years. At that moment the war would have been between the Union and one State. The postponement ended in a war between the Union and eleven States. However, the day after signing this bill General Jackson was inaugurated for his second term. He had made peace, but at a ruinous discount against the future.* Few pieces of legislation have embodied

* We by no means intend to argue that if the doctrine of Secession and Disunion, as it appeared in the guise of Nullification under Jackson, had been crushed, even as *he* was wont to crush the country's enemies, its subsequent reappearance as the "Slave-power" would have been prevented. Nor are we quite sure that even a Jackson, had one stood in Buchanan's shoes a quarter of a century later, could have breasted the tide of treason in his own Cabinet and almost in his own household that engulfed the weaker man. Yet it is difficult to imagine a more interesting subject of mere speculation, as such, than that of conjecture as to what Andrew Jackson would have done or tried to do with Floyd and Toombs and their coparceners in such a conspiracy as that which racked and tore the feeble and flaccid administration of Buchanan in its last sad days. As we have already intimated, Jackson in 1830–'32 had but one rebellious State to deal with. Buchanan was confronted by the revolt of eleven States. The relative conditions were so radically different in all external and in many internal aspects that there seems to be no common plane of comparison or contrast. Yet it is con-

so many diverse elements and interests in compromise as this tariff. It passed the Senate only by the united influence of Calhoun and Clay, who agreed in nothing but hatred of Jackson. In the House it owed its passage to the parliamentary skill and finesse of John Quincy Adams. Every thick-and-thin Jackson man in the Senate and in the House voted against it. The only Jackson man who had anything to do with its enactment into law was the President himself. He did not himself believe it to be a wise measure. Its spirit was contrary to every recommendation he had made on the subject in four annual messages. His approval of it can be explained only upon the ground that the abstention of South Carolina from violence had both surprised and pleased him, and he was now as merciful as he had at first been resentful.

By no means the least important act of General Jackson's first administration was his founding of the Washington *Globe,* an event which, for a quarter of a century,

ceivable that, had Jackson actually handled South Carolina as he was unquestionably resolved to handle her had she forced the issue on February 1, 1833, as her convention and its ordinance committee threatened to do, the result must have been an object-lesson which might have caused even such desperate men as Floyd and Toombs to halt or even so gelatinous a man as Buchanan to imagine for a moment that he had a back bone. The real trouble was that when South Carolina in 1860–'61 led off in the movement that only an Appomattox could stop, and led her sister States into a war which could end only by "making a desert and calling it peace," as Tacitus says, she was emboldened by exultant reminiscence of having bullied a Union with Jackson at its head. What her behavior might have been had she been compelled to remember such a punishment as Jackson certainly intended to visit upon her, but for the pusillanimous compromise of Clayton, Calhoun and Clay, is yet and doubtless always will remain an interesting theme of historical hypothesis. As one who, in humblest rank, helped to "make the desert" that "they called peace" at last, the Author believes that the event would have been the same in any case.

profoundly impressed the political history of the nation. The greatest service of the *Globe* to the nation and to human progress at large was that, between 1830 and 1845, its influence laid broad and deep the foundations of that Union Democracy which, when its weight was finally thrown into the scale as between the new Republican party of the North and the old slave-holding and State-rights Democracy of the South, prevented disunion.

When General Jackson came to Washington to be inaugurated President in 1829, he accepted as the "organ" of his administration the *United States Telegraph,* whose editor, General Duff Green, was a friend of Monroe and an ardent admirer of Calhoun. Upon the estrangement of Jackson and Calhoun, in 1830, the *Telegraph* followed the fortunes of the latter, leaving the administration "organless" at the national Capital; an intolerable situation in those days. Just at that critical moment, General Jackson's attention was attracted to the writings of Francis P. Blair, then a lawyer in Kentucky and a frequent contributor to the press of that region. He asked Amos Kendall—also a Kentuckian—about Mr. Blair, and the answer was so favorable that he requested Mr. Kendall to sound his friend on the subject of establishing an administration paper at Washington.

At that time Mr. Blair held the position of clerk of the circuit court of Kentucky, and was president of the Commonwealth Bank, a State corporation. He also owned a farm near Frankfort. But he had recently undergone some financial reverses and had paid his debts at considerable sacrifice of property. He had, however,

a little available capital left, and as his character made his credit almost limitless among those who knew him best, he decided to embrace the opportunity. He resigned his positions in Kentucky, went to Washington, and soon organized a first-class newspaper, to which he gave the name of the *Globe*. He was at this time (1830) thirty-nine years old, of medium height, slender build, and most unassuming manner. An early portrait exhibits a refined, intellectual face, suggesting the character of the student rather than the practical politician; the lover of books and *belles-lettres* rather than the polemic journalist. He was without editorial experience, his previous connection with journalism having been that of a contributor mainly to the columns of the Kentucky *Argus,* a paper published at the State capital, Frankfort. But he was born to the tripod and, though not entering regular journalism until his fortieth year, he soon made up for lost time. He had the good fortune to secure in Mr. John C. Rives a partner who combined editorial ability with consummate business capacity in newspaper management.

The friendship of the administration brought to the new venture a good share of the public advertising, then indispensable to newspaper success in Washington. Mr. Blair was opposed to the United States Bank, to Mr. Adams, to Mr. Clay, to Mr. Calhoun and to Nullification. He was in favor of a strong, indissoluble Federal Union, of the Constitution and of General Jackson. Before the *Globe* had been in existence a year its reputation was national and its influence equal to, if not greater than, that of any other journal in the United States. It was conducted editorially with remarkable force, its style was

dignified without being turgid, and elegant without being stilted or pompous. It possessed to a degree hitherto unknown in American journalism the merit of equal adaptability to the reading-rooms of mansions and to the firesides of log-cabins. It was as popular on the remotest frontier as in the busiest metropolis, and the scholar and the pioneer could alike find equal resources of pleasure and profit in its broad columns.

General Jackson always had a warm side for men who could write vigorously and who wrote fearlessly. He liked Mr. Blair from the first and on a month's personal acquaintance, though they had never met before, a friendship of unusual confidence and cordiality sprang up between them which never wavered for an instant while they both lived. But it was not alone as an editor and public writer that Mr. Blair was serviceable to General Jackson, nor alone as President that his friendship was valuable to Mr. Blair. Had the two men been simply neighbors in private life, their relations with each other would have been equally confidential and their mutual esteem equally warm. They relied upon each other in all the concerns of life. When anyone asked the General a question he could not readily answer, he would say: "Go and ask Frank Blair. He knows everything worth knowing."

On broad questions of political policy at home or international relations abroad; on estimates of personal character and weight in deciding between rival aspirants for appointment, and from that to purely private affairs, there was no other man in Washington or elsewhere whom the General consulted so often or whose counsel he adopted so confidently as Francis P. Blair.

History, as thus far written, seems to have adopted as fixed truths a greater number of campaign epigrams and epithets with regard to General Jackson than to any other man of equal eminence that ever lived. "The Kitchen Cabinet" is a case in point. The reader of conventional biographies of the General could not help believing that his official Cabinet was a wholly superfluous organization, which existing law forced him to provide, but which he otherwise ignored or held in contempt; while, on the other hand, he called about him a few personal cronies or kindred spirits, created them into a "Kitchen Cabinet," and, with their assistance, conducted the business of his great office in his own way and theirs.

The real truth is that General Jackson had no more of that kind of "cabinet" than every President has. He was no more under the influence of personal or unofficial friends than Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland or McKinley in later days; or than John Adams, Jefferson, Madison or Monroe before him. We omit Washington from this list notwithstanding his noted partiality for the counsels of personal friends so well known that they need not be named; also John Quincy Adams, because, of all our Presidents, he was the least accessible to the public, the strictest in his subdivision of executive powers and responsibilities among his constitutional advisers, and the most self-centred in considering and determining upon those affairs properly belonging to the province of the President at large. These observations must not be understood as implying criticism. Far from it.

A marked peculiarity of General Jackson's so-called "Kitchen Cabinet" is the fact that no two of his biog-

raphers seem to agree as to its *personnel.* The same is true of those who have written about him and his times as part of general history. Exhaustive examination of these works will reveal a total of twenty or more persons, many of them somewhat obscure, figuring according to the fancy of the biographer or historian from time to time as members of that apocryphal conclave. As a rule, however, they are nearly unanimous in the inclusion of Mr. Blair. As for the other "members," the comprehensive reader finds a somewhat embarrassing wealth of choice between Benton, Eaton, Lewis, Hill, Kendall, Polk, Allen, Donelson, Woodbury, Marcy, Buchanan, Hannegan, Forsyth, White, Webb, Henry Lee, Houston, Duff Green, Trist, *et al.;* not to speak of those members of the real Cabinet credited with possession of latch-keys to the kitchen-door, such as Van Buren, Livingston, Cass, Taney and Duane.

Here are twenty-five names. From these each biographer or historian seems inclined to select a "block of five," or thereabouts. No great mathematical acumen is required to perceive that the number of practicable combinations in "blocks of five" out of a total of twenty-five is prodigious. The fact is that almost any five will meet the conditions, provided always that it includes the name of Francis P. Blair at any time after the spring of 1830.

To this cursory review it seems necessary to add only that long after General Jackson had passed away, another and greater President, also of the plain people, and in a crisis far more grave and distressing than any that ever confronted Andrew Jackson, was glad to summon to his aid the almost miraculous knowledge of men

and of affairs possessed by the then venerable Francis P. Blair; and that, in his riper years, the veteran of Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet" cut a far more conspicuous figure and rendered service to the Union of infinitely more comprehensive and enduring value, in the "Kitchen Cabinet" of Abraham Lincoln, than in that of Andrew Jackson.

CHAPTER XI

WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES BANK

JACKSON'S second term opened under a cloudless political sky and amid almost unanimous popular acclamations. The resolute stand he had taken for the Union won for him the sincere and grateful applause of people who had never before regarded him with any feeling but aversion or apprehension. The stiff-necked old Puritan Federalists of New England, and their hardly less stubborn descendants in New York and Ohio, learned with mingled astonishment and joy that Jackson had at last used his marvellous personal force and prestige in a cause so good that it brought John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster to his enthusiastic support. This, they said among themselves, if not the millennium itself, is certainly a foretaste of what that blessed day will be when it does come. Newspapers which, but a few months ago, were filled with schedules of "Jackson's murders," now expanded their columns with praise for the Stalwart Defender of the Constitution and "Our Federal Union." They forgot what he had written to Monroe about the Hartford convention of 1814 in their rapt contemplation of his manifesto to the Columbia convention of 1833. The fact that a great many of them by this time devoutly wished to forget the Hartford convention itself, doubtless lent zeal to their approval of Jackson's attitude toward that of Columbia. And

something that touched them more tenderly than all else was the story that came from the Capital of personal rapprochement between their own great expounder of the Constitution, Webster, and the terrible Jackson—the man of "blood and iron," of pistols and muskets and rifles and ropes erstwhile—now suddenly emerged into the sunlight of the true faith as its bulwark against the wave of disunion.

"Nothing lacks now to complete the love-feast," wrote Isaac Hill to Benton, sardonically, during the famous visit of the President to Boston, "but for Jackson and Webster to solemnize the coalition with a few mint-juleps! I think I could arrange it, if assured of the co-operation of yourself and Blair on our side, and Jerry Mason and Nick Biddle on theirs. But never fear, my friend. This mixing of oil and water is only the temporary shake-up of Nullification. Wait till Jackson gets at the Bank again and then the scalping-knives will glisten once more."

Hill was wise in his day and generation. It was a fact that, when Webster in the Senate and ex-President Adams in the House were supporting and carrying Jackson's request for "more authority to enforce the laws of the United States," the General sent his compliments across Lafayette Square to Webster's house, and with them his closed carriage to convey the Senator through a blinding snowstorm to the Capitol. But it was all over soon. During the subsequent agitation on the removal of the deposits, the Jacksonian closed carriage was not seen conveying Senator Webster to the Capitol —or anywhere else—snowstorm or sunshine.

It must, however, be said that there was never any

personal ill-feeling between General Jackson and Mr. Webster. He knew that in his correspondence with friends while hot campaigns were going on, Webster had said some harsh things about him; but of these the worst were quotations from Jefferson or Calhoun, and he did not deny that a political opponent had a right to repeat what members of his own party said about him, even though it might be personal. But in any event, he knew that Webster had not only kept aloof from the calumnies heaped upon him by others, but also that the great Senator had more than once used his influence to check that mode of warfare. More than that, he had been informed of occasions when Webster strongly denounced the Whig practice of dragging Mrs. Jackson's name into partisan warfare, and this had touched the tenderest chord in his nature.

Finally, when the Senator came to his support with all the tremendous power he possessed on the Nullification issue, called him the "Defender of the Constitution of our country in 1833 as he had been the defender of her soil in 1815"; and when, in the debate upon the special message of January 16th asking for more complete authority, etc., Webster had said that "no measure to strengthen the hands of a brave President for a patriotic duty could ever fail to find his voice and vote in its favor," Jackson's measure of admiration overflowed, and thenceforth no one could induce him to listen to a syllable against the author of such utterances.

With Clay and Calhoun he was not on speaking terms, and toward one, if not toward both of them, he cherished animosities which, in his code, were better expressed by gunpowder than by language. Toward Mr. Adams he

still entertained some—though not all—of the feeling that prompted him to decline the usual courtesies between Presidents on the occasion of the inauguration in 1829. But there had been no individual reconciliation, or thought of one, on either side. Whenever, in walks about the city, General Jackson and Mr. Adams happened to meet, there was simply a polite, though frigid, sign of mutual recognition, but no words of greeting. But with Mr. Webster there were different relations. Whenever the greatest American soldier and the greatest American Senator chanced to meet, whether on social occasions or in the street, there was always a hearty salutation, a cordial shake of the hand, and a pleasant interchange of "the time o' day."

The opinions they held of each other may best be told in their own words: In 1837, shortly after General Jackson retired from the presidency, Thurlow Weed, happening to meet Mr. Webster in New York, asked him in the course of conversation, what was his general estimate of Jackson; his summary of Jackson's character, judged by his career. Mr. Webster replied: "General Jackson is an honest and an upright man. He does what he thinks is right, and does it with all his might. He has a violent temper, which leads him often to hasty conclusions. It also causes him to view as personal to himself the public acts of other men. For this reason, there is great difference between Jackson angry and Jackson in good humor. When he is calm, his judgment is good; when angry, it is usually bad. I will illustrate, Mr. Weed, by quoting Jackson himself: On a certain occasion he advised a young friend of his to 'take all the time for thinking that circumstances would permit;

but, when the time for action came, to stop thinking!' Now, my observation of him leads me to believe that he 'stops thinking,' as a rule, a little too soon and is apt to decide prematurely that 'the time for action' has come. These traits have led him into most of his errors in public life. His patriotism is no more to be questioned than that of Washington. He is the greatest general we have and, except Washington, the greatest we ever had." *

This is a view of General Jackson which no sensible admirer, or even ardent follower, of him will try to gainsay. The above does not embody all that Mr. Weed related of the conversation, but it is enough to exhibit the judicial calmness of Mr. Webster in his estimates of men.

Jackson's estimate of Webster was no less characteristic. In the height of the Bank war, when Mr. Webster was, perhaps, the most potent, if not most vehement, champion of that institution, the editor of a Jackson organ—not Mr. Blair—informed the General that proof could be obtained, showing conclusively that the Bank had bribed, and was constantly bribing, the great Senator.

"I don't believe it," said Jackson, with emphasis; "not a word of it, sir! But what is the nature of the information that you call proof?"

The editor then explained that not only the parent Bank in Philadelphia, but the branches in Washington, Boston and Portsmouth had standing orders to cash Mr. Webster's checks, whether he had any balance or not. Also that William W. Corcoran, who had charge of the Bank's real estate interests, always appeared as endorser

* Reminiscence by Thurlow Weed to the Author, 1876.

on Mr. Webster's notes negotiated at the Bank. General Jackson listened intently to the charge and also to the details offered by the editor to back it up. At the end he said:

"Well, sir, I admit that what you have shown me would be evidence against some men, but not against Mr. Webster. I have overdrawn my account a good many times. The fact that a man has that much credit at a bank of any kind is a compliment to his integrity. As for supporting the United States Bank, Mr. Webster does so because he believes in it and because the party to which he belongs believes in it and sends him here to defend it. He would support the Bank anyhow, whether he borrowed money of it or not. Mr. Webster may be mistaken. I think he is. But he is not dishonest, and nobody can make me believe that he is."

The General further declared that he did not believe the private business affairs of any man ought to be brought into political discussion unless they were of a criminal nature or exhibited a general lack of integrity, unfitting him for public trust; also that Mr. Webster, though his opponent, was not his enemy; and, while he did not pretend to control the utterances of papers that supported him, he could not consider an unfair or unwarranted attack upon any man as legitimate party warfare, whether its object were friendly to himself or hostile.

On another occasion, while the debate between Webster and Hayne was in progress, one of the General's intimate friends came to him from the Capitol and informed him that he had just been listening to Webster for about two hours.

"What is he doing with Hayne?" inquired Jackson.

"Getting the best of him, I fear, General."

"I expected that. Hayne is no match for Webster on that kind of a question; and besides, he is on the wrong side!"

Of course, Jackson knew that the doctrines of Hayne could lead nowhere but to Nullification, and on that issue he and Webster were agreed. Whether he would have taken a similar view of the great Senator's power in support of anything that he opposed is another question. But it is at least a refreshing oasis in that wild waste of crimination and recrimination to know that two such colossal public adversaries as Jackson and Webster were could maintain friendly relations and hold respectful opinions of each other in private capacity. We are aware that the foregoing does not accord with a prevalent impression as to the personal relations that existed between General Jackson and Senator Webster, but it is true.

Another anecdote is apropos here, though out of the chronological order. When Congress adjourned in the summer of 1834, William Allen, then the youngest member of the House, and already a leader, accompanied President Jackson home to the Hermitage. Mr. Webster had become a candidate for the Whig nomination to the presidency then, and naturally his name came up for discussion at the dinner-table. Mr. Allen expressed the opinion that the appearance of Webster in the field must destroy any chance that Clay might have had.

"Oh, no, William, not that," said Jackson. "Clay didn't need Webster in the field to end his chances. He has never had any since the votes were counted in

1832. As for Mr. Webster, he would make a better President than any other Whig I know of, but he has no chance, either."

"Why not, General?"

"Because he is too far East, knows too much, and is too honest!"

"But, General, if not Clay in the West or Webster in the East, who, in your judgment, is the probable Whig candidate?"

"Harrison."

"Harrison? Why, I haven't heard of that, and I live in Ohio, too, and think I keep my eyes and ears open. Why do you say Harrison?"

"Because the Whigs have got to take up a soldier. They have tried orators enough. Harrison is the only soldier they have who has ever fought a real battle or won a real victory. Then he is a man whom Clay can use. The old saying is, 'Clay in the hands of the potter.' But Harrison would be potter in the hands of Clay. However, it won't make any difference. My successor will be a Democrat. But Harrison will run against him. Clay can't get the nomination himself, but he can keep Webster from getting it and can name the man. He can't use Webster and he can, as I have said, use Harrison. To me, the whole game is plain as checkers."

"What do you think about Harrison's strength, General?"

"As I said, my successor will be a Democrat. But if the Eastern Whigs will unite with the Western ones on Harrison, he will be stronger than any other man they have, simply because he has been a soldier and has won a victory or two. Still, he cannot win. But if they will

unite on him, he will come nearer winning than Clay did two years ago." *

General Jackson in 1834 clearly outlined the Whig programme for 1836, and also the result. It was evident that he kept close watch upon the progress of events and the personalities not only of men in his own party, but of those in the opposition also. And his sagacity in either direction was equally apparent. Of course, we must in common courtesy credit him with sincerity in his customary declaration that he was "no politician"; but that admission, when we survey his prescience as to the practical operation of party logic in his times, must presuppose an entire failure properly to estimate himself. The more tenable solution of the apparent discrepancy is that the General's oft-iterated claim of innocence in the art political was one of his frequent attempts at humor.

During June, 1833, the President, with Vice-President Van Buren, General Cass, Mr. Woodbury and several members of his official household, made a tour through the Northeastern States. He had not before visited New England and knew very little about that region or its people except as he saw their representatives at the national Capital. New York he knew pretty well, and his acquaintance with Pennsylvania was thorough. But New England, until the spring of 1833, had been to him terra incognita. A favorite boast with him was that his foot "had never pressed foreign soil"; that, "born and raised in the United States, he had never been out of the country." It is recorded that he one

* Reminiscence of Governor Allen, in 1875.

day made this exultant observation in the presence of Mrs. Eaton, whose Irish wit prompted her to inquire: "But how about Florida, General?"

"That's so. I did go to Florida when it was a foreign country; but I had quite forgotten that fact when I made the remark."

"I expect, General, you forgot that Florida was foreign when you made the trip!"

The General was put hors de combat for a moment, but soon rallied. "Yes, yes, maybe so. Some weak-kneed people in our own country seemed to think so."

"Oh, well, General, never mind. Florida didn't stay foreign long after you had been there!"

This was one of his favorite anecdotes for the rest of his life. Whenever he related it, he would add: "Smartest little woman in America, sir; by all odds, the smartest!"

At the time under consideration, it might almost have been said that Jackson viewed New England as being, if not altogether "foreign," at least quite un-American. "I reckon they won't mob me in Boston, Isaac," he re-remarked to Senator Hill, of New Hampshire, as the party approached the Cradle of Liberty.

"I'm afraid they will mob you, General," replied Isaac meekly. "But it won't be a circumstance to the trouble you'll get into when we reach New Hampshire!"

They did "mob him" in Boston. Edward Everett said that only two other men had been received in Boston as General Jackson was. They were Washington and Lafayette. Among the minor hospitalities were the freedom of the city, an entire floor of the principal hotel for the accommodation of himself and his friends, the

governor's coach-and-four was placed at his service, and numerous other offerings for his comfort too numerous to mention. The General particularly observed the polite consideration of the throngs who called upon him. "They do not crush me against the wall," he said, "like those folks in New York. They behave like sensible people—as if they had seen presidents before."

This opportunity could not escape the satire of Isaac Hill. Democrat as he himself was, he couldn't help suggesting in a sly way: "Well, General, you see there are more Democrats in New York than here." Whether Jackson quite caught Hill's humor is not of record. Hill, who still had a good deal of the Puritan in him, never liked the pushing, rushing and grasping way the New York Democrats had.

But the crowning glory was the trip to Cambridge. There the General surveyed with rapt interest the site of the camp where Washington's army assembled in 1775. Standing on the spot where the old head-quarters flagstaff stood, he took off his hat, raised his right hand, and said: "Let us be reverent here. This is the spot where our people first gathered in full force under a great commander to defend their rights. Let us in silence raise our right hands to the memory of Washington and his Patriot army, with the single thought that our right hands shall ever keep the liberty theirs gained!"

"Few eyes were dry," said John Quincy Adams, commenting afterward on this scene. What a pity it was that Mr. Adams should have chosen to be a quiet and, to the guest of honor, an unnoticed spectator of an event like that. Jackson did not even know he was there.

Then came the climax: conferment of the degree of Doctor of Laws by Harvard College. Francis Bowen, leader of the Class of 1833, on behalf of the college boys, pronounced a salutatory in Latin. In the exordium he said: "Harvard welcomes Jackson the President. She embraces Jackson the Patriot." Wild applause greeted this phrase; cheers from the people; college yells from "the boys." The General turned to Levi Woodbury and asked him to translate it. "You're a college man, Woodbury," he said. "My Latin is a little rusty. All I can make out is something about patriots."

Mr. Woodbury, who was a graduate of Dartmouth and a thorough classical scholar, gave him an accurate translation of Bowen's phrase. "A splendid compliment, sir, a splendid compliment," said Jackson. "But why talk about so live a thing as patriotism in a dead language?"

After the ceremony, the undergraduates were all introduced to the President. As each one took the distinguished guest's hand, he addressed him by his new title, "Doctor Jackson," to the infinite edification and amusement of the grizzly old warrior. He then made a brief address of thanks and farewell. The only part of it preserved is that noted down by Mr. Woodbury: "I shall have to speak in English, not being able to return your compliment in what appears to be the language of Harvard. All the Latin I know is *E pluribus unum!*" "At which," says Mr. Woodbury, "there was even louder and longer applause than that which greeted Mr. Bowen's happy phrase; but this was probably because the people could understand General Jackson's Latin better than they could Mr. Bowen's."

Whether or not the people of Boston "mobbed" General Jackson, he was taken quite ill on the day of his intended departure and was confined to bed. His trouble was the hemorrhage that had so often prostrated him before, but this attack was more serious and stubborn than any previous one. He attributed it to the strain he had undergone during the demonstration in New York. That affair included the usual triumphal procession up Broadway from the Battery to Union Square. It had been arranged that the President and Vice-President should lead the procession in an open carriage. He objected to this and told Colonel Waddell, master of ceremonies, that he wished to go on horseback—"and I want a horse," he added, "that it takes a man to ride."

They gave him a magnificent animal, which proved to be rather intractable. The General had a good deal of trouble to keep him off the sidewalks and, as he himself said, "out of the houses." The bit was too mild for such a charger, and the General had no spurs. The result was a severe strain upon his arms and the muscles of the shoulders and chest, which at once caused soreness in the region of the lungs. This got worse on the journey to Boston and culminated in the illness.

His last public function at Boston was a visit to Bunker Hill. "It was a good deal like New Orleans," he said, "only not quite so much of it. But it had the advantage over New Orleans of being the first fight for our Independence, while New Orleans came in at the tail-end of the last."

From Boston the presidential party went to Concord, New Hampshire, the principal object of that part of the

journey being, as General Jackson privately informed Mr. Woodbury, "to see if Ike Hill behaved any better at home than he did in Washington."

The terminus of the trip as planned was to be Portland, Maine; and the General was very desirous of visiting that State, whose unexpected electoral vote for him the year before had been a source of extraordinary gratification. But after passing three days at Concord, he became apprehensive of another attack and returned thence direct to the national Capital. The most noteworthy remark he made while in New Hampshire, as preserved by Mr. Hill, was in his response to the committee who received him at the State Capitol. "It gives me great pleasure," he said, "to visit the State and greet the fellow-citizens of John and Molly Stark." Then he told them that he had the pleasure of being with President Monroe at the White House when he signed the special act of Congress granting a pension of $60 a month to General Stark. "I was major-general commanding the southern division then," he said, "and called on the President to talk over the Indian troubles which led to what some people call my unauthorized invasion of Florida the next year. [Prolonged applause.] While we were talking, Mr. Gouverneur [Monroe's private secretary] brought in some enrolled bills, and the one to pension General Stark was the first in the packet. The President looked at it, handed it to me, and asked, with a twinkle in his eye: 'Do you recommend the approval of this bill, General? I mean, not in your present capacity as major-general, but as a Revolutionary soldier and comrade of General Stark.' I assured him I did—in both capacities—and he at once signed the bill." [Tremendous applause.]

At that time (1833) quite a number of Revolutionary veterans were still living in the Granite State. Isaac Hill's instinct for the dramatic impelled him, at no little expense, to have as many of them as were able to travel brought to Concord from the neighboring towns, "to meet their old comrade," as he expressed it. A special reception for them was arranged at his own house, his venerable uncle, Abram Hill, being present—a veteran of Bunker Hill, Bennington, Saratoga, and many other hard-fought fields. The whole affair had been privately arranged, and was a "surprise party." The youngest of these New England veterans was over seventy years of age. The oldest one able to be present was "Uncle Jonathan Wells," of Amoskeag, eighty-nine years old, but still hearty. He had served in the navy of the Revolution, and was with Paul Jones in the Ranger and the Richard. When introduced to the General, the old salt looked him over critically and finally observed: "Gin'ral, you remind me a good deal of the Old Commodore [meaning, of course, Jones] except you're some bigger'n he was; and from what I've heard and read about you, you are a good deal like him too—in particular about the English! And I want to tell you, Gin'ral, that you and him give them English the two d——dest lickings they ever got!"

The General's eyes were full of tears. "Gentlemen," he said, as soon as he could find voice, "that is the most flattering compliment ever paid me, and I've enjoyed a good many!" He then declared that he could not sufficiently control his feelings to attempt a speech to them. But he had each of them run his finger along a furrow on the left side of his head, concealed by his

thick hair. "That is my certificate of service in the Revolution," he said. "That scar is proof that I refused to black a British officer's boots when I was a prisoner of war!"

General Jackson then mustered the veterans and ascertained from each his age. He found that the youngest of them was a man named Abel Chandler, seventy-three years old. His own age was sixty-six, he being in his sixty-seventh year. He therefore claimed the distinction of being the youngest Revolutionary veteran then in the State, which they all admitted.

On his return to Washington he passed through Lowell. There a man approached him and said: "General, I was with you at New Orleans."

"You must be a Kentuckian, then," he replied, "because I knew personally every man there from Tennessee."

"No, sir; I was born in Ireland, and my parents brought me over when I was four years old."

"I came very near being born in Ireland, myself. But what command were you in at New Orleans?"

"I was a regular, sir, in Humphrey's battery."

"Oh, indeed! A great battery, my good friend; and a most excellent commander. Give me your hand again, sir. I certainly am very glad to see you. What are you doing now, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"I am a stage-driver, sir."

"Ah! Still serving the public, I see. Good soldiers make good stage-drivers. The same qualities required in both: cool head, quick eye, strong and steady hand! The same qualities, sir! A stage-driver is a most important person, my friend. The lives and limbs of peo-

ple are constantly in his keeping. I am sure you are as good a protector of your passengers now as you were of our country at New Orleans!"

The General then took from his pocket a brand-new eagle — ten-dollar gold-piece — of that year, 1833. "Please accept this, sir, as a token of my friendship for you. Keep it. So long as you keep it, you will have something laid by for a rainy day. It's a good thing, to have a little something laid by!"

From all these incidents, not in themselves of great importance, the inference is clear that General Jackson did not lack the happy faculty of saying the right thing in the right place, notwithstanding his propensity at times, as we have frequently remarked, to do the right thing the wrong way. Few masters of the art of "reception oratory" could have contrived sentiments on the spur of the moment more opportune to the time and place than the little speeches of his New England tour just recorded. He may have thought them out beforehand. Most men who gain great reputations for impromptu speaking carefully "premeditate their impromptus," as Artemus Ward said. But they were all good, all true and all timely. None of them exhibit Jackson in the character conventionally attributed to him: a character of stiffness, solemnity and distance. On the other hand, they all bespeak a keen camaraderie, ready wit, and most democratic adaptability. His acknowledgment of the great compliment paid him by the venerable Mr. Wells was heartfelt. He was intensely flattered by having his name linked in that way with Paul Jones. He spoke of it afterward to Mr. Hill, Mr. Blair, and others. To Mr. Blair he declared that "the whole corporation

of admirals in naval history, sir, were not equal to Paul Jones! They surrendered when their ships began to sink. But he just began to fight, sir, at that moment! I have read Colonel Sherburne's book about him, with his own letters. [Published in 1825.] The English called him a pirate. I venture to say that they have held opinions of me at times not much different. He was the Washington of our navy; Father of his Country on the sea!"

Apprehension of further ill-health may have been the cause of General Jackson's sudden return to Washington. But upon his arrival there he was well enough to resume his warfare upon the United States Bank. In fact, he sounded the first note of renewed hostilities while in Boston, whence, on June 26th, he wrote a letter to Secretary Duane, unfolding a scheme for selecting State banks to be depositories of the government moneys which he had determined to withdraw from the institution of Mr. Biddle. The primary feature of this scheme was as follows, in his own words:

"1. That one bank be selected in Baltimore, one in Philadelphia, two in New York and one in Boston, with a right on the part of the government to add one in Savannah, one in Charleston, one in the State of Alabama, one in New Orleans and one in Norfolk . . . to receive the deposits in those places, and be responsible to the government for the whole public deposits of the United States."

The second clause provided that the "primary banks," as those described in the first clause were called, might select "secondary depositories"—that is, other banks—

to receive public deposits, subject to the absolute will of the Secretary of the Treasury. Other clauses provided for a system of Federal supervision over the books and general accounts of each depository, involving an espionage to which a bank of established business and responsible character would not be likely to submit. Finally, the letter recommended Amos Kendall as a person qualified to conduct the necessary negotiations with the several banks contemplated.

When the words "withdrawal of public deposits from the United States Bank" are used, it must not be supposed that an immediate removal of moneys then on deposit there was contemplated. The proposition was to leave the sum already deposited and check against it from time to time to meet the public needs until it was exhausted, but to cease making deposits on and after a date to be specified. The amount of Federal deposits then in the United States Bank and its branches was between nine and ten millions of dollars. This arrangement, General Jackson thought, would give the Bank ample time to adjust its loans, curtail its accommodations and prepare for a wind-up without serious embarrassment on the expiration of its charter, March 4, 1836. The General then—not in the Boston letter, but in subsequent communications—proposed that if the State bank plan should not prove practicable, a national bank, under direct control of the Federal executive, might be created by Congress to operate on a system which, as nearly as his idea can be made out at this interval of time, would have been similar to the present scheme of greenback currency based on specie held in the Treasury and sub-treasuries.

But the whole project was new and indefinite and its description was crudely expressed. Whoever may have been his advisers as to a financial policy, it is clear that none of them was capable of reducing a fiscal project to tangible form in legislative phraseology. But one fact was made perfectly clear: that the President was determined to cease depositing Federal moneys in the United States—or "Mr. Biddle's"—Bank, and to draw out the amount already there as soon as it could be done without causing unnecessary distress.

At this point it becomes necessary to say that there is no chapter in the history of any great American—not even any other chapter in that of Andrew Jackson himself—in which the task of separating the real truth from partisan falsehood, the genuine facts from campaign lies, has been so difficult as in Jackson's war against the Bank. There has never been a time from that day to this when two complete, circumstantial and apparently well-authenticated versions of it could not be prepared, each diametrically opposed to the other in letter, aim and spirit.

Yet we believe that the real truth may some time be learned and told. We shall make no pretensions to the function of arbitrator. It would be absurd for a man whose grandfathers both voted for Jackson whenever they had the chance to assume such a function. But we think that out from under all the interminable rubbish piled up in speeches, congressional and otherwise, pamphlets, old newspaper files and reports of investigations, at least two great enduring facts may be exhumed: First, that the Bank, in its best days, subserved a useful purpose and, whether "constitutional" or not, was a pub-

lic benefactor in the fiscal infancy of the country. Second, that Jackson, conscientiously and on fundamental principle, believed it was wrong to lend the financial power and resources of the country to any chartered monopoly whatsoever on any terms imaginable.

The Bank and its adherents believed it had a right to fight for its existence, and that the range of permissible tactics in self-defence was very wide. Jackson and his followers believed that it was a menace to our institutions; that, therefore, it ought to be destroyed, and that, in the effort to destroy it, the end would to a great extent justify the means. Fortunately or unfortunately, according to the point of view, the head of the Bank, on the one hand, and the head of the administration, on the other, were men of quite similar nature. Both were combative, resolute and imperious. Both were fighting men. Neither was a man of compromise. Biddle was as anxious to destroy Jackson as Jackson was to annihilate Biddle. In the end the whole imbroglio resolved itself into something very closely approaching personal combat between two great men, so radically antagonistic and so utterly irreconcilable that both could not hold commanding power in the same country and at the same time.

In the summer of 1833 the situation was about like this: Jackson knew that the Congress which would meet the 2d of December had a Senate favorable to the recharter of the Bank and a House opposed to it. He exaggerated the Bank's power to influence legislation—or, as he would put it, "to corrupt Congress by the use of money." He declared time and again by his own words, and his organs proclaimed with his full sanction

and approval, that "the Bank used the people's money to debauch the people's government."

In support of these charges they adduced what they termed the "confessions" of the presidents and directors of the Bank and its branches under investigation. These officials had admitted that money was paid out of the Bank for publications to counteract the effect of attacks upon it and for "other legitimate purposes"; reserving to themselves, however, the sole right to define the meaning of the word "legitimate" in that connection. But these criminations and recriminations were really the noise of the battle to be heard from afar, not the conflict itself. The election of 1832 had, as both Jackson and Biddle believed, expressed the views and wishes of a considerable majority of the voters; but they were not agreed either as to the true cause of the popular verdict or as to what the just and proper estimate of its significance ought to be. Jackson accepted the result of the election to mean that the people were beginning to understand what a monster the Bank was, and that the significance of their majority for him was in effect a command that he should throttle it and put it out of existence by whatsoever method might promise the speediest and surest destruction. In other words, we think it within conservative bounds to say that Jackson regarded the remarkable majorities given to him in 1832 as a proclamation of outlawry by the people against the Bank.

This, of course, was an extreme view and one wholly untenable as a guide to action, but it was a view naturally consequent upon his inveterate mental habit of reducing every problem in politics to the "personal equa-

tion"—for the want of a better term. One of the oldest aphorisms is that a man conscientiously wrong is infinitely more dangerous than a man wrong by choice. In this case Jackson was partly wrong and partly right—and equally conscientious in both. He was right on the general principle that the government should not permanently bestow the benefit of its financial power upon any chartered monopoly devised for the enrichment of a select and limited few. He was wrong in the extravagance of his estimate of the Bank's power to corrupt Congress. He was wrong in his theory, based upon that error, that the Bank must be struck and crippled at once. He was wrong in his policy, based upon both errors, of crippling the Bank by that expedient which was readiest and easiest of application, the summary cessation of deposits in spite of a contract by which the government was as truly bound as the Bank, and which was predicated upon a charter having yet nearly three years to run.

The Russians have a proverb, a free translation of which is that a parent sin always has a large family. In this case, the parent wrongs or errors we have ascribed to Jackson's attitude begot another, less susceptible of palliation than its progenitors. It was his assumption that the Bank was itself insolvent and, therefore, the way to save the government's money was to distress the Bank. We do not mean to say that he himself viewed it that way or would have so expressed his purpose. But that was the way it would have occurred to "the man in the street," who reasons always *à priori.*

Such was the general situation when the General returned to Washington in midsummer, 1833, and made

known his plans to the Secretary of the Treasury, William J. Duane. This gentleman was the son of William Duane, editor of the *Aurora,* a Jackson paper published in Philadelphia. Mr. Duane was the third Secretary of the Treasury thus far in Jackson's administrations. He agreed with the President on the general principle involved, but did not coincide with his views as to the proper procedure. He debated the subject earnestly, ably and respectfully, refused to be convinced by Jackson, and was dismissed from office. Attorney-General Taney was made Secretary of the Treasury and Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, was named to succeed him as Attorney-General. By this stroke Jackson acquired a secretary of the Treasury who would carry out his plans and an attorney-general who would find law for them if any were needed.

The President was now master of the situation at all points. He had removed every obstacle to his plan and his power was absolute. The government ceased to deposit moneys in the United States Bank the 1st of October. On that date the Bank held nearly ten millions of public money ($9,891,767), to be drawn out as the needs of the government might require. The Bank, after considerable discussion among its officials, in which some diversities of opinion as to the best course to be pursued were developed, adopted the rational plan of going ahead as usual, and resolved to curtail its loans only in ratio of the decrease in public deposits on hand as they might be drawn out from time to time.

Such was the state of affairs when the Twenty-third Congress met, December 2, 1833. By that time, though only two months had elapsed since the application of Jackson's plan, at least one of his theories had been proved

to be erroneous. The Bank's solvency was considered by the general public as an established fact. General Jackson had not altered his own opinion on that point, but the financial world was satisfied. In fact, taking the parent Bank and its branches together, the public deposits had for many years constituted an inconsiderable share of their current business. The prestige of being the government's fiscal agency had long been far more valuable than its actual patronage. The veto of the re-charter bill in the session of 1832 had prepared the financial world for the event now under consideration, and therefore its effect upon the stability of the Bank had been calculated and discounted long before the actual cessation of public deposits occurred.

In the Twenty-third Congress the Bank and its friends made no effort to revive the movement for re-charter. The Senate would pass a bill for that purpose as it had done before. But the House, as it stood normally, would not, and the Bank knew that any attempt to overcome the majority opposed to it in that body would be futile. This was another disappointment to General Jackson. He had expected that the Bank, possessing the Senate by a sure majority, would attempt to buy a preponderance in the House, and thus pass a new bill, to give him the opportunity of another veto. There is reason to believe that the General even expected that the Bank would undertake the desperate task of "buying" a two-thirds majority in both branches to override a veto. It may be difficult to comprehend how so sagacious a politician as he was could entertain such a wild notion; but when we reflect that so experienced a parliamentary general as Benton at first shared the

President's delusion, the marvel is to some extent dissipated. The only hypothesis on which such a preposterous expectation can be explained is that the violence of the passions roused had obscured or completely upset the judgment not only of Jackson—which was comparatively easy to do—but of Benton himself, a much cooler, calmer and less vehement man.

At the start, almost the only one of the ultra anti-Bank group who did not anticipate aggressive tactics on the part of the Bank was Senator Hill. He steadily maintained that the Bank and its friends would resort to guerilla tactics. "They will appeal from the President to the people the moment Congress organizes," he said to Benton, Blair and Kendall the last week in November. "Like a badger in combat with a bull-dog, they will fight by choice from the under side! They will not try to use their teeth on the administration's throat, but will endeavor to disembowel it with their hind claws!"

A week after this prophecy Congress met. Within four weeks Clay introduced his resolutions censuring the President for stopping the deposits; and with that the fight began. Debate on Clay's resolutions was led on the Bank side by Clay and Calhoun; the coalition of two antipodes, united by common hatred of Jackson alone, as we have observed elsewhere. John Randolph, as has already been noted, had described the alliance of Clay and Adams in 1825 as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George; the Puritan and the Blackleg!" and a bloodless meeting at Bladensburg convinced those who understood the game either that Clay couldn't shoot straight or that Randolph didn't want to—or both. Now Isaac Hill

characterized the coparceny of Clay and Calhoun as "a limited partnership between the Braggart and the Blackguard, in which each looked for all the profits as his own share." But Hill was not considered worth a charge of powder and ball by Clay, and, if we may believe Jackson's estimate of Calhoun, he had no use for cold lead under any circumstance—"the only South Carolinian I ever heard of who won't fight," as he used to say.

The debate on Clay's resolutions lasted from the 26th of December till the 18th of March. Its tone and character utterly beggar description. Every rule of decorum between co-ordinate branches of the government was suspended or thrown aside. Every tenet of senatorial courtesy was abrogated. The Senate resolved itself into what may be fitly characterized as a bear-pit or a bull-ring.

Clay had cleared the ground for this kind of a fight at the outset of the session by passing a bill to divide the proceeds of the sales of public lands among the States in which the lands were situate. It was one of the most unadulterated pieces of demagoguery ever invented. The Senate passed it by the usual anti-Jackson majority because it was Clay's bill. It passed the House because the Jackson Democrats who came from States that would be benefited by it dared not vote against it. Jackson, of course, vetoed it. The whole object was to demoralize the Jackson or anti-Bank majority in the House, and to undermine Jackson's strength in the States affected by it. It was the shyster masquerading in the Senator's toga. It was "tavern politics in the most august legislative body on earth," as Senator Forsyth,

of Georgia, said, notwithstanding that his own State would have had a large share of the proceeds. On the heels of such a preliminary skirmish, Clay opened his real battle with the resolutions of censure.

The debate had not progressed far before the real purpose of Clay and Calhoun became apparent. Their object was to create an industrial and commercial panic in the hope of driving the country to desperation. Every speech they or their satellites made was artfully devised, not so much to censure the cessation of deposits as to alarm the business community. Clay's object was simply to injure Jackson. To effect that he was willing to jeopardize, if not destroy, the industrial fabric of which he himself had been the architect. Calhoun's purpose was double. He shared Clay's enmity to Jackson and desire to destroy him. To that Calhoun added the deadly hatred that South Carolina then and ever afterward bore to the industrial North, and the consequent mania to wreck it. For such reasons and on such common ground the apostle of central government and of a protective tariff strove shoulder to shoulder with the apostle of Nullification and of free trade. "Not the least of Jackson's glories," thundered Benton, "is that his uprightness is so known of all men that the high priests of two heresies, damnable alike to each other and to good men at large, are forced by a common turpitude to coalesce against him!"

In the whole debate, lasting nearly three months, but one temperate speech was made in support of Clay's resolutions. It was Webster's. He confined himself mainly to the law involved, argued upon the contract relations between the government and the Bank inherent

in the charter of 1816, deprecated personal debate, regretted that the majority in the Senate should have selected the pending mode of approaching the subject—by resolution of censure—dissented from "certain reflections which had been heard upon the motives of the Chief Executive," and finally offered as an all-round compromise a proposition to re-charter the Bank for six years, "with certain additional muniments for safety of the public funds, calculated to disarm certain plausible objections urged elsewhere"; and that "such re-charter be viewed as a relief from destructive agitation pending mature consideration by Congress of a fiscal system removed from party strife."

Calhoun and Clay opposed this. The former wanted the Bank re-chartered for twelve years, on the same terms as those of 1816—which, by the way, he had supported as a member of the House at that time. Clay would accept no compromise whatever. He did not want the situation changed. He had set out to produce a panic and, of course, any kind of compromise must balk his design. Therefore, Webster's proposition was set aside.

Webster seems to have believed that the President might adopt his scheme. He remarked that the President would not have to go so far out of his way to do that as he had already gone when he signed the compromise tariff bill two years before to appease South Carolina and avert civil war. "If he would do that to avert civil war," said Mr. Webster, "certainly he could accept my proposal for the sake of averting possible or probable financial convulsion."

Mr. McLane, Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Butler, of Jackson's Cabinet, who were personal friends of Mr. Webster

—and also Benton—made known to General Jackson the views—or the hopes—of the Senator from Massachusetts.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the General, "you may say to Mr. Webster, with my compliments, that I am ready to join him in providing, as he himself says, for a fiscal system removed from party strife. But there is only one such system possible, gentlemen. That is the coin system! the specie system! all hard money! No bank-notes! No promises to pay! Any other system must come within the range of party strife. And you may further say to Mr. Webster, with my renewed compliments, that I shall be glad of an opportunity to discuss the subject with him on that basis as freely as I discuss it with you."

It is believed that Benton conveyed to Webster the substance of the foregoing, but the Missouri Senator does not mention it in his Thirty Years. Governor Allen, who was a member of the House at that time, told the author many years afterward that Mr. Webster received the President's views—he thought from Colonel Benton. But of course nothing came of it. The President's position was as impracticable as that of Clay and Calhoun was obdurate. In fact, it is unnecessary to remark that Jackson's idea of an all-coin or all-specie system was incompatible with civilized methods of business. Paper money—or rather paper representation of money—is as indispensable to the finance and commerce of civilization as dishes are to a dinner-table. Nobody eats the dishes, but no one can eat decently without them. And the higher and more intricate the civilized social fabric, the more indispensable the paper representation becomes.

Soon after this the Clay resolutions of censure passed

—26 to 20. Two Jackson Democrats neither voted nor paired. One was absent without pair, and one Bank Democrat voted with Clay.

The Senate then rested from its mighty travail of billingsgate until the 4th of April, when General Jackson sent in a protest against the censure, declaring it to be an unprecedented * invasion of the rights of one co-ordinate branch of the government by another, intimating that the Constitution provided the only methods by which one branch could take punitive jurisdiction over another, and asking that the protest be entered on the journal. Then the flood-gates of vituperation were reopened wide. The President's protest was a god-send to Calhoun and Clay. When the resolutions of censure passed, their programme for a panic was not quite complete. The protest enabled them to finish it. The renewed debate—or rather the second wrangle—lasted until early in May, when the Senate, by vote of 27 to 16, declared that there was no warrant in the Constitution for executive communication to the legislative branch in that form—which was, and is, true.

While the Senate was belying its name and expunging its traditions by this prolonged brawl, a contest hardly less deplorable in kind, though not quite so infamous in purpose, went on in the House. The greater decorum in that body was due to the quality of the opposing leaders. The head of the Jackson majority in the House was James K. Polk; that of the minority favorable to the Bank was, of course, John Quincy Adams—one an hon-

* In his first draft of the protest the President used the word "iniquitous." Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Butler and General Cass persuaded him to change it to "unprecedented."

ored ex-President, the other a President to be. With a few exceptions, hardly worth note, the tone of debate partook of the character of those who led it, men as distinguished for forensic courtesy as for parliamentary skill. The most conspicuous of the few and small indecencies that occurred in the House was the attempt of a Bank man from New Jersey to offer a resolution of impeachment against the President. This was instantly disposed of on a point of order from Mr. Adams himself, sustained by the chair, and the farce was not repeated. Curiously, the notes which the member from New Jersey had prepared for a speech in support of his motion fell to the floor, and, in the temporary confusion caused by the gathering of other members about him, were picked up by one of the Jackson men. He gave them to Mr. Blair, who showed them to the President and proposed to print them verbatim in the *Globe*. But the President objected to this on the ground that "enough of opposition scurrility found its way into print through the mouths of Calhoun and Clay without any assistance from newspapers friendly to him."

He was, however, quite exasperated by one of the "Notes," which alleged that his pretensions to have served in the Revolution were false and invented for political effect. When he read this he pushed his hair aside and showed to Mr. Blair the scar of the wound made by the British officer's sword, saying: "I wonder if the d——d scoundrel would think that was invented for political effect!"

The debate in the House resulted, on April 4th—after four months of wasted time—in the passage of four resolutions:

1. That the Bank ought not to be re-chartered. Carried by 134 to 82.

2. That the deposits ought not to be restored to the Bank. Carried by 118 to 103.

3. That the State banks ought to remain the depositories of the public money. Carried by 117 to 105.

4. That a further investigation of the Bank be ordered, etc. Carried by 175 to 42.

A committee of investigation under the fourth resolution was ordered, but the officials of the Bank refused to submit to its authority. A motion declaring the president and directors of the Bank to be in contempt of the House was then passed, 140 to 69, but it was never put in execution. Mr. Adams—who had voted for the motion—and Edward Everett objected to further contempt proceedings pending examination and report upon the provisions of the charter relating to an examination of the Bank's books and papers on behalf of the government; and as this was likely to delay action until adjournment, the matter was dropped. In an informal conversation on the floor, Mr. Adams suggested that the officials of the Bank would undoubtedly find a way to bring the question, if pressed, before the Supreme Court, and Mr. Polk then admitted that such delay must defeat the object of the House, so far as the immediate production of the documents was concerned, and therefore the record of having carried the motion of contempt was all that seemed practicable or necessary at that stage of the session. He then, on behalf of the majority, agreed to let it go over without prejudice.

Pending all these proceedings, however, the panic-plans of Clay and Calhoun materialized. About April,

1834, industrial and commercial houses in the Eastern and Middle States began to suspend. The whole energies of Congress for over five months—December 10th to May 24th—had been consumed in debate, expressly designed and shaped by the anti-administration party to alarm the people. The natural results followed. Merchants cut down their orders. Manufacturers reduced their forces or suspended work in their mills. The State banks narrowed their accommodations or called in their loans. The United States Bank itself, though in theory professing to curtail loans only in ratio of the drafts against the public funds still in its vaults, effected in fact a curtailment by withdrawing its notes from circulation or hoarding specie for their redemption, on the pretext that unless the charter was renewed it would be compelled to wind up its business by March 4, 1836. We use the word "pretext," for a reason which will soon be noted.

Under these conditions a torrent of petitions began to pour into the White House and Congress early in the spring of 1834. "Let them come!" exclaimed Mr. Clay, his frenzy of exultation overpowering his caution. "The more the better!"

"I suppose the Senator means," retorted Isaac Hill, with his exasperating New Hampshire drawl, "that the farther prosperity gets from the people, the nearer he will get to the presidency! He reminds me of a worthless son of a wealthy father up in my country who, upon celebrating the funeral of his grandfather, rubbed his hands and congratulated himself that but one more death in the family was needed to make him rich—that he now had only to wait for the old man, who was already

pretty far gone with consumption!" The Senate smiled.

Clay's response is not of record. He had learned to evade personal debate with Hill.

The President, knowing well that these petitions were the result of an artificial panic deliberately created by Clay and Calhoun, very soon refused to receive them or their bearers. When delegations came to present them he would say: "The executive branch of the government has nothing to do with petitions, except those of convicted criminals praying for pardon. Take these petitions to the Senate and offer them to Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Pray them to cease lying to you and misleading you. Beseech them to undo the mischief they have done."

About this time the General received three or four anonymous letters threatening his assassination if he did not instantly restore the deposits to the United States Bank. They annoyed him, but he did not believe them to be genuine. He thought that they were sent by harmless persons in a spirit of malicious mischief—which was doubtless true. The Clay-Calhoun panic, however, was short-lived. The State banks selected as depositories soon came to the rescue of the money market. This forced the United States Bank to disgorge or fall behind. It disgorged. Mr. Biddle was beaten at his own game. By the 1st of July the "panic" gave place to a revival of activity in all branches of trade, industry and finance. More and more the State banks forced Mr. Biddle's hand.

CHAPTER XII

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND RETIREMENT

Congress adjourned the 30th of June. It had worse than wasted seven months. The President's policy, precipitate and ill-considered as it may have been in some respects, was at least vindicated by events. The tremendous energies of the people were at his back, and they saved him while they confused his foes. Never in the history of the country had so base a coparceny dissolved in such shame as that of Clay and Calhoun. Never before had such honest blundering as that of General Jackson been so triumphantly turned to good account by the resistless forces of the people. Again he had wrung victory from the jaws of defeat and laid low his enemies at the moment when they imagined success was assured. Major William B. Lewis, his nearest friend, had originally been apprehensive that the sudden and almost violent change of fiscal policy would be disastrous. He did not believe the removal of the deposits —or rather the manner in which it was done—would prove wise. When the panic of Calhoun and Clay began, the good major was in distress. He feared that "they had got the 'Old Man' down at last," and told Blair so. Of course, Mr. Blair told the General. But the latter said nothing about it to Major Lewis until the flurry was all over.

Soon after Congress adjourned the President, accom-

panied by Mr. Blair, Congressman Allen, of Ohio, Major Lewis and other intimate friends—a party that filled two special stage-coaches—started for the West. Senator Benton and General Cass were also of the party. As they journeyed along they saw every evidence of activity and prosperity. Arrived at Pittsburg, the same signs of public welfare appeared, but in a still greater degree. After they boarded the steamboat and started down the Ohio, Jackson and Benton sat together on the upper deck talking things over. Major Lewis and Mr. Allen joined them. The General, with a slight nod of the head toward Lewis and a wink at Benton, began in the most solemn manner:

"Senator, the appearance of the country and the condition of the people are most gratifying; don't you think so?"

"Unquestionably, General. We are just beginning to see the effects of your wise policy."

"Not a doubt of it, sir. It gives me a pleasure that I cannot describe in words, not only for the sake of the country but also because it will reassure some very dear friends of mine who, a short time ago, began to mourn."

"What were they mourning about, General?" asked Benton.

"They mourned," replied the General, with a simulated air of dejection, "because they thought that Clay and Calhoun had got the Old Man down at last!"

"See here, General," interrupted Lewis, "you can make all the fun of me you please. You're on top now. But you must admit that I stood by you faithfully."

"Very well, William. But you know the story about the old man up the tree when his wife was having the

tussle with the bear. 'Stick to 'im, Sal!' cried the old man up the tree. 'I'll never desert you!' "

This closed the incident, said Governor Allen, who related the anecdote to the author. But Major Lewis was, if possible, more modest than usual during the rest of the journey to Nashville.

One day, when the boat was nearing the mouth of the Cumberland, where Benton was to leave the party, en route to St. Louis, the General said to him: "Senator, I have been thinking about the last session of Congress, and trying to remember a Latin phrase that, in my mind, describes it exactly. All I can call to mind is that the first word of the phrase I want is *'Vox'*—like *'Vox populi,'* you know."

"I presume, General, you mean *'Vox, et præterea nihil.'* "

"Yes, yes; that's it, that's it. What is the exact translation, Senator?"

"Why, General, literally it means 'Voice, and nothing else.' "

"Oh, is that all? I thought it meant 'Wind, and a devil of a lot of it!' "

The General was right. If there was ever a session deserving to pass into history by that name, the first session of the Twenty-third Congress was it; par excellence the session of *Vox, et præterea nihil.*

General Jackson's visit to his home in the summer of 1834 was the pleasantest thus far during the five years of his presidency. He seemed to think that the remaining years and months of his second term would be peaceful. Nullification, he thought, was at least scotched, if

not killed. Of course he could not foresee what must come as soon as slavery should take the place of the tariff as a *casus belli* between South Carolina and the Union. The Bank war was over. The question of removing the Indians toward the setting sun was adjusted. The Indians had left their old homes and hunting-grounds sadly, it is true, but, he believed, on the whole satisfied. He had told them that, in all the history of the white men, leaving their old homes and making new ones had been the signal of their deliverance from bondage, of their progress and of their power. As for the tariff, it was an infernal mess anyhow, and he had long ago reached a point of philosophic resignation at which he was ready to sign any tariff bill Congress might pass and let Congress take the responsibility. This he had done from the beginning and this he would do to the end. He had not yet succeeded in his policy with regard to the public lands. His idea of limiting the sale of them to actual settlers only, in tracts of not more than a section (640 acres) at a time, and at the maximum, not more than three sections (1,920 acres) in three different transactions and at prices equal only to the cost of surveying and advertising, contained the germ of the great Homestead Law of later years, and it would stop land speculation—which he abominated. The only subjects which he viewed as unsettled in the summer of 1834 were matters of foreign relation. The delay of France in providing for payment of the Spoliation Claims already agreed upon in definitive treaty, duly ratified, worried him; but he was sure that he and the land that had given birth to Lafayette could never come to blows. The Northwest Boundary issue had been postponed for

a period of years by the administration of Mr. Adams, and the tentative agreement would not expire until his official term was ended.

Still he did not like the prospect of leaving that great question open when he should vacate the White House. He distrusted England and he feared that the skill, art and cunning of British diplomatists might overreach his successors—which they did. But, on the whole, he was content with the situation as it stood at home and abroad, and his summer at the Hermitage in 1834 was a happy one.

One morning he said to his guest, Representative Allen: "See here, William, that's a bad district of yours up there in Ohio. You know you carried it by only one majority two years ago. You're mighty good company and I don't want to hurry you off; but, really, don't you think it's about time for you to get up there and go to work? They may steal it right out from under your feet if you neglect it. I wouldn't like to think that you lost it by staying here and amusing me."

Early the next morning the General took Mr. Allen in his carriage to Nashville and put him aboard the boat for home—to his "bad district" and, as it proved, to defeat.*

* Governor Allen used to describe his fate in this campaign inimitably: "The Hermitage was to me what Capua was to Hannibal. The General let me stay too long. When I got home they had me down and they kept me down. My opponent, Bill Bond, was an orator, a wit and a practical joker; also a capital good fellow. I at once saw that the battle was going against me, but I stripped to the buff and went in. I literally tramped the district. But I soon found that it was one thing to run on the ticket with Jackson as I did in 1832, and another thing to run alone as I had to in 1834. The district was naturally Whig by from 800 to 1,000. I had carried it by one vote in 1832. If the election had been held the

In October the General himself left the Hermitage and returned by easy stages to Washington. To his great joy, the boat he took at the mouth of the Cumberland had Benton on board, also en route to the Capital, and so he was sure of good company the rest of the way. Singularly, at Carrollton, William O. Butler boarded their boat, bound for Pittsburg and Washington, on business in the Supreme Court, and thus another most welcome companion was added to his little party. The voyage was without event. They stopped over one boat at Cincinnati, stayed a day or two in Pittsburg, and reached Washington early in November. Benton went to Virginia, where his wife had passed the summer at her father's house, and Major Butler, after vain expostu-

day I got home I would have been beaten at least 1,200. But I fairly ploughed up the ground. I was young and strong and could electioneer sixteen hours and travel the other eight, out of every twenty-four. I visited the farm-houses, dandled the babies on my knee, kissed the girls and played 'town-ball' with the boys. I spoke in every school-house, at every tavern and at most of the cross-roads!

"Bill Bond got up a wretched story at the expense of my eloquence. He said I was a natural orator; couldn't help it; made speeches in my sleep! He said I could just wind up my voice like a clock and then go away and leave it there—it would make a speech just the same. During the canvass a poor fellow was hanged at one of the county-seats. Bill Bond said I happened to be there and the sheriff invited me to a place on the platform of the gallows. He said that, at the last moment, the sheriff asked the doomed man if he desired to say anything before being launched into eternity. The poor wretch shook his head. Then Bill Bond said I stepped forward and remarked to the sheriff:

"'Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield his time to me, I will embrace the opportunity to address the people upon the issues of the hour!'

"Of course it was an infernal lie out of the whole cloth. The only element of truth about it was that an execution occurred during the canvass. But I was not within forty miles of it. Besides, the story itself was one got up years before on Felix Grundy, of Tennessee; and Bill Bond simply revamped it to put the laugh on me. I got it! Such were Whig tactics in those days. But I had my revenge. That defeat for the House in 1834 was the means of electing me to the Senate in 1836—and I beat Bill Bond, too."

lation, was compelled to accept bed and board in the White House, where he and his old commander could fight their battles over again without fear of interruption. It was on this occasion that Butler suggested a reconciliation with Mr. Clay, remarking, as he did so, that he and Benton had made up, and if he could forgive Benton's bullet he ought to pardon Clay's tongue.

General Jackson looked his beloved old aide-de-camp of New Orleans straight in the eye for a full minute. Then he said, slowly and gently: "William, my dear old friend, you don't understand the difference. There wasn't any poison on Benton's bullet! It was honest lead!"

Butler never mentioned the subject to him again.

A whole dissertation on Jackson's character was epitomized in that withering comment. In relating the anecdote, General Butler said he never saw exactly such another expression on a human countenance as Jackson's wore when he uttered those words. It demonstrated to him that the only manner in which the General wished to meet Mr. Clay face to face was at ten paces, and that he never to his dying day would consent to meet him otherwise. General Butler further observed that Clay was peculiarly constituted in that respect. He was quick enough to take personal offence at the words of others, but he could not see why his own, uttered in what he considered purely and legitimately political debate, should be mortally resented, as Jackson resented them. On one occasion, when a particularly bitter phrase of Clay's in the Senate was reported to him, he exclaimed: "Oh, that I had off these robes of office!" He said no more. "I am perfectly sure," concluded General Butler, "that Jack-

son never for a moment was sorry that he killed Charles Dickinson. And I am equally certain that he died sorry because he could never get a chance to kill Henry Clay."

At this distance and in the mellower spirit of our time it is difficult, if not impossible, to fathom such a character or to comprehend such impulses. But they were as natural and as unavoidable to Jackson as hunger or thirst or the desire to repose when sleepy. Clay had a habit of saying bitter things in speeches, alike in Congress and "on the stump," when speaking extempore—which he usually did—and then carefully expunging them from the printed reports. Calhoun had the same habit. On one occasion, when he had foully aspersed Jackson on the floor of the Senate, he went so far in eating his words as to dispute the accuracy of the official reporter. That was the occasion on which Jackson compressed into one sentence all the savage contempt his fierce soul was capable of in the declaration that "Calhoun was the only South Carolinian he ever heard of who wouldn't fight." He was never known to call Clay a poltroon. But he seldom spoke of Calhoun without denouncing him as a "cur," a "sneak" or a "miserable coward." He believed that Clay would fight if cornered. But he often said that Calhoun could not be driven into any kind of a fight except with his tongue, and then only at a perfectly safe distance.

On the occasion just referred to, when Calhoun raised a question of accuracy with the reporter of debate, Jackson had written him a scathing note. Calhoun had the clerk read the note in open Senate. He then said that it "excited in his bosom only pity and contempt for its author," etc. When Jackson saw the report of these

remarks, his only comment was: "Well, what is to be done with such a cur, anyhow?" Just at that moment Benton and Forsyth came into the room. Jackson was sitting at the breakfast-table. He called their attention to the report. "I am helpless, gentlemen," he said. "A President cannot chastise a Senator; and, even if he could, he would have to find him on the street, and there, if Calhoun knew danger was at hand, old Truxton himself couldn't catch the infernal hound!"

"General, if I were in your place," interposed Senator Forsyth—himself a "fighting man" of noted prowess—"I would banish the sickening subject from my mind. You are, as you say, helpless, and that's all there is to it."

Benton said nothing. Perhaps vague visions of an attempt long ago to "chastise," not then "a Senator" but a man who afterward became one, flitted through his memory. Jackson took Forsyth's advice. The affair was dropped.

The last year and a half of the General's second administration was marked by but one event of great importance, though replete with incidents of secondary interest. In domestic policy his principal efforts were bent toward keeping down the surplus which the wonderful and, in fact, unhealthy expansion of commerce and land speculation forced into the Treasury. By refusing to adopt his public land policy Congress tied his hands as against the land speculators. But he did the best he could. In July, 1836, he issued the "specie circular," which was an order to all Land Offices to accept only coin or bullion in payment for public lands. But even this had an unwholesome effect. It caused an accumu-

lation of specie in the hands of the government, caused gold to be drawn from the East to the West and impelled the State banks to issue additional paper currency in its place. The result, of course, was a still further inflation of the already redundant paper currency, which at one time came near producing suspension of specie payments.

Another remarkable event was the extinguishment of the national debt at the end of 1834, for the first and last time in the history of this country or of any other. This consummation, so devoutly wished by Jackson in the simplicity of his financial heart, was duly celebrated by a grand banquet, with the usual bewildering number and variety of toasts, the 8th of January, 1835.

During the spring of 1834 there was a little flurry over the Oregon Boundary question. An inquiry was made in the House of Commons at the instance of the Hudson's Bay Company, as to alleged violations of the tentative agreement made in John Quincy Adams's administration. The alleged violations were the erection of unauthorized trading-posts by American fur-traders within the territory covered by the agreement. The Hudson's Bay Company had, indeed, violated the agreement right along, treating it, in fact, with contempt from the start. But, in the true spirit of English patriotism, they claimed a monopoly of the right to violate international agreements, and were quick to resent even the symptom of intent to infringe that right.

As we have already remarked, Jackson had long viewed this question with concern. He regarded it as an ever-present source of serious dispute and trouble. In his mind, it was a potential issue held by England in

abeyance over our heads, to be sprung upon us for her own advantage whenever we might, peradventure, become embroiled with another great power. The Parliamentary inquiry was not in itself a formidable demonstration. It was quietly suppressed—as was said, by the influence of the Duke of Wellington—and no further notice was taken of the matter by the British Ministry. But General Jackson became restless as soon as he heard of the inquiry.

"That Oregon question ought to have been settled by Monroe," he said to William Allen one day in February, 1835. "Of course, Adams and Clay wouldn't settle it! They probably preferred to keep it to trade on. So they just hung it up by an agreement that didn't bind England, but did bind us. No agreement binds England unless it is written in the blood of English soldiers!"

"The agreement of New Orleans, I suppose, for example," suggested Mr. Allen.

"Oh, yes, and others too; such as Yorktown and Saratoga and Lake Erie and Plattsburg. New Orleans don't stand alone, by any means. But we must have this thing settled. You are on the Foreign Affairs Committee, I believe. I'd rather this thing would start in Congress than from me. A good many men in the House and Senate would support it if started in Congress who might oppose it if I opened the subject. Ain't there some way to get it before the House?"

"Oh, yes; a resolution to inquire into alleged violations of the agreement would do it. Such an inquiry could have a wide scope."

The President talked in the same strain with several others among his intimate personal friends in Congress

—among them Senator Forsyth, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and soon afterward his Secretary of State.

Mr. Forsyth agreed with him that it was a matter which ought to be definitively settled and that the holding of it in abeyance amounted, as he said, to a constant menace. But the question was, How to reopen the question? How to get it on the boards again without assuming too palpably the aggressive?

"But," argued Jackson, "there is the parliamentary inquiry."

"Yes, General," Mr. Forsyth explained. "But that was disposed of without action. I was watching that and know all about it. The inquiry was practically withdrawn at the request of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The English have a quiet way of doing those things when they don't want trouble. We can't do things that way here. But the parliamentary inquiry alone, for the reason I have stated, does not amount to a public act of the British Government, and therefore cannot come within the cognizance of this government —not even as a subject of inquiry, either legislative or diplomatic. In a word, General, we cannot under the agreement reopen the question without a year's notice. It is now February, 1835. Including time consumed in preliminaries and formalities—which the British Ministry would be sure to prolong as much as possible—the year's notice could hardly take effect before midsummer, 1836. Then only a few months of your administration would be left. It would, unquestionably, be a good thing for our party to have a dispute with England on hand pending the presidential election. But, taking into

account all the considerations I have suggested, I give my advice as you have asked it—we may as well let it alone."

The old General was silent for several minutes. The scene was in front of the great fireplace in the private sitting-room of the White House, after dinner. The long-stemmed corn-cob pipe was in evidence. The General gazed into the fire and meditated a long time. Then he refilled his pipe and lighted it anew. It was the pipe of peace.

"I reckon you're right, Forsyth; at least, you're right now. It's my fault. I ought to have pushed a settlement of that question as soon as the votes were counted in 1832."

And the Oregon Boundary question slumbered again. And it slumbered on until England found the opportunity she had so patiently awaited. Then it was settled by ignominious surrender. And, worst of all—most humiliating thought—the surrender was made by a President whom Andrew Jackson put in the White House almost as the last act of his life. And as if that were not enough, the British plenipotentiary who was sent by that cunning government to receive the capitulation of the President whom Andrew Jackson made, was Sir Richard Pakenham, a cousin of the Sir Edward Pakenham whom Andrew Jackson destroyed. England surely made us drink the hemlock of humiliation to the last dreg and then made us squeeze the poison cup in that surrender—without reason, compulsion or compensation—of the young empire now known as British Columbia. And it was done before the earth was dry on Jackson's grave. Let us forget it—if we can.

The French Spoliation Claims made a more serious complication. It may be premised that the details of that affair—somewhat prolix—are well known to all students of our diplomatic history. To the general reader they would be too intricate to be interesting. Briefly, the spoliations were made under Napoleon's decrees of Milan and Berlin, and consisted of seizures of American merchant-ships by French cruisers or in ports controlled by Napoleon for alleged violations of the paper blockade which he proclaimed in those decrees. The treaty by which France admitted the claims and agreed to pay them was negotiated on our part by Senator William C. Rives, whom Jackson appointed minister to France in 1829. The treaty was ratified the 4th of July, 1831.

It was creditable enough to our diplomacy to be worthy of its illustrious date. But the French were slow to carry out their part of the agreement. The period was that of the revolution which placed Louis Philippe on the French throne. He was a good man, an able writer and a weak king. The treaty was not popular with the French. They looked upon it as one more added to the interminable list of burdens which the evanescent glory of the Napoleonic régime had cost them. They intended to pay it, but did not wish to be crowded. Jackson wanted the matter settled and out of the way. Finally, in the fall of 1833, he appointed Edward Livingston, then Secretary of State, minister to France, with particular instructions to push the matter to a settlement and obtain the money, which the treaty made payable in instalments.

Mr. Livingston was *persona grata* to the king—exceedingly so. His father, Robert R. Livingston, with

Gouverneur Morris and others, had assisted Louis Philippe financially and otherwise when he was in this country at the end of the Eighteenth Century, a penniless exile. When the American minister presented his credentials, the monarch said: "Mr. Livingston, I welcome you as something nearer than the diplomatic representative of a friendly power. I greet you as the beloved son of my old friend, your revered father. I receive you in my capacity as king. But I greet you in my capacity as a grateful man!"

With such a reception, it is needless to say that Mr. Livingston's diplomatic pathway was strewn with flowers. He got everything his heart could wish—except the money. For a year and a half ensued a queer medley of misunderstandings, cross-purposes and contretemps. France could not grasp the Jacksonian idea of "diplomacy" any more than Jackson could comprehend the French idea. Matters drifted on from bad to worse until finally Jackson sent a message to Congress which he understood to embody merely an assurance of "firm attitude on the part of the United States," but which, when published in Paris, "deeply wounded the susceptibilities of France."

Now the French have been whipped more times and worse than any other great power on earth, but never conquered. No matter how torn by internecine tumult; no matter how murdered by reigns of terror or crazy communes; no matter how trampled under foot and robbed and mulcted by English, German and Russian invaders; the French *gaieté de cœur* has never flickered, their racial pride has never been lowered and their national *amour propre* has never fallen one jot. This is

the true, the unquenchable glory of France. Well, to cut a long story short, this comedy of misunderstandings went on till it wellnigh began to portend a tragedy of arms. Diplomatic intercourse was suspended. Passports of ministers were asked and given. Jackson proposed, in case payment for American property despoiled by France should be further refused, to issue letters of marque and reprisal against French property by way of indemnification.

Just at that moment England offered to mediate. The offer was accepted—by the king of the French gladly; by Jackson rather grimly. Jackson did not want to fight France. He would a thousand times rather fight the mediator. But he thought the French were, as he declared, "trifling with us," and that sort of thing must stop. The English mediation was successful. The money was paid into the treasury of the United States, as provided by the treaty, in instalments. And it is there yet. The United States will always make foreign nations pay indemnities for wrongs done to our citizens. Then, when the United States gets hold of the money, our citizens to whom it belongs may get it—if they can.

The author of this work, when a newspaper correspondent in the press gallery, once heard James A. Garfield declare on the floor of the House, in debate upon this very subject of the French Spoliations—advocating a bill for distribution of the money among those to whom it belonged—that "the United States is the only licensed robber on this planet!" He said that over the Treasury door should be inscribed something like the legend over the portal of Dante's Inferno—not exactly, "Who enters

here leaves hope behind," but rather, "The citizen's money that gets in here leaves right and law behind!"

This was the end of General Jackson's quarrel with France. If the offender had been England, no offer of mediation could have touched him. And at first he was averse even to accepting the mediatory services of that power. "Why England?" he asked. "She will manage to cheat either us or France or both at some stage of the business!" He was only induced to acquiesce by the strenuous representations of Livingston, Forsyth, Van Buren and others that the mediation of England would have more weight with France than could that of any other power. But he would have preferred the Emperor of Russia or the King of Prussia. Even when yielding to the importunities of his advisers, he protested that he did so only because he "was ready to sacrifice anything but our national honor to avoid war with the country that gave birth to Lafayette."

Among the most important acts of General Jackson's administration—or rather of his two administrations—was his choice of a successor. It is not easy to determine the exact time at which this was done or to decide whether the credit of it belonged to his first or to his second administration. It is, however, known that, at a certain period in his first administration, he seriously contemplated declining a renomination, and that, with such contingency in view, he had selected his successor. It is also known that, late in his first administration, he decided to stand for re-election and then he contented himself with selecting a Vice-President to serve as his running mate. To carry out this programme, he found

it necessary to cast aside the Vice-President who had been elected with him the first time. This was not at all difficult, because his first Vice-President had proved to be—from his point of view—a conspirator, a traitor, a liar, a coward, and a person who could face both ways or all ways, as occasion might seem to require—that is to say, Calhoun.

The precise moment at which General Jackson decided to be again a candidate for the presidency may, we think, be set as synchronous with the moment when the Senate—at that time the personal property of Henry Clay—rejected the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as minister to England. Whatever his previous intention may have been, the General then conclusively determined that Mr. Van Buren should be elected to the vice-presidency with him. As he was master of the situation in all its elements except Mr. Clay's Senate—which did not count in the game so far as the people were concerned—all these calculations were easy. Therefore, when, early in 1831, the General decided to stand for re-election in 1832, and determined that Mr. Van Buren should be named for the vice-presidency, nothing was left for him to do except to select the successful candidate for the presidency in 1836. This he did with quite as little hesitation or embarrassment as had attended his decrees with regard to events nearer at hand.

It is a real pleasure, we may add incidentally, to write the biography of a man who seemed to take little or no account of possible difference in personal responsibility as between fixing the destinies of his country two years in advance or six. In view of the fact that General Jackson's doctrine of presidential predestination worked

out perfectly on the six-year basis, it does not seem worth while to argue what its outcome might have been on the original two-year plan. But it is worth while, as an indication of his "staying quality"—if nothing else—to mention that the man he originally selected to be his successor in 1832 was the same man whom he had the people elect in 1836; that is to say, Van Buren. And in this connection it might also be borne in mind that he at the same time compelled his adversaries to set up against himself for the presidency the one man in all the world whose proud plumes he most desired to make trail in the dust of defeat—Henry Clay. Verily, Andrew Jackson was a history-maker.

Let us, for convenience, assume that General Jackson's selection of his successor culminated—no matter when or where it began—with the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as the regular Democratic candidate. He probably did not expect that he could command for his heir-apparent the same popular support that had been vouchsafed to himself. Even in his own State of Tennessee, factions had nominated his quondam friend but now enemy, Hugh White, as an anti-Van Buren or anti-Jackson Democratic candidate.

Mr. White's revolt against his old friend and political creator was an affair of singular history. He was a warm personal friend and disciple of Calhoun. He was as ultra a State-rights doctrinaire as a man could be, but he strongly opposed Nullification and favored a protective tariff! Though it had made him, he was restive under the control of the "machine" in Tennessee. His wife was a beautiful, gifted and inordinately ambitious woman of the most aristocratic Virginia stock. She had

taken sides against the President in the Mrs. Eaton campaign. By her influence, joined with that of Calhoun, Mr. White was led to decline a place in Jackson's Cabinet. Mrs. White believed that General Jackson ought to select her husband as his successor instead of Mr. Van Buren. And when she found that he would not take that course, she determined to overthrow the Jackson régime in Tennessee!

This was not so very marvellous as a scheme of purely feminine politics. But it really was a marvel that any man in his right mind should have lent himself to so preposterous a project. Mr. White ran as an anti-Van Buren Democrat and actually carried the electoral vote of Tennessee * by a good plurality.

The attitude of Mr. Clay in the campaign of 1836 was pitiable. Up to the time when Mr. Webster became a candidate for the Whig nomination, he had expected to be renominated by acclamation. He believed that he could beat Van Buren if the Whigs would give him their united support, in view of the defection which

* The cause of this was that the Whigs of East Tennessee, knowing that the State could not be carried for their own candidate, Harrison, voted almost solidly for White. Their strength, added to the considerable Democratic vote that Mr. White could draw away from Van Buren—who was never acceptable to the Democracy of the State—gave to White the electoral vote of Tennessee. But while he was gaining this empty honor, the "machine" quietly elected a legislature which forced him out of the Senate, and in other respects completely broke him down.

It also broke his heart. In less than three years he died. Hugh White was a good, brave, able man. But he lacked balance and his course in public life was erratic. This his contemporaries generally ascribed to the influence of his wife, whose control over him is sufficiently attested by the fact that she made him believe he could permanently overthrow the power of Jackson in Tennessee. To complete the romance it remains to say only that the old General was Mrs. White's most devoted admirer and would never permit her interference in politics to be criticised in his presence.

he thought Van Buren's candidacy would cause in the Democratic ranks. But he soon found that as between himself and Mr. Webster, the Whigs would nominate the latter. To beat him, Mr. Clay was forced to bring about the nomination of General Harrison. This necessity made him sour and morose. He not only despaired of himself, but of the country. He was by no means the only great American who has failed to draw the proper distinction between the defeat of his own ambition and the perpetuity of free institutions. To Judge Francis J. Brooke, of Virginia, he wrote:

"If you mean that I have less confidence than I formerly entertained in the virtue and intelligence of the people and in the stability of our institutions, I regret to be obliged to own it. Are we not governed now and have we not been governed for some time past pretty much by the will of one man? . . . When we consider that he is ignorant, passionate, hypocritical, corrupt, cruel and easily swayed by the base men who surround him, what can we think of the popular approbation he receives?"

The absurdity of this reasoning seems to lie principally in its intimation that there may have been a time when Mr. Clay fondly imagined that the people of the United States could possibly be as wise and virtuous as he himself was. Political ambition founded on such fallacy was of course foredoomed. But Mr. Clay seems never to have been convinced of the hopeless debauchery and utter turpitude of the American people until they gave General Jackson 219 electoral votes to his own 49. It appears that his instinct of charity impelled him to exculpate Jackson on the ground that he didn't know any

better and couldn't help it. But as for the American people, they were simply sunk so low that not even the talents and the transcendent virtues of Henry Clay could resurrect them!

The people ratified General Jackson's choice of a successor. Perhaps it might be said that they confirmed the appointment. True, they did not ratify his choice of a successor with anything like the enthusiasm that had marked their previous ratifications of Jackson himself, but it was enough. Mr. Van Buren received 170 electoral votes to General Harrison's 73. The votes of Tennessee and Georgia were thrown away upon Mr. White, those of Massachusetts upon Mr. Webster and those of South Carolina upon Mr. Mangum. Mr. Clay had the satisfaction of frustrating the presidential aspirations of Mr. Webster—which, as the late Richard Swiveller remarked concerning his umbrella, "was something."

Next to the popular ratification of his choice for the succession, the event of General Jackson's last year in the presidency which most elated him was the downfall of Mexican rule in Texas at the battle of San Jacinto. During the early stages of the Texan struggle for independence, a member of his Cabinet happened to remark in his presence that the United States must enforce her neutrality, and that a stronger force ought to be stationed on the Sabine frontier to prevent violations of it. To this the General replied: "Sir, let it be understood that I am not neutral in this conflict.* The force in

* Among those who went from the United States to the aid of General Houston were Lieutenant O'Brien of the regular army, Captain Joseph Bonnell, special deputy United States marshal for the District of Louisiana, and David Buell, Jr., then a government surveyor in the Southwestern District of Arkansas. This fact became known to the Mexican minister at

the locality you refer to is ample. Should its increase become necessary, I will attend to the matter personally." This was as early as 1832.

Soon after this incident the General, observing that his Texan forces needed a leader, aided one of his most trustworthy subordinates of the Creek war and the campaigns of Louisiana and Florida, to go to Texas and take command.* This was Sam Houston. He had, as we have already seen, served General Jackson in the various capacities of Indian scout, captain in the regular army, member of Congress from Tennessee and governor of that State. The result abundantly proved the wisdom of General Jackson's selection. In all the Union he could not have found a man so perfectly adapted to the command of his somewhat turbulent forces in Texas as Sam Houston.

The details of San Jacinto delighted the old warrior beyond expression. For weeks it was difficult to draw

Washington, and was made a subject of diplomatic representation to the Department of State. The Secretary referred the matter to General Jackson, who said he would attend to their cases personally. He wrote to each of them a letter ordering him to return forthwith to his proper post of duty. These letters found the officials to whom they were addressed already returned to their proper posts, the battle of San Jacinto being over and General Houston having no further need of their services.

* When General Houston left Washington, shortly after his chastisement of Representative Stanberry, of Ohio, for reflections upon his integrity in the House, he was bankrupt. He had not even the means to pay his passage home to Arkansas, where he then lived. General Jackson loaned him five hundred dollars and advised him to go to Texas, where the standard of revolt against Mexico had just been raised. This was in the summer of 1832. Houston took Jackson's advice and went directly to Texas. He began his career there by being a member of the "Consultation Convention" that assembled at Austin in April, 1833. This convention elected him commander-in-chief of the forces of the embryo republic, but at first he made little progress and in 1834 he resigned the thankless task. In February, 1836, he was reinstated. The rest need not be told.

his attention to any other subject, much less to interest him in any other.

"It beats New Orleans," he said. "There my army, behind a breastwork, defeated about three times their number who attacked them. But at San Jacinto, seven hundred and fifty Americans attacked over two thousand Mexicans in an intrenched position and annihilated them in forty minutes. There has been nothing like this in the history of warfare that I ever heard of."

When he received Sam Houston's letter describing the battle and its effects, the General spoke of it habitually as "the official report"; and his reply was exactly such as a commander-in-chief would address to a subordinate who had carried out his plans with signal ability and success. He wrote:

From what I could make out by an insufficient map I have and what information I could get of *the enemy's movements,* I was sure you would stand and fight on the west side of Galveston Bay, and probably just where you did, or on Buffalo Bayou. I expected *you would repulse the enemy,* but I confess my astonishment that you should have ended the whole war in one battle. I should have been perfectly satisfied if you had *repulsed the enemy,* compelled him to retreat and then pursued him with your usual vigor.

I am very sorry to hear of your severe wound, but hope it may not long deprive the country of your inestimable services. I hope there may be no delay or discord in organizing a stable government to make the best use of the Independence you and your men have so bravely won. . . .

From another source I am informed that though twenty-one years have passed since our campaigns together in the late war, you had in your little army as many as two hundred old soldiers*

* These veterans were the backbone of Houston's "little army." One of them was Captain William Sylvester. He commanded a small troop of

of New Orleans. This is as it should be and I charge you to give every one of them my warmest thanks and congratulations as well as all the rest of your gallant army. . . .

Subscriptions are being made in Tennessee and elsewhere to aid you; to which, I need not say, I have contributed to the extent of my means. . . .*

General Jackson at once set going a movement for the annexation of Texas to the United States. Had his administration not been so near its end he would beyond question have accomplished his purpose within a year or two. But after he became ex-President he lost some of his power and was not able to bring about the annexation until 1845.

Near the close of Jackson's official term the slavery agitation assumed definite form as a political issue. The question arose on the use of the mails for transmitting so-called "incendiary" publications from the North to the South. In his attitude upon this subject the General was more indulgent to South Carolina than he had been in the days of Nullification. He recommended in his message the passage of a bill to prevent the circulation through the mails of "incendiary publications intended to incite the slaves to insurrection." The measure he had in contemplation was quite similar in spirit to the exist-

thirty-two "dragoons" at San Jacinto. With them he rode over the Mexican artillery—two 12-pounder howitzers. Then, after cutting down no less than seven Mexican soldiers with his sabre, Captain Sylvester, single-handed, trailed and captured General Santa Aña and Colonels Arista and Torrejon, who had hidden in a swamp. He had served under Jackson in the Creek war, the first Florida campaign and at New Orleans as a private, corporal and sergeant in Hinds's Mississippi mounted rifles. When he volunteered to help Sam Houston in 1835, Captain Sylvester was cashier of a bank at Natchez.

* Majors's War for Texan Independence.

ing law in our time against the use of the mails for transmitting obscene prints and other immoral matter. At that time the Southern people and a very great majority of those in the North viewed abolitionist tracts and papers with quite as much aversion as is now felt toward obscene literature or the use of the mails for transacting the business of lotteries. Calhoun tried to pass a bill much more sweeping than that proposed by the President, but it was defeated.

Much of the Senate's time during the short session of the Twenty-fourth Congress was consumed in debate upon Senator Benton's resolution to expunge from the journal Mr. Clay's censure of the President passed by the Senate of the Twenty-third Congress, March 28, 1834.

In this debate much of the old ground of controversy was ploughed and harrowed over again; but, excepting the speeches of Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun in opposition to Benton's resolution, the tone of the discussion was decorous, if not altogether temperate. It wound up in a continuous session lasting from noon, January 16th, until 3.30 o'clock the next morning.

The debate was closed by Mr. Webster, who argued mainly on points of parliamentary law and precedent. He ingeniously wrought out the somewhat remarkable proposition, in spirit if not in exact letter, that an entry upon the journal could not be expunged unless erroneously or fraudulently made. He did not believe that one branch of the government had any right to punish another branch except as distinctly provided in the Constitution. The Constitution provided for impeachment but not for censure, except as resolutions declaring the

sense of the Senate in general terms might be so interpreted. Yet, once entered upon the journal as an act of the Senate, it must stay there or it could not be said that the constitutional requirement that each house of Congress should keep a record of its proceedings had been fulfilled. The Senate then, at 3.30 A.M., voted, by 25 to 19, to expunge Mr. Clay's censure of President Jackson from the journal.

From that time until the 4th of March the proceedings were desultory, though there was not much abatement of personalities against the retiring President. The last act of General Jackson was to defeat by "pocket veto" a bill to rescind his specie circular and make bank-notes legal tender.

It seems customary with writers on the subject of General Jackson to speak of his departure from the White House in March, 1837, as his "retirement to private life." But that phrase does not appear to state the actual fact. We think the more strictly accurate statement would be that he terminated eight years of administering the government as President in the White House, and began another eight years of administering as much of the government as the Democratic party could control in the capacity of ex-President at the Hermitage.

CHAPTER XIII

PARTY LEADER AT THE HERMITAGE

THREESCORE years and ten had stamped their marks upon the brow of Andrew Jackson when he left the White House for the Hermitage in March, 1837. He was old, ill and in debt. To settle and square up his personal accounts in Washington he had to pledge the cotton-crop of his home plantation six months ahead for a loan of $6,000. Most of these bills were for supplies in keeping up the lavish hospitality and unstinted good cheer for which he had made the White House proverbial during his eight years' tenancy. He had drawn a sharp line always between personal and official expenses. Many things that, under administrations before and after his, were charged to the public allowance, he was in the habit of paying for out of his own pocket. He had loaned first and last many thousand dollars in small sums to needy or embarrassed friends whose claims upon him he could never find it in his heart to deny; men who had stood by him when standing by meant risk of life or limb; women and children widowed or orphaned, whose husbands or fathers had stood by him in their youth and strength and pride. He was a rugged, fierce old fellow, but in his vocabulary no two words expressed so much to his heart and his soul as those two—"standing by." An invariable concomitant of the staying quality in men is that those who possess it themselves expect and insist

upon it in others as the price of continued confidence and friendship. Therefore, as no man ever lived with more of that quality in his brain and bosom than Jackson had, so was his sense of it in others keener and his appreciation of it livelier than are to be found in men of the common run. These traits, while they enlarged his "personal following" to a degree never known before or since in public life, also drew upon his never plethoric purse in ways and in directions that the busy world knew not of; ways and directions known only to himself and those whom he helped; ways and directions that he forgot oftener than the others did. Governor Allen and Mr. Blair used to relate many anecdotes of this flavor, one of which is good enough for history:

Within a few days of the end of his term, and while he was "packing-up," an Irishman called at the White House and expressed a desire to "see the Prisident, personally." "What do you wish?" inquired young Mr. Rives, who happened to come to the reception-door just then. "The President is very busy with private affairs just now and is not attending to public business to-day."

"Sure, sur, it's exactly privit bizness I'm on mesilf, sur."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Sure you may, sur. He's goin' away purty soon now, and I want to pay him an old debt I've owed him a long time, sur."

This amused the polite Mr. Rives. He saw that the Irishman, though fairly well dressed on this occasion, was a son of toil. "Very well," he said. "What is your name, please? I will announce you."

"Patrick Cunningham, sur; corporal in the Sivinth

Rigilars, sur, at Pensacola and New Orleans; now for many years in Snyder's livery-stable here, sur."

With that formidable "descriptive list," Patrick was announced.

"What! Old Pat Cunningham? One of my old soldiers! Wants something, I suppose—anyhow, fetch him in——"

"No, General," said Mr. Rives. "As I understand him, he wants to pay you some money he owes you."

"Let him in, then, right away! I need it!"

Mr. Rives ushered in the veteran of Pensacola and New Orleans. The President of the United States extended his hand and said: "Mr. Rives tells me you want to pay me some money."

"Yes, sur; some I owe you. Twelve dollars, sur."

"Well, I suppose you're right, Patrick; but, 'pon my word, I don't remember the transaction."

"It wuz three years ago, sur. I needed it then. I've done better since, sur. I knew you was goin' away purty soon, and I wanted to be square with you when you wint."

"Are you sure you can spare it, Patrick? Don't you need it yourself? I know what it is to need money!"

"No, sur. I can always spare money to pay me honest debts whin I have it, sur. That's a way we Irish have —such Irish as me and you, I mean, Gineril! Here it is" (counting out twelve dollars).

"Thank you, Patrick. I'll accept it. But, as I said, I don't recollect anything about it."

"Well, Gineril, you seemed to be thinking about something else when you let me have it."

"I must have been!" retorted the old General, with

that grin he could make so quizzical when he felt like it. Singularly, Patrick, with all his Irish wit, did not seem to see the grin.

Then, said our informant, the old General suspended his packing-up operations and he and Patrick engaged in an interchange of war reminiscences, which Mr. Rives had to interrupt after a while, purely in the interest of necessary business.

The advent of the heir-apparent brought about few changes or next to none. Mr. Van Buren—at the start—did little else than prolong the administration of the President who had made one of him. The old Cabinet, or most of it, remained as it stood: John Forsyth in the Department of State; Levi Woodbury in the Treasury; Mr. Butler, Attorney-General and, for the time, Acting Secretary of War; Mahlon Dickerson in the Navy Department; Amos Kendall running the mails. For the rest, Blair remained in charge of the "organ"; the diplomatic representation held its own. In short, there was not only no "clean sweep," but, on the contrary, an exemplification of pure and unadulterated "Civil Service Reform," as it is understood to-day.

The only great, radical change of personnel was in the head of the régime itself. The new administration—at the start—was the intangible spirit of Jackson in the visible flesh of Van Buren. That such metempsychosis could not be permanent was evident enough to those who knew both men, but it started off without a jar or a ripple. Two men less alike in any and every element that may enter into the make-up of character than Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren were never created.

Yet it may have been, and probably was, just this antipodal structure that made them the friends, confidants and coadjutors they had been ever since Jackson came to the Senate in 1823 and met Van Buren for the first time.

One was sinuous, the other straight; one angular, peremptory, compelling, the other smooth, conciliatory, persuasive; one the beau ideal of the soldier, the commander, the fighter, the other a sleek and slippered knight of the carpet—cajoler, diplomat, courtier; one a human thunderbolt of temper and force incarnate, the other sunshine in the shape of man, in whom there was never sign or symptom of wrath or ruffling. Yet these two, each adapted to the special environment of his place and his breeding, had been the complements of one another for fourteen years without break or dispute through the most strenuous and stormy period our political existence ever knew.

This description, however, though accurate in its generalities, must not be interpreted to mean either that Jackson lacked the *suaviter in modo* or Van Buren the *fortiter in re* when occasion permitted or required. Each was, in his way, great and successful. And of neither could it be said that he ever shirked an obligation, broke a pledge or betrayed a friend.

Jackson's popularity was that overwhelming worship which the world never fails to render unto the defender and the conqueror. Van Buren's hold upon men was that subtler power of mind over matter, that resistless sway of the moral over the physical, felt but not seen, susceptible of apprehension but not of analysis. But Jackson was the superior being of the two. He might

have gained the highest station without Van Buren. Without Jackson, Van Buren could never have risen to the climax of American ambition as he did.

Concerning the real, inner, self-confidential estimate each of these antipodal characters entertained of the other, historians have never agreed. Some believe that Jackson never completely trusted Van Buren, but found him pliant enough to make up in utility what he may have lacked in honesty. And these believe, conversely, that Van Buren's devotion to Jackson was but the fealty of fear, which the constant prospect of favors to come converted into as near an approach to gratitude as such natures are capable of.

The view may be true. One great fact we all know: Van Buren lasted just so long as the impulse given to him by Jackson's strong arm endured—and no longer. The prime mover of the conjoint mechanism was the will and the courage of Jackson. So long as the source of motive power was active Van Buren moved steadily and surely until he reached the White House. So soon as the prime mover ceased to exert his influence, Van Buren went back to Kinderhook, whence he came.

Another and much smaller school—who may in some senses be termed political casuists, and whose ultimate development has been found in the party strifes of New York, from the days of Burr and Hamilton to the present time—will blandly persuade you that it was Van Buren who made Jackson President for two terms, simply that he might serve as stepping-stone to one term for himself. Between these two extremes we think the kernel of truth is that the one was as useful to the other as the other was needful to the one; and that, in the peculiar condi-

tions of the times and the places, neither could have achieved all that he did without the other's help.

It was therefore natural, if not unavoidable, that Van Buren should take over intact, as he did, the administration that Jackson bequeathed to him. The fact that their paths of policy and even of belief in some degree diverged afterward was the result of supervening conditions which neither could foresee nor control. At any rate, their friendship, though sorely tested by the arts of others, stood the trial and ended only in the tomb.

On the inaugural day General Jackson was so ill that he should have been in bed. Yet he was up and about in a fashion and managed to perform some part of an outgoing President's offices of courtesy to his successor. Van Buren, sensible of the General's extreme debility and fearful that the fatigue of travel might break him completely down, wished him to stay in the White House at least until May or June or at his own option. But the man who could rise from a bed of wounds and anguish to lead his army against the Creeks, when the blood of women and children massacred at Fort Mims called aloud for vengeance, was not to be daunted by the prospective fatigues of a mere peaceful journey, seventy years old and sick though he now might be.

His stay as guest in the house where he had been master—and such a master!—was brief. In a few days he was off for Tennessee. The afternoon before he left occurred an interview not yet made historical except for two or three references to it in Benton's Thirty Years, and these quite mystical—for him. The party was

quadrilateral—Jackson, Benton, Blair and Allen—the place, Mr. Blair's house. For our information concerning it we are indebted about equally to the two gentlemen last named.

In this conference the General did most of the talking. He told his friends that he purposed washing his hands utterly of public life and political affairs; that he had now been to all intents and purposes a public servant from the age of thirteen to that of threescore and ten; from the Carolina campaign of 1780 in the Revolution to that moment in 1837 at Washington—a stretch of fifty-seven years, with hardly interval enough for common education; that he had lived his whole life in plain sight of the public and the people, hiding nothing, simulating nothing, confessing nothing, extenuating nothing and regretting nothing—except that he could never get a chance to shoot Clay or hang Calhoun. And of these he declared that one was baser than Dickinson and the other more criminal than Arbuthnot.

Looking back through his eight years in the presidency, he saw some things well done, some half done, others still to be done. Among the things well done were the destruction of a huge chartered monopoly to which the government had lent its power and prestige for the enrichment of a few; the Bank of the United States, which he had forced to a plane no more formidable than that of a Pennsylvania corporation. A civil service, of fungous growth upon the body politic, aristocratic, oligarchic, self-perpetuating and modelled in servility after that of England, had been rooted out and an American, democratic and free-for-all system substituted in its place. A heresy threatening to strike at

the vitals of our national existence had been put down; not, indeed, so thoroughly eradicated as he could wish, but as thoroughly as all the elements with which he had to deal would permit. The Indians, an ever-growing tumor so long as they held territory and semi-independent sovereignty within the boundaries of States, had been peacefully removed to a reservation in the far West, where they could be happy in their own way and be free from the wiles and pitfalls of the white man—at least for many years or even generations to come. These, with many other things of minor import, had been well done.

Among the things half done was, chief of all, regulation of the tariff—a hopeless problem to him—a vast and illusive cobweb of vague wants and conflicting greeds which he feared could never be equitably accommodated or fairly adjusted. Next in importance—if, indeed, it were not first—was the currency; certainly in confusion, and without definite promise of solution. He had tried to make its values intrinsic or to fix the intrinsic basis beyond the power of parties to alter or factions to amend. It was not done. It was hardly well begun. He looked forward to the consequences with foreboding and alarm. The only real money was the precious metals. If there must be paper tokens of money, let them issue direct from the Treasury of the United States, under charter of the Constitution itself, based not merely upon the faith of the government alone, but also upon the actual power and readiness of the government to redeem the paper tokens in real money at any and all times. But no bank-notes; no promises of A to pay B in a mere note of hand which C might offer to D as legal tender!

There were many other things left half done which he hoped that time, wisdom and diligence might work out in due order.

Then there were other very important things not done at all; things which in his own time he could find no way of grasping, not even tentatively. Chief of these were the annexation of Texas and the definitive settlement of the Oregon boundary; questions directly and vitally involving both the integrity of the nation and "extension of the area of free institutions." With regard to Texas, the problem would work itself out if the new republic were invited instead of repelled. But he was sure that repulsion—which he feared would be the policy of New England—could have no other result than to drive Texas into the arms of Old England. As for the great, unsettled, disputed Northwest, its proper and rightful boundary was a question to be settled only by firmness and courage. If committed to the arts and subtleties of diplomacy, the trained courtiers of England would cheat our frank and candid statesmen out of the hairs on their heads at every turn. "Our motto should be, gentlemen," he said, "the words of our young friend, Senator Allen, often spoken in our discussions of the subject—'Fifty-four-forty or Fight!' Let that be the motto not merely of our party, but of the nation, and England will yield in the Northwest as she yielded in the Southwest thirty-two years ago. In the Southwest she did not yield without a fight. But in the Northwest she will yield to simple firmness—because she will never fight that old Southwestern battle over again on this continent."

He then went on exhorting his friends to watch these

two danger-points. He said his own work was done as well as he could do it, and nothing now remained for him but to die as became an old soldier and a man. "But of all things," he repeated, "never once take your eyes off Texas and never let go of Fifty-four-forty!"

This was the legacy he left to his stanchest and most stalwart supporters in press and forum. They did not keep it all. But they managed to save half of it. They could annex Texas, but they could not prevent England from cheating their country out of its great ultramontane Northwest.

Of course, the foregoing is only a synopsis, a résumé —only two quotations of his own phrase being offered. Governor Allen, describing the scene, said that never before had anyone present heard him talk so calmly or yet so eloquently. Like Washington's Farewell Address, it blazed the path of duty far ahead.

General Jackson's last journey from Washington to Tennessee, from the White House to the Hermitage, was slow. He stopped often to rest and to visit old friends by the wayside. His longest stay at any point was a fortnight at Cincinnati, where Senator Allen joined him by rapid travel when the Senate adjourned, and who, having legal business at the spring term of the United States district court for Tennessee, went on with him to Nashville. All along his route the people wished to do him honor in the old way; to demonstrate that the prefix of "ex" to his great title cut no figure in their admiration or their fealty. At Pittsburg he accepted a reception and banquet, but was so tired before the end of the reception that he had to go to bed

instead of to the dinner. After that he declined all demonstrations, pleading weariness and need of absolute rest; and the people, taking him at his word, contented themselves with cheers and good wishes as he passed by. However, the escape from cares, the invigorating air of the mountains and the valleys and the gentle recreation of slow and careful travel told for good upon him, and he arrived home in much better health than when he left the Capital.

Nashville received him in the old way, and there he felt well enough to attend a banquet. In accordance with his own earnestly expressed wish, however, it was much less elaborate and briefer than its numerous predecessors had been. Among those present was Sarah Childress Polk, with her husband, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1875, the then venerable lady described the scene to the author. One incident involved enough of prophecy to make it worth a place in history: To Speaker Polk was accorded the pleasant office of "the welcome home." At the close of his little speech he said "the only regret anyone, and above all his own home friends and neighbors, could feel was that, with the coming of their illustrious fellow-citizen back to their midst, came also the sad fact that the sceptre had passed from Tennessee!"

"I sat at the General's left," said Mrs. Polk, "and the moment my husband ceased speaking, the General leaned over toward me and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard the whole length of the table: 'Never mind what he says, daughter; the sceptre shall come back to Tennessee before very long, and your own fair self shall be the queen.' I was young then—only thirty-four—

and little hoped for the destiny that awaited me. Certainly I did not for a moment imagine that, at forty-two, I should be mistress of that historic mansion to whose traditions the old General had just added so much glory; but so it proved. Afterward, in the light of other things which occurred, I came to believe that even then, in 1837, General Jackson had my husband in view as a probable successor to Mr. Van Buren after eight years. And I am perfectly sure that he never had any other in his mind from the State of Tennessee." *

* It may be interesting to cite here the evidence of Mrs. Polk upon another question; one which Mr. Parton seems to have regarded as at least debatable. In his Life of Jackson (Vol. III, p. 629), speaking of the ex-President's visit to General Robert Lytle at Cincinnati on the way home, Mr. Parton says:

"It appears to rest upon good testimony that, during his stay at Cincinnati, he expressed regret at having become estranged from Henry Clay. Clay and himself, he said, ought to have been friends and would have been, but for the slanders and cowardice of an individual whom he denominated 'that Pennsylvania reptile.'"

The probability is that the "good testimony" mentioned by Mr. Parton existed wholly in his own mind and was the offspring of his own immeas urable admiration for Mr. Clay; a sentiment which, all through his volumes, leads him to pose as the apologist for Clay on every point of issue between that great man and Jackson.

But Mrs. Polk, who knew General Jackson from her own girlhood to his grave and who was always the object of his most knightly chivalry, said to the author in describing the last scenes at the Hermitage: "I was in Washington when the General passed away, which was only about three months—four days over that time, to be exact—after the inauguration of Mr. Polk. But I had seen him frequently when at home and had been deeply interested in his religious conversion. After that event he loved to tell me that he had forgiven this one and that one—mentioning those who had been bitter and unscrupulous enemies. But never once the name of Henry Clay or of John C. Calhoun! Do not understand me to intimate that he still felt toward them the unchristian spirit of live hatred or active unforgiveness. But I do believe that, in the regeneration of his heart, he had simply banished both of them and all thoughts of their conduct toward him and his, and every impulse of retaliation, utterly from his mind and his soul."

From this banquet the war-worn and time-worn and state-worn and toil-worn and absolutely honor-worn old conqueror of his country's foes and defender of his people's rights was at last permitted to go home to his comfortable and quiet Hermitage—in peace, perhaps? We shall see.

When General Jackson settled down at the Hermitage in May, 1837, to eke out, as he thought, his few remaining years as a quiet old planter, he considered himself a poor man. He had, indeed, the most productive plantation of its size in the Southwest—about 2,600 acres, all told, of which more than half was under cultivation. He had 137 "colored folks," or "servants" as he used to call them, of all ages and sexes, and of them perhaps eighty or ninety could be considered effective field-hands or house-servants.

His plantation was abundantly stocked with fine horses and cattle, and he had beyond question the best overseer in Tennessee. History has not handed down the full name of this distinguished and important personage. All we know of him is that the General used to call him "Jason" when he talked about him, and to address him as "My dear Jason" when he had occasion to write to him from the White House. We also know that, on his part, Jason used to proclaim, in season or out of season, that "the next best thing to having a plantation of your own was to oversee General Jackson's." It is also known that the overseer and his good wife were to all intents and purposes members of the Hermitage family, and usually breakfasted with the master, at which time the details of management and the needs of the colored people would be discussed and provided for.

But in spite of all these pleasant surroundings, the General owed considerable money—$6,000 in one sum, as we have seen, and other smaller amounts, making a total of between $9,000 and $10,000. This made him feel poor, because to him debt was an unmixed curse and a constant sorrow to be assuaged only by receipt in full. His friends in Tennessee, knowing these things, proposed to relieve the perplexities of the old gentleman by taking up a private subscription to pay off his debts. But when he heard of it, he prohibited the scheme as peremptorily as he had vetoed the Bank re-charter, and intimated that, though pretty old and somewhat decrepit, he could still take care of himself.

Before he had been home very long he began to realize, even away out on his plantation eleven miles from town, that 1837 was the great panic year. And it did not mitigate the burdens of such a situation when he read in such Whig papers as happened to reach him that it was "a Jackson panic." According to his own account, he had "only ninety dollars of ready money left when he got home, and there was little or no sale for anything the farm raised that season." Besides these embarrassments, he had to extricate his adopted son from certain unfortunate speculations which, though not involving large sums, were troublesome in such a tight money market and general disturbance of trade. These conditions lasted longer than the panic year itself. Cotton was low for two or three seasons. The borrowed $6,000 which he expected to pay off with the crop of 1837 dragged along and was not fully liquidated till the crop of 1839 came in.

During these years he substantially kept the word

he had given to Benton, Blair and Allen, that he would wash his hands of politics. But after a while, when his business affairs got in better shape and another national campaign approached, the old war-horse began once more to sniff the battle from afar. News that movements were on foot to defeat the renomination of Mr. Van Buren did not tend to promote his tranquillity. He had appointed his successor for two terms—not merely for one —he thought, and any person who might presume to contest the legacy must reckon with him. Thus it happened that, after about two years of real rest, the General, in 1839, resumed his wonted personal activity in the management of the Democratic party.

The result was that from that time until the convention of 1840 he was immersed in a correspondence which extended over all the country, and with the most prominent and powerful men in active political life; a correspondence of which but little has ever come to the surface of history, but which, to judge from the little that has been published, was as thoroughly Jacksonian as any in his younger days. Early in 1840, before the conventions had been called, it became a foregone conclusion that the Whigs would renominate General Harrison, notwithstanding his overwhelming defeat in 1836, and the utterances of Clay and Webster indicated that he would have a clear field; that the Whigs would give him their united and enthusiastic support.

Sanguine as he usually was in any emergency that confronted himself or his friends, General Jackson became somewhat perplexed in 1840. He was even heard to say that "things look a little dubious." What disturbed him most were the indications, too plain to be

unseen, that the Southern Democrats, even those of his own Tennessee, were not enthusiastic for Van Buren. In 1838 James K. Polk, his own protégé and backed by all the energy that was left in the old Tennessee "machine" of "Bill" Carroll and "Billy" Lewis, had only just pulled through by the beggarly account of 2,500 majority in the hottest canvass and the fullest vote ever known in a gubernatorial canvass. "By gracious, William," he said to Carroll when this result was announced, "I'm afraid the State is slipping away from us."

"It's not only slipping, General," said Carroll, "but it's already slipped! Those corn-crackers up in the mountains [meaning East Tennessee] are all Whigs now!"

But the General was too old to learn new tricks. He could not conceive that his own Tennessee was departing from him; he could not imagine that it already had "gone over to the enemy," as he was wont to phrase it. In vain his closest friends expostulated with him that Van Buren would be beaten in 1840. In vain they reminded him that Hugh White—dead and gone only a month ago (April, 1840)—had beaten Van Buren in the State in 1836. He would listen to nobody. He would hearken to nothing. To James K. Polk he said: "You must run for Vice-President; that will save the State." *

"But, General, it will not save our party. Besides, I do not believe it would save our own State."

"Do you then mean to tell me that Harrison is going to be elected?"

"I am not prepared to say that, General. But I fear

* Reminiscence of Mrs. Polk, 1875.

that Harrison will receive the electoral vote of Tennessee in spite of anything and everything we can do."

"Well, Polk, you are younger than I am and your eyesight is better. Maybe you can see things that I can't. I'm mighty sorry to hear you talk as you do. But I can't help it."

The Democrats renominated Van Buren—more because Jackson wanted them to than because they were willing to.

The Whigs renominated Harrison—with a whoop, with yells for Tippecanoe, Log Cabins and Hard Cider!

Very soon the situation grew desperate. General Jackson himself "took the stump," speaking not only in West Tennessee, but in Southern Kentucky. They ought not to have put the old man on the stump. It was not right to let such a fame as his so becloud its own twilight. Yet they were driven to all resorts—no matter how desperate.

In his "stumping tour" as a Van Buren "spellbinder," the hero of New Orleans—seventy-three years old and feeble at that—was almost betrayed by his passions into aspersions upon Harrison as a general. We all know that Harrison was not a statesman, not even so much of a statesman as Jackson; but no man of any party who has ever smelled real powder can survey the military records of the Northwest in 1811–'13, from Tippecanoe to Lake Erie and the Thames, and argue from them that, as a soldier and a fighting general, William Henry Harrison had much, if any, odds to ask of Andrew Jackson. But when Jackson, in 1840, questioned the soldiership and the generalship of Harrison in 1811–'12 and '13, he was thinking only of Harrison's attitude as a

member of Congress in 1819. Harrison had then criticised the hanging of Francis, Himollomico and Arbuthnot and the shooting of Ambrister. He had intimated that these acts were cruel; that they were, at least, not such acts as should characterize an unopposed victor dealing with a prostrate foe. That was an imputation Jackson could never forgive. But his effort to resent it on the stump in 1840 hurt him more than Harrison's speech in the House did twenty-one years before.*

What a long chapter a really strong writer can compress into one short sentence! Says Dr. Woodrow Wilson (History of the American People, Vol. IV., p. 84): "They [the Democrats] seemed to have lost initiative when they lost General Jackson." To this might be added the remark that General Jackson himself had "lost the initiative" when he took the stump against Harrison

* August 17, 1840, Henry Clay made a speech at Nashville, in the course of which he said that "General Jackson, when President, had appointed a defaulter Secretary of State and afterward sent him as minister to France." This referred to Edward Livingston, who had been United States District Attorney for New York under Jefferson's administration in 1801-'02 and, through error or malversation on the part of his fiscal agent, became indebted to the Federal Government in a large sum, for which he confessed judgment without suit and to pay which he sacrificed every dollar he was worth or could raise. But Clay, with his customary cunning, omitted to mention this fact.

The next day General Jackson replied by a letter printed in the Nashville *Union* setting forth the real facts and concluding as follows:

"Under such circumstances how contemptible does this demagogue (Clay) appear when he descends from his high place in the Senate to roam over the country retailing slanders upon the living and the dead!"

Clay made his attack upon the memory of Mr. Livingston (dead since 1836) for the malicious purpose of "rousing the old lion of the Hermitage," as his own friends John Bell and Ephraim Foster admitted, and he gloated over his success. Perhaps this incident may have formed some of Mr. Parton's "good testimony," mentioned on a previous page, that General Jackson desired a "reconciliation" with Henry Clay.

in his old age. He suggested nothing new. He only harped upon strings the touch of which made music to him but not to the younger generation he addressed. All the people to whom General Jackson spoke in 1840 listened to him with respect, some of them with pain. Then a majority of them went and voted for General Harrison—who carried Tennessee by over 12,000 majority.

General Jackson went back to the Hermitage and resumed his planting. General Harrison was elected President. It was a singular campaign. The Whigs gave out no "platform" except the name of their candidate and "Tippecanoe," just as the Democrats had done in 1832—no platform but the name of Jackson. They won by 234 to 60 electoral votes. Yet that large majority of electoral votes represented aggregate popular majorities of only 50,214 in a total vote of 2,446,772.

It is worth while, as we pass by, to note the significance of these figures. They meant a vast expansion of the elective franchise. The number of voters to every thousand of population was, in 1840, nearly double that which it had been in 1824; over fifty per cent. more than in 1832. Restrictions of any considerable effect existed only in Rhode Island and South Carolina. One by one the "qualifications" of suffrage, so dear to the ancient oligarchy of Virginia and Massachusetts, had disappeared. Of course, all this had been the work of the several States. The Federal government had nothing to do with it. There were no Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments then. Yet this progress of enfranchisement, though not the work of Jackson's brain or hands, was the working of the spirit and the aspirations which

Jacksonism had quickened in the hearts of the people. It was the era, not the man. Van Buren, though beaten "out of sight" in the electoral college, was still the choice of over forty-nine per cent. of the people.

General Jackson took his defeat in 1840 philosophically and at once began to lay plans for retrieval of the Democratic ascendancy in 1844. We say *"his* defeat" advisedly, because he viewed it as such and, in accordance with his invariable custom, "cheerfully took all the responsibility." About the first conclusion he reached after a thorough review of the situation was that the next Democratic candidate must be a Western man. He had not lost personal faith in or regard for Van Buren, but he realized and frankly said to his intimate friends that Van Buren could not carry Western States against a Western man, and that, besides, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to receive a cordial support in the South. According to General William O. Butler and Governor Allen, the General did not decide definitely the question of a successor to Van Buren until 1843. Mr. Blair believed his first choice was Benton,* and

* When Congress adjourned in 1841, William O. Butler (then a member from Kentucky) and Senators Benton and Allen came home together. While on the boat coming down the river from Pittsburg, General Butler mentioned his intention of visiting Nashville after spending a few days at Carrollton.

"You will, of course, go out to the Hermitage and see the Old Man," suggested Benton.

"Naturally," said Butler.

"Let me offer you a little advice. You are for me in '44, as I understand it ?"

"Yes ; subject of course to conditions now unforeseen which may arise in the meantime."

"That goes without saying."

"Well, I have reason to believe—though I do not pretend to exact knowledge—that the General is for me at this time and has held that preference

that view was shared by Benton himself. Allen also looked upon himself for a time as the General's possible second choice; but he told the author that this aspiration was abandoned by him as soon as General Lewis Cass was mentioned in the lists. Allen was young—only thirty-six—and could wait. But, whatever the hopes of any aspirant—Benton, Cass, Allen or Polk—all agreed that the final decision would rest with General Jackson.

In this way things drifted. The sudden death of General Harrison and the succession of Tyler modified the General's calculations between 1841 and 1844. Among other things it put Clay on the track again, and no one was quicker to perceive that fact than General Jackson. In his mind it complicated the situation so far as Benton was concerned. As against Harrison he would have nominated Benton. But as against Clay it might become necessary to take up a Democratic soldier. From this point of view General Cass, of Michigan, Colonel Robert Lytle, of Ohio, or William O. Butler, of Kentucky, would be available. Benton, though he held a commission in 1812, had no actual service record in campaign or battle. As it turned out, the General ran Butler for governor of Kentucky in 1844—not with much hope of his elec-

ever since the count of the votes last fall. In fact, I believe, also, he now regrets that he did not nominate me instead of Van Buren in 1836. At least, I am sure he thinks I would not have made such a mess of it as Van has made. Then there is another thing nobody seems to have talked of as yet."

"What is that?"

"Why, it is the fact that the Abolitionists have pushed the slavery question and are pushing it in a way calculated to bring it to the front in 1844. And Van Buren is known to Jackson and to me as being unsound on that issue. Draw the old General out in your own quiet way on this subject. You know, Butler, he never has any secrets from men who were with him at New Orleans."

tion, but for the purpose of making things lively for Mr. Clay in his own State. Butler did better than Jackson anticipated. He cut the Whig majority of nearly thirty thousand in 1840 down to forty-two hundred in 1844. In the General's letter of congratulation to Butler he said: "I believe if you had been running for President instead of governor you would have beaten Clay in his own State." General Butler had this letter when the author visited him in 1873.

The Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1844 turned wholly upon the annexation of Texas. General Jackson tried with all the strength that lingered in his feeble hands to have the Oregon boundary on the basis of "Fifty-four-forty" made also a cardinal plank in the Democratic platform of that year, but in this he practically failed. The convention, to appease him, declared that "Oregon should be reoccupied." But at the moment when that was done the convention was under control of a pro-slavery faction which had secretly resolved to give the disputed territory to England in pursuance of their policy that no more free soil should be permitted to come into the Union. In other words, the pro-slavery faction of the Democratic party in 1844 deliberately deceived General Jackson, hoping that, as he was now in his seventy-eighth year, he would die before it might become necessary to carry their base and dastardly programme into effect. In this, it is needless to remark, their calculations were sustained by events.

While these operations were going on within the Democratic party, Mr. Tyler's Secretary of State, John C. Calhoun, induced that unfortunate President, on April 12, 1844, to send to the Senate a treaty for the annexa-

tion of Texas. This stroke, which was wholly unexpected, Mr. Calhoun hoped would confuse the Jackson Democracy by anticipating one of their leading points of party policy. At the same time he was, on behalf of the pro-slavery faction, carrying on the diplomatic correspondence with Great Britain which laid a basis for the surrender of the Oregon boundary two years later. But so far as concerned Texas, his strategy was summarily defeated by the Senate, which rejected his surreptitious treaty by a decisive vote—on which, for the first and only time, the Whigs and Jackson Democrats joined forces.

The nomination of James K. Polk in 1844 was the result of an all-round compromise. He was acceptable to General Jackson on grounds of personal friendship, unlimited confidence and, above all, residence in Tennessee. A letter written by the General early in 1843 to Representative Brown, of Tennessee, on the annexation of Texas, was used in the convention effectively against Mr. Van Buren. When the General wrote that letter he did not know that Van Buren was opposed to annexation—or at least to the immediate action to that end upon which Jackson insisted. The use of the letter for that purpose annoyed him, and he tried to explain it in another letter to Mr. Van Buren himself. But his effort at explanation served only to emphasize the letter he had written to Representative Brown.

Though past the age of seventy-seven when Mr. Polk was nominated, General Jackson "took off his coat," as the saying is, and exhausted what little physical strength remained to him in active and potent advocacy of his election. No longer able to write with his own hand

more than a few lines at a time, he kept a secretary—and sometimes two—busy at the Hermitage throughout the campaign taking dictations, and reading to him the newspaper accounts from day to day. In his letter to Representative Brown he made certain comments upon the diplomacy of Monroe's administration, when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State. The treaty with Spain, by which Florida was ceded in 1819, provided that our Southwestern boundary should be the Sabine River instead of the Rio Grande. Speaking of this event in his letter to Mr. Brown, General Jackson said, under date of February 12, 1843:

"I could not but feel that the surrender of so vast and important a territory was attributable to an erroneous estimate of the tendency of our institutions in which was mingled somewhat of jealousy to the rising greatness of the South and West."

This obvious reference to the traditional opposition of New England to territorial extension and the creation of new States in the West and South provoked an angry retort from Mr. Adams, and a correspondence ensued the temper of which, on both sides—considering the supreme eminence of the disputants—was not sufficiently creditable to either to encourage its reproduction here. It served, however, to show that Mr. Adams had a much clearer view of the fact that slavery was already a great issue and of imminent peril to the Union than General Jackson held.

Mr. Polk was elected by a decisive majority in the electoral colleges, but he did not receive quite a clear popular majority over the combined vote for Mr. Clay and that polled by the "Liberty party," or the Abolition-

ists, which ran up to the then astonishing figure of 67,000. With his inauguration the great, overshadowing and "irrepressible" conflict over slavery may be said to have begun. Congress took the result as a popular verdict in favor of annexation, and the last act of President Tyler was to sign, late at night, March 3, 1845, a joint resolution admitting Texas to the Union; a resolution passed in the Senate by the solid Democratic vote with that of the Southern Whigs—and in the Democratic House under suspension of the rules.

Thus was General Jackson's candidate elected and one of his two cardinal policies carried into immediate effect by the campaign of 1844. Naturally his joy was very great. He testified to it by a grand garden-party and barbecue at the Hermitage, attended by the whole countryside and as many prominent Democrats from a distance as could get there in time. On this occasion he made a little speech from the portico of the Hermitage. It was, of course, extempore, and only two sentences of it were preserved: "We have restored the government to sound principles and extended the area of our institutions to the Rio Grande! Now for Oregon and Fifty-four-forty!"

"Or fight!" added young John Calvin Brown, then a boy of seventeen, in the audience; afterward governor of Tennessee.

General Jackson spied the boy and laughed. "Yes, Johnny," he said, "if we have to. I've fought some battles for the Southwest end of this Union and, old as I am, I reckon there's one more left in me for its Northwest end if need be!"

Mr. Polk consulted him on the selection of his Cabinet.

He approved all but the first name—that of James Buchanan for Secretary of State. At that name he shook his head. He recalled Buchanan's action in the "treason, stratagem and spoils infamy" of 1825, as he called it; declared that he was a man destitute of courage and, as he believed, "not overburdened with scruples of honor." He called Mr. Polk's attention to the fact that as Secretary of State, Buchanan would have to deal with any questions that might arise over the Northwest boundary. For such a task, he declared, "a man of proved courage, faultless honor and unflinching patriotism" was imperatively required. And he emphatically added that Buchanan was not that kind of man. Governor Allen informed the author that General Jackson wanted Polk to offer the portfolio of State to Benton; and he believed Benton could have had it if he would have taken it. "If Benton had been Polk's Secretary of State," concluded the venerable governor of Ohio in 1875, "there never would have been any such name on the map as British Columbia!"

CHAPTER XIV

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY

EARLY in the spring of 1845 the General's health began to fail rapidly. On the 4th of March, the day of Polk's inauguration, he was for several hours given up by everybody at the Hermitage—except himself. Though he could talk only in hoarse whispers, constantly interrupted by hemorrhage, he repeatedly declared that his time had not yet come—"at least, not quite," he said; and the iron will pulled him through.

From this attack he soon rallied. In a few days he was out of doors, and during April and most of May was as well as at any time for two or three years. But that was not being well by any means. He was slowly becoming weaker, dropsical symptoms having made their appearance. The last time he ever stood on his feet in the open air was Saturday morning, May 23, 1845. He lived sixteen days after that, but was unable to leave his room. His sufferings during this period were aggravated by the fact that his cough precluded repose in bed; and the only semblance of comfort he could find was in sitting upright in the great arm-chair of hickory-poles made for him by his admirers in the presidential campaign of 1824 and softened by ample cushions which Mrs. Jackson had quilted with her own hands.

Of course, when a man has reached the age of seventy-

eight, he must be prepared to die. Jackson realized that fact and braved it with the fortitude which had nerved him to suffer the blow of the British officer's sabre rather than clean the officer's boots when he was a boy of thirteen and a prisoner of war in 1780; a fortitude that had never left him for a moment in any peril or under any anguish. Most of his immediate friends and members of his family believed that his remarkable exertions and excitements in the campaign of 1844 exhausted the slender stock of vitality which was yet in him, and that, had he spared himself that ordeal, he might have lingered to pass the fourscore milestone of life.

Said Mrs. Polk to the author: "It has ever been a sad thought to me that General Jackson may have cut short the little span of years nature might have left him by his remarkable efforts in support of Mr. Polk during the campaign of 1844. I saw him more than once that summer, and he invariably said to me: 'Never fear, daughter, I will put you in the White House you can so adorn if it costs me my life!' I did not realize the full force of his words then; but when the tidings of his passing away came to me, I was in the White House, and the news made me—" [Here the venerable lady left the room abruptly and did not return for a quarter of an hour, when the condition of her eyes told that she had been overcome by her memories.]

"But," she resumed, "it was his nature to do things that way. Of some men you will hear it said that they were either for or against something. General Jackson was always for something. Of course, in being for one thing he always must be against some other thing, its opposite or antithesis. But the 'being for' was what

filled his soul. The being against was secondary or incidental—necessary and unavoidable, as a rule. But nothing ever delighted him so much as to find the thing he was for unopposed. Everybody will tell you that he liked to fight for fighting's sake. As one who knew him from childhood, one whose father was his friend and fellow-pioneer, one who when a wee child sat on his knee in the days when most of his repute was that of a fighting man, I tell you he fought, not for fighting's sake, but for the sake of the cause or the woman he revered and loved."

Here the illustrious lady paused for a few minutes, as if overcome by her own eloquence. Again resuming, she said that the General took much greater interest in the campaign of 1844 than in that of 1840 and exerted himself more, while his powers of endurance were of course much less at seventy-seven than they had been at seventy-three. "The campaign of 1840," she pursued, "was defensive; merely holding, or trying to hold, one's own. That kind of battle, while it challenged some of his combative energies, did not evoke all or even the best of them. In defence he was, of course, grand. But in 1844 the campaign was one of attack—to wrest from the enemy a position they held. That was the kind of struggle that stirred every drop of his blood and strung every fibre in his body. In defence, I said, he was grand. But in attack, there never was and never will or can be another leader like him."

This, viewed as a picture of Jackson and as an analysis of his character in party leadership, is so much better and more graphic in its simplicity than anything we could write, that we leave it here without comment, just

as it stands. It shows also the unconscious stateswoman in Mrs. Polk herself. She never had an intellectual superior in the White House.

It has been noted that when General Jackson left Washington in March, 1837, at the end of eight years in the presidency, he was compelled to borrow a considerable sum to settle his accounts of a personal nature —mainly, if not altogether, due to the insufficiency of his official salary and allowances, together with the current earnings of his plantation, to meet the expenses of the establishment he maintained in the White House. This debt he finished paying in the fall of 1839. But soon after that his adopted son encountered misfortune in certain speculations, and to extricate him from their financial consequences the General had to borrow about $16,000. Of this amount he obtained $6,000 from his factors (cotton brokers) in New Orleans, J. B. Planchine and Company, and $10,000 from Messrs. Blair and Rives, proprietors of the Washington *Globe*.

Various causes conspired to prevent him from liquidating these debts during his lifetime. Therefore, in 1843, he was compelled to make a new will and testament to take the place of one which had been made shortly after the death of Mrs. Jackson. The new will provided first for the payment of these two debts, which were expressly set forth in its text, together with all other dues from him to others not enumerated. It then made a number of special bequests, mostly in slaves or in relics and mementoes to particular individuals, and finally devised the residue of the estate to his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr. Just how much was left after paying the debts is not of apparent record, as the executor was also

the beneficiary of the residue and no bond or accounting was exacted from him except the receipts of creditors, the court not deeming it necessary to require receipts for the keepsakes from those to whom they were given.

The General's adopted son was never prominent except through the fame of the name he bore. He was the son of Savern Donelson, Mrs. Jackson's brother, and was born in 1806. Those of the older generation in Tennessee and others who knew him personally describe him as a handsome, genial, generous fellow, either as boy or man; bright at school and popular in young manhood. The author once asked an elderly lady of Nashville—a relative, by the way, of Sarah Yorke, whom the adopted son married—what her recollections were of Andrew Jackson, Jr. She replied: "Well, he was all Donelson. If you don't know what that means, I will tell you. The Donelsons were a large family, and they had more uniformity of character and temperament than I have ever known to exist among so many. They were all fine-looking people, both sexes alike. Some of the girls in the second and third generations were very beautiful. The men were high-spirited, and most of them were a good deal above mediocrity in mind and attainments. The smartest of them was the General's namesake, Andrew Jackson Donelson—or 'Jack,' as he was usually called about here in those days. He was really a man of unusual ability and noble character. I always thought if he had been left to himself he would have carved out a fortune of his own. But he spent twenty or more of his best years either in the regular army or in personal service to his uncle, the General. He graduated very near the head of his class at West Point.

But he remained with or near the General till he was over forty years of age. After that he held several important offices at home and abroad, and was at one time editor of a paper in Washington. Yes, 'Jack' was the ablest of all the Donelsons.

"The one whom the General adopted was a fine fellow in every way, and his wife, Sarah Yorke, was one of the nicest women I ever knew. But young 'Andy,' as we generally called him, was not adapted to business pursuits. He was either 'unlucky,' as people say, or else he was born to be one of those whom the Scotch call 'ne'er-do-weels.' I don't know which it was. But I do know that, though he was temperate and diligent, he never seemed to prosper on his own account, and the General always helped him more or less. And he was always helping all the Donelsons, as much as they would let him. But they were proud people, and did not wish to be looked upon as dependents—not even upon the good-will of so great a man as the General. You see, General Jackson loved Aunt Rachel so that he looked upon all her relations as his own blood kin, and having none of his own, you might say almost that he adopted the whole family—and they were numerous. I was born in 1800 and lived near Clover Bottom, so I knew the Jackson and Donelson families as soon as I got old enough to know anybody. Yes, they were the nicest kind of people, even if they did not prosper overmuch, and the General was not by any means alone in liking them. Everybody liked them and they liked everybody. This was perfectly true of 'Andy,' and that is one reason why I said he was a thorough Donelson, even if he was sometimes unlucky in his ventures and

cost his adopted father a good deal one time and another."

During the lifetime of Mrs. Jackson, who, as we have seen from her letters and her ways, was a devout Christian, the General often promised her that "as soon as he got out of public life he would join the church." Rough as his nature was in many respects and fierce as his career may have been, Andrew Jackson was filled with the instincts of purity and the impulses of righteousness. For example, when he heard of the death of Aaron Burr, in 1836, he said to Mr. Blair that "Burr came within one trait of the most exalted greatness."

"What was that?" asked Mr. Blair.

"Reverence, sir, reverence," replied the General solemnly. "I don't care how smart or how highly educated or how widely experienced a man may be in this world's affairs, unless he reveres something and believes in somebody beyond his own self, he will fall short somewhere. That was the trouble with Burr. I saw it when I first met him at Philadelphia in 1796. I was a raw backwoodsman, but had sense enough to see through men a good deal smarter than I could ever hope to be myself. I liked him and for many things admired him. But I never could get over that one impression that he was irreverent. And that was what stood in his way. I remember reading away back yonder how he said, when he read Hamilton's farewell letter, that 'it sounded like the confession of a penitent monk.' I thought then, Blair, that if I had killed a man as he killed Hamilton, even if I had thought such a thing, I would leave it for somebody else to say. In the inner circles of my friends I have once or twice spoken of Mr. Dickinson's charac-

ter as I knew it to be, but never publicly or for the world to hear or read. Yes, Blair, a man must revere something or, no matter how smart or brave he is, he will die as Burr died in New York the other day, friendless and alone."

This estimate of Burr is more valuable as an index to Jackson's character than as an analysis of Burr's, though it is undeniably just in any sense.

In regard to General Jackson's formal communion with the Orthodox Presbyterian Church in 1843, we think it may be safely described as the outward manifestation of a change of heart which really began with the passing of Mrs. Jackson in 1828. In our own observation we have seen and known some men as obdurate, as exultantly brave, as heedless of danger, as stoical under bodily pain, and, generally speaking, as hard and grim as Jackson may have been at his worst, to be softened, chastened and subdued suddenly and permanently by some irreparable bereavement that inflicted an unspeakable sorrow, never to be assuaged. It usually happens that the bravest and hardest men, if they be men of chivalry and honor, are the tenderest lovers. That these words describe General Jackson, we do not think any close student of his nature will try to gainsay. Now, such a man may be very wicked in the common acceptation of that term, so long as no great shock comes to his brain and heart, to teach him—with all the force of a rifle-bullet but without its deadliness—that this life is not all in what we see to-day or may have seen yesterday. Time and again have we seen such men take their first glimpse of the soul's immortality in a hope, vague and shadowy at first, but constant within them and always

growing, that they may, when this life is done, meet and greet once more and forever the loved one in the realm of God's Eternity.

There can be no doubt, we think, that this preparation for the Christian change, if not the change itself, crept over the heart and through the soul of Andrew Jackson when he consigned to the Hermitage garden the mortal ashes of his Rachel. At any rate, we know that from that moment he mended the ways of his life. He subdued his daily walk and he modulated his daily conversation. True, his temper rose now and then—but so does the wrath of the righteous. One need not be a sheep to be a Christian. But on the whole the Jackson who survived "Aunt Rachel" was a different man from the one she called husband in her lifetime; a milder, gentler-spoken, more tender-voiced and more reverent man than she had ever known. The love he bore to her in the body seemed to follow her soul away somewhere, he knew not where, but he did know that it followed her spirit; and in his rugged, strife-scarred, storm-beaten and pain-seared simplicity of manhood, that itself was a religion. These observations—trite in themselves, mayhap—lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that, when General Jackson formally and outwardly "joined the church," in 1843, he only avowed in the sight of men a faith he had long ago confessed to God Almighty in the silent sanctuary of his own soul.

In this train of thought we have been led farther into —or toward—the labyrinth of spiritual disquisition than was our initial purpose. Suffice to say, therefore, that when the old General joined the church in 1843 he did it, as he had done everything else all through his many

and marvellous years, with all his heart and all his mind and all his might and all his being.

There was nothing particularly out of the common in the death of General Jackson. A few hours before the end came he found strength to sign a letter to President Polk, dictated the night before, exhorting him to stand firm on the Oregon boundary-line of "Fifty-four-forty."

When he had signed it he said he hoped the rights of the country could be maintained without war. "But, if not, let it come! The old patriots are gone or going, but new ones enough are taking their places. Let our rights be defended, no matter what the cost!"

There is no authentic record of any further expression from him on any public topic. Major Lewis came to his bedside—or rather to his chairside—about eleven o'clock in the morning of June 8th. To him he feebly dictated farewell messages for Francis P. Blair, Sam Houston, Thomas H. Benton, William Allen and Mrs. Polk. He tried to mention two or three more, but his articulation failed. After a few moments his frame shook, his eyes opened, and he saw some of his faithful old slaves standing around his feet as he sat propped up in the chair. To them he found voice to say: "Be good. Don't cry. We shall meet——"

Then, without finishing the sentence, he closed his eyes and passed away.

In matters of personal habit, the innumerable little things that make up the daily life of every man, great or humble, Andrew Jackson was always the frank, cordial, simple-mannered and open-hearted pioneer. With

him as its master, the "latch-string" of the White House was ever "out," as completely and as hospitably as had been that of the lowly log-cabin where he was born. In that respect the dizziest pinnacle of power he ever reached made no impress upon his imagination; never altered his bearing or his flavor of manliness.

Once when he was President a highly accomplished Baltimore lady—no less a personage than the wife of Jerome Bonaparte—said to him: "General, there must be a sensation of exalted pride in feeling that you hold the place once held by Washington."

With his courtliest bow and most winning smile, he replied: "Yes, madam; it is a sensation not unlike that which a gentleman must feel when he is honored by the society of Napoleon Bonaparte's sister-in-law!"

From the lips of some men this might have been no better than the compliment of a courtier; for, whatever he may have been with men, with women General Jackson was a veritable Sir Launcelot. With incidents of this trait a long chapter might be filled. On another occasion, Miss Vaughan, the handsome and accomplished niece of the British minister, said to him: "Mr. President, you and General Washington enjoy a unique fame. No one else has ever defeated my countrymen."

"That, my dear lady, is because we were descended from your countrywomen!" he retorted, quick as a flash and suave as a knight of the Round Table.

Almost the only Caucasian servitor about the White House in Jackson's time was an Irish stableman named Malloy. He was an old soldier of the regular army and had served under Jackson in Ogden's troop of the old First Dragoons; had been of the head-quarters escort at

New Orleans and in the last Florida campaign. The place he held was given to him by Monroe at Jackson's request. Malloy's wife was a jolly Irishwoman, much younger than her veteran husband, and employed in the White House. The General was fond of provoking her wit. One day he said to her in a bantering way:

"No one would take me for an Irishman, would he, Ellen?"

"Indade they would, sur, if they heard you talk to the grand ladies. That taste of the blarney you have, sur, would bethray you in an Injin's skin, sur!"

He never met a person he knew by sight or by name, high or humble, white or black, without "passing the time o' day." And his greeting to one was as courtly as to the other.

"Among men," said Governor Allen, "his acquaintances or friends were divided into four groups: First, and most numerous, those whom he invariably addressed ceremoniously as 'Mr. So-and-so' or by any military or judicial title they might have. Second, those whom he addressed by their surnames, without prefix. Third, those whom he called by their first names spelled out in full. And, fourth—the rarest eminence of all—those whom he called by first names abbreviated. The first and fourth classes were invariable; the second and third interchangeable. For example, I considered myself nearer to him than Benton was because he always called me 'William' and always held the great Missourian at half arm's length as 'Benton.' The editor of the *Globe* was always 'Blair' to his face, or 'Frank Blair' in the third person. But when it came to 'Van,' or even 'Matty,' for Van Buren, 'Jack' for Major Donelson,

'Billy' for Major Lewis, frequently 'Ike' for Senator Isaac Hill, short, simple 'Bill' for Generals Carroll and William O. Butler, 'Jack' or 'Old Jack' for Generals John Coffee and John Adair—notwithstanding that Adair was not very good to him in later years—when, as I say, you heard these fine distinctions, you always knew where his heart was.

"He had a faculty of remembering the faces and recalling the names of his old soldiers that was perfectly marvellous. This applied to volunteers and regulars alike. I recall one incident in Cincinnati. He had just landed from the boat on his way home in 1832 when a rather rough-looking fellow tried to elbow his way through the ranks of the reception committee. He was warned to stand aside. But the General had observed him. 'Hello, Ned!' he exclaimed, advancing and holding out his hand. 'How are you, General,' said 'Ned.' Then, turning to the committee, the General explained: 'One of my old boys in the Fourth Infantry, gentlemen. Grand rascal in those days, but a good soldier. I had to release him from the guard-house once or twice, where he had found his way for fighting or stealing chickens or taking forty drops too often—soldierly offences, gentlemen, soldierly offences!' 'How long since you have seen him, General?' asked one of the committee. 'Why,' he answered, as if it was the merest matter of course, 'he was on guard at the governor's house in Pensacola the day I left there twelve years ago. This is the first time I have seen him since.'

"One day an old sailor came to the White House during his last term. Of course, he was admitted. The General looked at him intently for a whole minute.

'I've seen you before! You were at New Orleans?' he said.

" 'Yes, sir; one of the Carolina's crew, sir.'

" 'Ah, now I remember! You landed with Norris and fought in the twenty-four-pounder battery — Battery Number Two!'

" 'Yes, sir; I was seaman-gunner there.'

" 'What are you doing now?'

" 'Odd jobs at rigging, sir, over in Baltimore. I'm getting a little 'long in years, General, and the sea is too hard for me now.' The General moistened his lips with his tongue, as was his habit when contriving something.

" 'Like to get into the navy-yard, eh?'

" 'Yes, sir; if you please, sir.'

"Then, turning to young Rives: 'Here, Mr. Rives, take this old fellow over to Mr. Dickerson [Secretary of the Navy] and have him fixed in a good navy-yard place. *Tell him I mean it!*'

"The old salt bowed himself out rejoicing. To the half-dozen or so Representatives or Senators in the room the General remarked: 'Old sailors of the Carolina's crew are not so plenty but what a feller can do one of them a good turn when he happens along.' "

Some idea of the rancor of party strife in Jackson's time may be apprehended from the incident of "sawing off the figure-head" of the old Constitution, rebuilt at Boston in 1833–'34. This anecdote was related to the author many years ago by the veteran and famous shipbuilder, Charles H. Cramp: In 1833, while the Constitution was rebuilding at the Boston navy-yard, the commandant there was Captain Jesse D. Elliott, who, as a

lieutenant, served with such conspicuous gallantry under Perry on Lake Erie. Captain Elliott was an ardent admirer of General Jackson, and when the President visited Boston in 1833 conceived the idea of using his bust in wood-carving as a new figure-head for the famous old frigate. The bust was designed by Constructor Samuel Humphreys, son of Joshua Humphreys, who designed the ship herself in 1794. In the summer of 1834 the rebuilt Constitution was getting ready for a cruise, and lay in the basin of the Boston navy-yard.

An East India captain in the service of Messrs. William and Henry Lincoln, great shipping merchants of that time, named Samuel W. Dewey, was a strong anti-Jackson man. Returning from a long voyage just before the Constitution was ready to sail, Captain Dewey learned of what he called "the desecration" of the ship and declared that she should not sail with the head of any living landsman at the fore—and least of all that of General Jackson, who from his point of view had so often violated that muniment of our liberties whose name the frigate bore. Captain Dewey was known to all his friends as a man of reckless daring and also as a keen practical joker. But when, in the privacy of a select circle, he announced his intention of sawing off the obnoxious head, none believed he would actually attempt such a foolhardy feat. The vessel was partly manned, and the usual deck-guard was maintained. However, taking advantage of a dark, rainy night, he obtained a small boat, rowed out under the bow of the ship, climbed up by means of the bobstay and "martingale" to the cutwater and with a well-greased hand-saw soon severed the head. He then took the trophy ashore

and exhibited it privately to his friends—including his employers. The navy-yard officials were, of course, greatly exercised, but could not discover the culprit.

When President Jackson was informed of it, he seemed more inclined to censure the commandant who had made such use of his bust without authority than the bold practical joker who had subjected him to vicarious decapitation. Concerning the latter, he said—thinking probably he was someone connected with the navy:

"Of course, he is a grand rascal, whoever he may be. But I'll bet he is a fellow that will fight if you get him started right. Such daring as that, actuated by proper motive, would nerve a man to go out in a boat and put a Bushnell torpedo under the bow of an enemy's ship on our coast in time of war! Should he be found out, I don't know whether I would break him or promote him. It would depend on the 'cut of his jib,' as sailors say."

Subsequently it was proposed to place the General's bust on the figure-head of the 74-gun ship North Carolina, but he peremptorily vetoed the suggestion. A year or so later Captain Dewey, to relieve from suspicion an officer or two of the sloop-of-war Cyane who had been accused of sawing off the head, openly avowed the act, and sent his trophy to Washington, where it was shown to the General, who merely repeated what he had already said about the affair. Of course, Captain Dewey was liable to prosecution for destroying public property, but Jackson ordered that the matter be ignored. He received the captain himself pleasantly, and persisted in his original view that it was a daring bit of bravado, the success of which was admirable, irrespective of the

motive. Besides, he said, if he had known that a bust of himself was used in that manner, he would have ordered it removed.

Instead of reproving Captain Dewey when the latter avowed his act, General Jackson thanked him, saying that Captain Elliott had suspected certain naval officers, and he was glad to have such suspicion removed. He added that "civilians had a right to be as partisan as they pleased, but naval officers should be above party."

It happened that, while Jackson was President, comparatively few applications for executive clemency came before him. In the few cases that did reach him his habit was to refer them to the judge in whose court the trial occurred. "I was a judge once, myself," he would say, "and if any man knows of mitigating circumstances, it is he. I have often sentenced a man in accordance with the verdict of a jury whom I would have pardoned in the next dozen words if I had possessed the power."

In 1834 he remitted the fine of $500 imposed upon Sam Houston two years before by the criminal court of the District of Columbia for thrashing Representative Stansberry, of Ohio. Commenting on the affair, he said that Sam's only fault that he could see was "hitting him a couple of times too many. But," he added—doubtless in deference to some memories of his own—"when a fellow is smarting under calumny such as the Whigs heaped upon poor old Sam, he seems to lose the faculty of counting blows."

His behavior when assaulted by Lieutenant Randolph, and also when a lunatic named Lawrence snapped two pistols at him in the Capitol, is too well known for de-

scription at this late day. Mr. Parton says that the General suspected his old friend George Poindexter of having instigated this attempt. In our limited research we have not found anything to that effect from Jackson. Mr. Parton does not offer evidence, except some random speculations of Harriet Martineau. Besides, General Jackson knew George Poindexter, of Mississippi, too well to suspect him of "instigating" such an act. He knew very well that if Senator Poindexter wanted a man killed, he would do it himself, and give the man an equal chance for his life at that. There is a limit to the scope of surmise in such cases. However, Mr. Parton, Miss Martineau and Lawrence himself were all English. The surmise that Jackson suspected George Poindexter of "instigating assassination" carries with it the inference that he may have been capable of idiocy at times. Americans said a good many malicious things about him. Fortunately, this Parton-Martineau surmise was reserved for an Englishman and an Englishwoman.

Jackson did, however, suspect that Randolph, if not directly "instigated," had been unduly wrought upon by Calhoun, who was his friend and who had tried to get him reinstated in the navy—from which he had been dismissed.

In buried treasures of old manuscript correspondence and reminiscences of those who knew Jackson best linger many traces of his American bonhomie and his Irish wit.

One day, about the time for Congress to assemble in December, 1833, Ralph Ingersoll, of Connecticut, who had been one of the few straight-out Jackson Democrats in the New England delegation, but retired in 1833, called upon the President. In the course of conversation

he remarked that he stayed over a few days on his way to visit friends in Philadelphia. Jackson asked him what news he heard while there. He replied:

"Of course, General, you want me to tell you the truth."

"Did you ever tell me anything else? If so, congratulate yourself that I never caught you at it!"

"Well, General, I must tell you that you are not very popular just now in Philadelphia—in fact, quite unpopular."

"Oh, that's no news. I am well aware that I enjoy an extreme unpopularity with an influential class of persons in that town. They consider me hopelessly honest. They charge me, as I understand, with an immoral devotion to the cause and interests of the common people only to be matched by my flagrant opposition to the Bank barons who get rich at the people's expense. Oh, yes; I know all that. It is encouraging, but it isn't news. Anything else?"

"Well, sir, the Quakers do not approve your policy of removing the Indians to the West."

"Don't they? Well, that isn't news, either. Let me tell you a little story: In March, 1832, I was visited by a delegation of Philadelphia Quakers on that subject. They were introduced by Buchanan, who immediately made his escape and went as far as Russia to get out of the way! Well, I didn't need any introduction to the Quakers. I knew them of old. Years ago I got acquainted with one by the name of Allison. That acquaintance cost me money. It would have cost me all I had and more too but for a lucky difference in jurisdiction between State and Federal courts. Allison failed

in business to help himself, and left those doing business with him to help themselves—if they could. Luckily I could and did. But that isn't the point, except to show that I didn't need Buchanan's introduction to acquaint me with Philadelphia Quakers. The delegation was part men and part women. The men wore broad-brim hats and the women narrow-brim bonnets. The men wouldn't take off their hats in the house. But I overlooked that —the hats, I mean. Of course, if men ain't polite enough to take off their hats when they come into your house, you have to overlook them.

"Well, I asked them what I could do for them. They said they came to protest against removing the Indians. I asked, What for? They said it was inhuman. I asked them why? They said because it was wrong to drive the Indians away from their ancestral homes and ancient hunting-grounds. I asked them if Philadelphia was the ancestral home and ancient hunting-ground of the Quakers. They said, Not exactly, but it was a different case. I asked if they were born in Philadelphia. They said they were. I asked about their parents. They said their parents were born there. Then about their grandparents. Yes, they said, most of them were born there too. Then I asked about their great-grandparents. At this, they looked at one another! Finally one or two said, No; their great-grandparents were mostly born in the old country—England. So, I said, they left their ancestral homes and ancient hunting-grounds and came to the West in search of new homes. Well, yes, they did; but it was a different case. Then I asked if their great-grandparents, when they came to Philadelphia, found any Indians there. They said, Yes, they did; but it was

a different case. What became of those Indians? I asked. Oh, they said, those Indians moved away; but it was a different case. Why did they move away? I insisted. Because our forefathers bought their lands, they said; but it was a different case. Then I asked, 'What did your forefathers pay the Indians for their lands?' They said that was a different case. But they didn't tell me what they paid! Then I asked, 'Did your forefathers suffer temporally or spiritually by leaving their ancestral homes and ancient hunting-grounds in England and coming to new ones in the West?' They couldn't say that they did.

"Well, some more questions were asked and answered in about the same fashion. But whenever they couldn't find any other answer, it was always a different case. Finally I asked, 'Would you, if you could, go back right now to the ancestral homes and ancient hunting-grounds of your great-great-grandparents in England?' They said that was a different case.

"Then I said: 'I think you folks have taken up quite enough of my time to no purpose. There are quite a number of people besides you in this country whose public business needs my attention. But before you go, I want to say that all I can make out of the visit you have done me the honor to pay me this morning is that you wish to meddle with something that you know nothing about and make pretensions to motives which, by your own confession, freely made, your ancestors not only did not act upon, but which they denied by every act they did, either as to themselves or as to the Indians. And, furthermore, while I concede to everyone the constitutional right to be as big a hypocrite as he or she

may please, I deny your right to take up any more of my time as President, chosen by a majority of the people of this country to look after the proper business of all the people.'

"Now, Mr. Ingersoll, what do you think? Those Quakers went home to Philadelphia and told everyone they could get to listen to them that General Jackson had browbeat and insulted them. Now do you wonder that, as I said, I 'enjoy unpopularity' in a town controlled and wellnigh owned by such a kind of folks?"

When General Jackson, as we have remarked, objected in 1845 to Polk's selection of James Buchanan for Secretary of State in his Cabinet, Polk pleaded: "But, General, you yourself appointed him minister to Russia in your first term."

"Yes, I did," retorted the old commander quickly. "It was as far as I could send him out of my sight, and where he could do the least harm! I would have sent him to the North Pole if we had kept a minister there!"

Yet some people maintain that there was no humor in Jackson! It may have been grim, but it was there.

One or two more genre anecdotes, and we close: Early in 1844, Silas Wright, then Senator from New York, and as stanch a supporter of Jackson as he ever had in a Northern State, wrote to Isaac Hill, then in Boston, telling him it was commonly believed in New York that Jackson was not strenuous in his support of Van Buren for a third nomination as the Democratic candidate for the presidency and beseeching him (Hill) to "set the Old Man right." Isaac copied as much of Wright's letter as he thought Jackson would relish and sent it to him, with a few rather noncommittal observations of

his own. Among Hill's comments was this: "I judge that the New Yorkers don't care so much about getting a President as they do about forcing a candidate. I shall not have the temerity to attempt influencing your opinion, but it strikes me that, if General Pakenham had asked you where or on what part of your line you wanted him to attack you at New Orleans, your answer would have been that it didn't make any difference, because you proposed to whip him all along the line! Now, I admit this is a little obscure, but a man of your wit can ferret out what I mean."

To this General Jackson replied: "I can understand what you mean, but not exactly why you mean it. As to the part of Wright's letter you send me, I can understand why he should mean it, but not exactly what he means! If you mean that I should come out and insist on Van Buren again, or if Wright means that it would be wrong for me to let anything else happen, all I can say is that every indication points to a fine cotton crop down here this year and that I expect to take an active part in the campaign as soon as I hear from the convention."

Among the General's peculiarities was an excessive dislike of fads and idiosyncrasies of manner or speech. One day a Virginian of social and political prominence in his locality—a relative of Mrs. Benton—called upon him at the White House. This gentleman had the disagreeable oral habit of interspersing his conversation liberally with "You understand?" or "Understand me?" at the end of almost every sentence. This annoyed the President, who finally interrupted him to say: "Judge, I don't know whether your constant inquiry as to

whether I 'understand' you implies doubt of my hearing or of my sense. But in either case, take it for granted that I do 'understand,' and then go ahead with your story!"

The Virginian averred that it was purely an oral habit and that he was unconscious of using the words when he did so.

"Of course I know that," said Jackson, "but my old friend Overton, who—as you know—used to be my travelling companion and room-mate on the circuit in Tennessee, snored dreadfully. Naturally, he was unconscious of it. And I believe I had to wake him up more than a hundred times to tell him of it before I could break him. But I finally broke him of snoring."

"Well, General, you have already broken me of the disagreeable oral habit. I shall never interrupt my own conversation in that manner again."

"I'm glad to hear that, because I intend to appoint you United States judge for your district, and it would be quite unpleasant for a judge to follow that habit in delivering opinions or charging juries!" Judge Powhatan Ellis never again used the words "Do you understand?" or "Understand me?" to round up his sentences.

Of Andrew Jackson's tastes or habits little need be said. In his younger days he drank more than any young man trying to make his fortune can afford to drink. As he grew older and acquired more sense, he became more temperate. Still it must be said that, to his latest days, he was anything but a teetotaller, and that as long as he lived neither the Hermitage nor the White House was without its creature comforts. Though by

no means a gourmet, he was always fond of a good dinner, and there was always one on his table for himself or family or any friend or friends who might happen to come his way at meal-time. He lived in days when horseflesh was the principal motive power of travel and traffic, or the chief adjunct of manhood in war. Therefore, he had a passion for fine horses, and for more than half of his life was the most assiduous and successful horse-breeder in his part of the country, if not in any part. Being a pioneer, he was necessarily—in the first half of his life at least—a hunter, and he had few equals as a rifleman in a region where every man had to be one. Even as late as the time when he had left the White House and was over seventy years old, and when the "large game" was gone from his neighborhood, he could still "bark a squirrel" or behead a wild turkey with his old flint-lock rifle almost as surely as when he first crossed the mountains that separated North Carolina from Tennessee.

As a slave-holder, or "master," his kindness, gentleness and indulgence were proverbial. At any time during the last forty or forty-five years of his life the colored people of the region where he lived considered being sold or traded into the possession of "Mass' Andrew" the next best thing to freedom—if not better. But he was absent much of his time and the plantation was managed mainly by Mrs. Jackson, while she lived, or by the overseer after her death. Both of them were wont to complain that, whenever he was around home for any length of time, he spoiled the slaves so that "it took quite a while to get them in good working order after he went away." He habitually trusted his

slaves with important business affairs, frequently involving travel as far from home as New Orleans or to points in the North where the soil was free.

If any white man maltreated or insulted one of his slaves, he would call him to an account as swift and summary as he might exact on his own behalf. The groom of "Old Truxton," a negro named Ephraim—whom, by the way, the General always called "Ephraham"—complained one day that a white man named Grayson had struck him with a riding-whip at Lebanon. Jackson forthwith went to Lebanon, hunted up Grayson and beat him with a heavy cane so severely that he was laid up for four or five weeks, and then warned him if he ever touched "Ephraham" again—or any other "servant" of his—he would shoot him at sight. "Ephraham" was not molested any more. This was in 1809.

Jackson had a body-servant commonly known as "Sam Jackson," who attended him through all his campaigns and whom he armed with a rifle. "Sam" not only attended his master faithfully, but fought valiantly in the battles of the Creek war and at New Orleans. In 1816 the General set him free. But he never left the old plantation, and he died there about 1848, outliving the General three years. By the way, "Sam" was one of the "colored troops" previously referred to in our account of Jackson's war against Silas Dinsmore. Besides his other accomplishments, Sam was an expert flat-boatman. For many years he piloted the General's boats down-river with produce of the plantation. On one occasion a clerk in a commission-house in New Orleans refused to transact business with him, though he was at that time a free man. When the General heard of it, he

withdrew his business from that house and transferred it to Planchine and Company. Sam was fond of liquor, and would sometimes get intoxicated when about home. But it was said of him that, when intrusted by the General with business, he could not be induced to drink at all. Three races were mixed in Sam, his father being half white and half Choctaw and his mother a full-blood negro woman.

After about 1808 or 1809 the General never sold any slaves. He gave several to General Coffee—or rather to Mrs. Coffee, who was Mrs. Jackson's niece—and he also sent some of his negroes to work on plantations belonging to his adopted son and one or two of the Donelson boys. He had no conscientious scruples on the subject, but said simply that his slaves would beg so hard to stay with him that he hadn't the heart to sell them. The usual custom on plantations was to herd the slaves together in a group of cabins, called "negro quarters." But Jackson kept in that way only those employed about the house or attending the live-stock. The field-hands lived in cabins scattered over the plantation and they usually worked by "stints," which were always made light, except, of course, in cotton-picking time.

Most of these anecdotes were related to the author by a former slave of General Jackson, who, in 1873, '74 and '75 still lived in Nashville. He was born on the Hermitage plantation, "de y'ar de Gin'ril kum home fum Floriddy," as he used to say (1820). We talked with several of the old Jackson slaves, and they all measured their ages by important events in his career. The colored people on the plantation attended religious services with the family in the little chapel near the man-

sion until, in later years, they became too numerous to find room in it, when other accommodations for worship were provided. Marks in the old family bible indicate several passages to which the General and Mrs. Jackson were wont to refer as scriptural authority justifying the institution.

Not long after Paul Jones had emerged alive from his greatest battle, he was challenged by a Frenchman to single combat. The American commissioners in France at that time were Benjamin Franklin and John Adams. Jones accepted the challenge and proposed pistols at ten paces. The encounter was postponed by protest from the Frenchman that the terms offered by Jones were "barbarous," and that under the French code only the rapier was recognized as the "weapon of honor." This postponement enabled Franklin and Adams to exert their good offices for the prevention of the duel, and they were successful. During the discussion on the subject between them, Mr. Adams suggested that Jones was foolish to take any notice of the Frenchman's challenge and that it was not necessary for him to fight a duel in order to prove that he was a fighting man. To this Franklin replied that Jones was "more kinds of a fighting man" than he had ever heard of before or elsewhere! Our impression is that if Dr. Franklin had lived to know Andrew Jackson, he would have felt impelled to admit an exception to the rule he formulated as to Paul Jones.

Jackson is and forever must be known to history as a "fighting man," primarily and par excellence. All other phases of him are incidental or adventitious. But, if we listen to an explanation offered to the author by Mrs. Polk, we must reach the conclusion that Jackson

was not altogether to blame. "A favorite figure in all history," said this lady, "is the 'Spartan mother.' Such was Aunt Betty Jackson, who brought forth the General. He used to relate to his intimate friends that when he was not more than five years old, Aunt Betty saw him crying one day. 'Stop that, Andrew,' she commanded. 'Don't let me see you cry again! Girls were made to cry; not boys!'

"'Well, then, mother, what are boys made for?'

"'To fight!' she told him.

"The General used to say that, so far as he could remember, he never cried again.

"Some eight years afterward, while going to school, at or about the age of twelve, he was severely thrashed by an older and stronger boy; a young man, in fact, eighteen or nineteen years old. James Crawford, Aunt Betty Jackson's brother-in-law and Andrew's uncle, proposed to have the young man arrested and prosecuted for assault and battery.

"'No, sir!' exclaimed Aunt Betty. 'No son of mine shall ever appear as complaining witness in a case of assault and battery! If he gets hold of a fellow too big for him, let him wait till he grows some and then try it again!'"

"There is no record," added Mrs. Polk, "of Andrew Jackson's appearance as complainant in a case of that kind. The complaint—if the other fellow lived—was always the other way."

To the array of facts which we have endeavored faithfully to deploy it does not seem that peroration could add any useful thing. We think, however, it will be safe to remark that no man ever figured in our history con-

cerning whose character and stature the mind of the American people is more irrevocably made up than concerning Andrew Jackson. For the rest, it needs neither a Clay nor a Calhoun to parade his faults nor a humble Jackson Democrat—contemporary or hereditary—to enumerate his virtues. Both will stand, just as he left them, to the end of time.

THE END

INDEX

Adair, General, i, 156, 423; his command placed in main line of battle, 425; at battle of New Orleans, ii, 11, 13; correspondence with Jackson, 110; at Mrs. Jackson's funeral, 202, 203; career, 273, *note*.
Adams, John, i, 120, ii, 141, 410.
Adams, John Quincy, ii, 107, 112; sustains Jackson, 139–41; leading American statesman, 159; presidential candidate, 168, 169, 172, 174; elected President, 175; nominates Clay Secretary of State, 175; supposed bargain with Clay, 175–77; lack of enthusiasm, 191; character of his party, 192; attack on, 193, 194; held responsible by Jackson for slander of Mrs. Jackson, 196; defeated by Jackson for Presidency in 1828, 199; supports the Bank, 266; supports Jackson, 294; leader of minority in the House, 324, 326; correspondence with Jackson, 380.
Adayre, Major, ii, 39.
Alcorn, Colonel, i, 308.
Alexander, Mr., *quoted*, i, 220.
Allen, William, i, 20; *quoted*, 20, 21; on Jackson's first vote in Congress, 116, 117; Jackson's Richmond speech, 207, 208; invasion of Louisiana, ii, 76, 77; on Jackson, 170, *note;* speeches in campaign of 1828, 189, *note;* career, 189, *note;* at the Hermitage, 300, 333; defeated for the House, 333, *note;* presidential candidate, 377.
Allison, David, i, 128; becomes bankrupt, 146, 150.
Alzar, Señor Fernando, i, 407, ii, 3, *note*.
Amand, Major, ii, 36.
Ambrister, Robert C., ii, 113; captured, 127, 128; sentenced to be shot, 128; death, 129.
Anderson, Patten, i, 195; death, 236.
Arbuckle, Colonel, ii, 56, 124, *note*.
Arbuthnot, Alexander, ii, 113; arrested, 126; sentenced to be hanged, 128; death, 129.
Armstrong, John, becomes Secretary of War, i, 265, 266; orders Jackson to disband his command, 266; pays Jackson's drafts, 275; criticises Jackson, 276; efforts to regularize military forces, 277; favoritism, 278; deposed, 346.
Armstrong, Lieutenant Robert, i, 321, ii, 105.
Arnaud, Major, i, 428.
Avery, Isaac T., i, 133, 134.
Avery, Colonel Waighstill, duel with Jackson, i, 103, 139, *note*, 155–57.

Ballard, Judge, describes American troops at New Orleans, ii, 43, 44.
Ballard, Morgan, ii, 18; *quoted*, 179.
Bank of North America, i, 146, 150.
Baratarian smugglers, assist in defence of New Orleans, i, 412, 419, *note*, deceive the British, ii, 66, 67.
Barney, Commodore, ii, 5.
Barry, Colonel, ii, 251.
Bathurst, Earl, refuses to receive Colonel Nicholls, ii, 111–14.
Beale, Captain, narrow escape, i, 393.
Beale's New Orleans City Rifles, i, 376, 387; capture of half, 392; at New Orleans, ii, 30.
Beasley, Major, i, 292.
Bennett, James Gordon, ii, 188.
Benton, Jesse, duel with William Carroll, 282, 284–86; implicated in his brother's duel with Jackson, 289.
Benton, Thomas H., i, 91; duel with Jackson, 103, *note*, 104, 214; account of Jackson's duel with Dickinson, 170–76; colonel of militia, 231; makes Jackson's acquaintance, 232, 233; young lawyer, 233, 234; powers of oratory, 235; a firm supporter and friend of Jackson, 233, 234, 235; ordered to Mississippi, 259, 261; describes Tennessee troops, 261–63; persuades Armstrong to pay Jackson's drafts, 274, 275; appointed lieutenant-colonel, 276; his bravery, 287; quarrel with Jackson, 288; duel with Colonel Lucas, 287, *note;* duel with Jackson, 289; issues account of the affair, 290; reconciliation with Jackson, 290; in Creek war, 295; describes Mrs. Jackson, ii, 95; supports Jackson and Clay, 160; reconciliation with Jackson, 163–65; works for Jackson's election, 197; *quoted*, 243, 246; opens anti-Bank campaign, 247; altercation with Clay, 266, 267; declines bullet from

Jackson, 268; aspires to the Presidency, 376, 377; indorsed for Secretary of State by Jackson, 382.
Benton, Mrs., ii, 164.
Berrien, Attorney-General, ii, 250, 251.
Bibbs, Governor, ii, 131.
Biddle, Mr. Nicholas, ii, 250; favors forcing issue of the Bank, 256; fight with Jackson, 314; beaten at his own game, 328.
Big Warrior, i, 332, 337.
"Billy Bowlegs," ii, 127.
Bissell, Captain, warned by Jackson, i, 200; his reply, 201.
Blackden, Colonel Samuel, i, 65.
Blair, Francis P., *quoted*, *note*, i, 23, 24, 25, 110, ii, 182, 267; founds the Washington *Globe*, 288–90; friendship with Jackson, 290; services to Jackson and Lincoln, 292, 293.
Blair, Francis P., Jr., ii, 279.
Blair, Mr., 44, *note*.
Blair, Montgomery, ii, 269.
Blennerhasset, Herman, ii, 98.
Blount, Governor, i, 82, 87, 112; expelled from Congress, 121.
Blount, William, elected Governor of Tennessee, i, 229, 230; buys rifles, 259; instructions to troops, 260; orders to General Cocke, 312; raises troops for Jackson, 316, 317, 347.
Blount Papers, *quoted*, i, 122, *note*, 132, 138.
Blue, Major, i, 351.
Boleck, ii, 126, 127.
Bonaparte, Madame Jerome, ii, 393.
Bond, Bill, ii, 333, *note*.
Bonnell, Joseph, ii, 130, 350, *note*.
Boone, Nathan, ii, 198.
Bowen, Francis, ii, 305.
"Bowlock," *see* Boleck.
Brackenridge, Henry M., ii, 148, 149, 150.
Bradley, Colonel, misconduct at Talladega, i, 309.
Branch, Mr. T. L., i, 248, 250; Secretary of the Navy, ii, 250, 251.
Branch, Professor, i, 36.
British designs in Louisiana, i, 358 *et seq.*, ii, 70 *et seq.*
Brock, General Sir Isaac, i, 255.
Brooke, Lieutenant, ii, 34.
Brown, Dr., i, 329, *note*.
Brown, General Jacob, ii, 99, 101; criticised by Jackson, 145, 146.
Brown, John Calvin, ii, 381.
Brown, Representative, ii, 379.
Buchanan, James, ii, 188; disapproved by Jackson, as Secretary of State, 382.
Buell, David, i, 193, and *note*, 193; letters to his father, 279–82, ii, 51, *quoted*, 341; visits Jackson, ii, 272; in Mexican War, 350, *note*.
Buell, Ezra, i, 279; reply to his son's letter, 281, *note*.
Buford, Colonel Abe, i, 43.
Burr, Aaron, opinion on suffrage, i, 3; aids in admission of Tennessee, 113; duel with Hamilton, 172; effect of this duel, 172, 183; Jackson's estimate of, 172, 173; presides over the Senate, 184; a political exile and financial bankrupt, 185; his Southwestern scheme, 185–89, 190–95; confides in Jackson, 188; visits Nashville, 188, 190; correspondence with Jackson, 191, 192; fits out his expedition 195; arrested by Jo Daviess, 197; starts on his voyage down the Cumberland, 198; denounced by Jefferson, 198; burned in effigy, 198; arrested in Alabama, 202; litigation with Blennerhasset, ii, 98; Jackson's estimate of, 389, 390.
Burroughs, Mr. E. N., i, 373; describes battle of New Orleans, ii, 19–22.
Butler, Benjamin F., Attorney-General, ii, 317, 359.
Butler, Captain, i, 354.
Butler, General William O., i, 48, *note;* at New Orleans, ii, 7 *et seq.;* visits Jackson, 272; at the White House, 335; runs for Governor of Kentucky, 377, 378; *quoted* throughout this work.
Butler, Major T. L., i, 347, *note;* at New Orleans, 422; ii, 7, *note*.

Calhoun, John C., ii, 115, 116, 138, 158; candidate for Vice-President, 188, 189; incurs Jackson's resentment, 231; opinion on State-rights, 239; Jackson's enemy, 240; crushed by Jackson, 241, 242; in South Carolina trouble, 273, 274, 275; doctrine of nullification, 281; learns of Jackson's preparations, 284; votes for compromise tariff bill, 285; attack on Jackson, 319–21; effort to create industrial panic, 321; opposes Webster's compromise, 322; panic plans materialize, 326, 327; Jackson's contempt for, 336, 337; influences Tyler, 378, 379.
Callava, Governor Don José, ii, 147; arrested by Jackson, 149, 150.
Camden, disaster at, i, 44.
Camp Defiance, i, 321, 322.
Campbell, George W., i, 148, 152, 202, 229, ii, 108; counsellor-general to Jackson, 183, 186; career, 187.
Campbell, Rev. Dr. J. N., accusations against Mrs. Eaton, ii, 229, 230.

Canning, George, instigator of the "Monroe Doctrine," ii, 167.
Carolina, schooner, i, 387–90; destroyed, 412.
Carroll, General William, i, 109, *note*, 231, 267; duel with Jesse Benton, 282, 284–86; his career, 284; description of Weatherford, 335; at New Orleans, 411; character of his command, 430, 431; battle of New Orleans, ii, 11, 13, 16, 31; "Boss" of Tennessee, 156, 185; on Jackson's staff, 183, 186, 197; career, 184–86; notifies Jackson of his election, 199, 200; "punishes" H. L. White, 253, 262; visits Jackson, 272.
Carroll, William, Gallatin's friend and partner, i, 283, 284.
Carter, Mr., i, 107.
Cass, General, ii, 189; Secretary of War, 251, 269; presidential candidate, 377.
Castlereagh, Lord, ii, 134, 139.
Catlett, Dr. Hanson, acts as second for Dickinson, i, 167, 168, 169, 174.
Chandler, Abel, ii, 309.
Chase, Samuel, i, 184.
Chelocta, i, 337.
Chennby, Chief, i, 303.
Cherokees, i, 83, 84; expedition against, 88, 89.
Chesapeake, outrage by Leopard, i, 203.
Chickasaws, i, 83, 84; treaty, ii, 103, 104.
Choctaws, i, 83, 84.
Choutard, Mademoiselle, i, 367.
Chronicle, Major, i, 45.
Claiborne, William C. C., i, 131; Governor of Louisiana, 149; warned by Jackson, 196; learns of British designs on Louisiana, 358, 359; failure to raise volunteers, 378.
Clay, Henry, ii, 150; opposed by Jackson, 166; presidential candidate, 168, 169, 172, 174, 175; character, 171; nominated Secretary of State under Adams, 175; opposed by Randolph, 176; supposed "bargain" with Adams, 175–77; in the campaign of 1828, 195, 198; defeats Van Buren's nomination, 254; decides that the Bank must force the issue, 257; nominated for President, 258; altercation with Benton, 266, 267; defeated for the Presidency, 280, 281; attack on Jackson, 319–21; effort to create industrial panic, 321; opposes Webster's compromise, 322; materialization of panic plans, 326, 327; Jackson's hatred of, 335, 336; attitude in campaign of 1836, 348, 349; attack on Edward Livingston, 374, *note*.
Clayton, Thomas M., ii, 285.
Clinton, De Witt, ii, 158, 159.
Cochrane, Sir Alexander, i, 399, 412, ii, 1.
Cocke, William, General, i, 112, 231, 312.
Coffee, General John, duel with Nathaniel McNairy, i, 163; selected for Burr's expedition, 193; colonel of militia, 231; ordered to Mississippi, 258, 259, 261; part in Jackson-Benton duel, 289; in Creek war, 295, 296, 297; defeats the Creeks at Tallushatchee, 302–05; eulogy by William Carroll, 305; at Talladega, 307, 308; loses part of his command, 315; recruits his force, 317; wounded at Emuckfau, 320; at Enotichopco, 321; at Tohopeka, 326; joins Jackson with new brigade at Mobile, 347, 356; letter to his wife, 357; at New Orleans, 376, 382, 387, 390, 392, 422, ii, 9; battle of New Orleans, 30; supports Jackson, 197; visits Jackson, 272.
Colden, Mayor, ii, 137.
Colman, Mr., ii, 166.
Congress, declares war against Great Britain, i, 246; authorizes infantry regiments, 277; passes militia laws, 343.
"Congressional Caucus," ii, 167, 168.
"Constitution," anecdote of her figurehead, ii, 396–99.
Conway, George, i, 135.
Cooke, Captain J. Nelson, i, 373; *quoted*, 395, 398, 413; describes battle of New Orleans, ii, 18, 19.
Corcoran, William W., ii, 298.
Cornwallis, Lord, i, 44; censures Tarleton, 50; forced to withdraw from the Carolinas, 51; surrender, 52.
Costello, Captain, i, 373; *quoted*, 395, 396, 398, 411.
Cotton-bales, used in fortifications, i, 405.
Cowpens, battle of, i, 49, 50.
Cramp, Charles H., ii, 396.
Crawford, James, i, 19, provides for Mrs. Jackson, 33.
Crawford, Joseph, i, 19.
Crawford, Miss Betty, i, 46.
Crawford, Robert, i, 19.
Crawford, Thomas, captured, i, 51; saves Jackson from duel, 63, 64.
Crawford, William H., ii, 138, 158; hatred of Jackson, 140; presidential candidate, 168, 169, 172, 174, 175.
Creeks, i, 83, 84; outbreaks in 1813, 292–94; bravery, 300; defeated by Colonel Coffee at Tallushatchee, 302–04; defeated by Jackson at Talladega, 306–10; deceived by Nicholls, 311, 322; defeated at Emuckfau,

318–20; repulsed at Enotichopco, 320, 321, and at Camp Defiance, 321, 322; condition in 1814, 323, 324; annihilated at Tohopeka, 327–330; terms of the treaty, 337, 338; results of the war, 338, 339.
Crittenden, Captain, ii, 129.
Cunningham, Patrick, anecdote of, ii, 357–59.
Curriton, Lieutenant, i, 52.

Dale, Colonel, at battle of New Orleans, ii, 22, 23; death, 23.
Dale, Sam, i, 244, 294, 306, 326, 344; visits Jackson, ii, 278; *quoted*, 278, 279.
Dallas, Acting-Secretary of War, censures Jackson, ii, 90, 91.
Dallas, Senator, offers memorial for renewal of charter to the United States Bank, ii, 258, 259.
Daquin's Battery, i, 376, 387.
Davidson, George, ii, 188.
Davidson, John, i, 244.
Davie, Colonel William R., i, 41–43, 52.
Davis, Colonel, i, 424; repulsed at New Orleans, ii, 36–38.
Dearborn, General, i, 201.
de Charville, Paul, i, 79, 80.
De Clouet, Colonel, i, 416.
de la Roche, Captain, i, 391.
"Democratic" Party, *note*, i, 113.
"Democratic Republicans," i, 10.
de Peyster, Major James, i, 44.
Dewey, Samuel W., ii, 397–99.
Dick, John, ii, 89.
Dickerson, Mahlon, Secretary of the Navy, ii, 359.
Dickinson, Charles, duel with Jackson, i, 153, 154, 155, 158–82; letter concerning Jackson, in the *Impartial Review*, 164; replies to Jackson's challenge, 167; death, 175, 176; funeral, 180.
Dickson Captain, ii, 38.
Dinsmore, Samuel, wronged by Jackson, i, 238–41.
Dockstadter, Colonel, ii, 73, *note*.
Dockstadter, Mr., ii, 73.
Donelson, Andrew Jackson, ii, 207, 269, *see* Andrew Jackson, Jr.
Donelson, Captain John, Jr., i, 402, 422, ii, 30.
Donelson, Colonel John, i, 80; death, 94.
Donelson, Colonel Samuel, i, 220.
Donelson Mary, i, 95, ii, 157, 200.
Donelson, Mrs. Andrew Jackson, ii, 200, 207, 232; returns to the White House, 249; accompanies Jackson home, 269.
Donelson, Mrs. John, i, 94–96.
Donelson, Samuel, i, 95.
Donelson, Savern, ii, 387.
Duane, William J., Secretary of the Treasury, ii, 311; disagrees with Jackson, 317; dismissal, 317.
Dubourg, Most Reverend Abbé, i, 380, ii, 79.
Dunlap, Colonel, i, 44.
Dupin, Colonel, i, 374; *quoted*, ii, 66, *note*.
Dyer, Colonel, i, 308, ii, 130.

Eastin, Mr., i, 180.
Eaton, General John Henry, *quoted*, i, 26, 33, 376, *note;* on Jackson's staff, 183, 197; career, 183, 184; marries Mrs. Timberlake, 225; troubles in Washington, 248–52; resigns from War Department, 251; holds Ingham responsible for attack on Mrs. Eaton, 252; Governor of Florida, 253; minister to Spain, 253.
Eaton, Mrs. J. H., scandal concerning, ii, 225–32; influence on political history, 232; causes social difficulty, 248; in Spain, 253; last years of her life, 253, *note;* anecdote, 303.
Elliot, Captain Jesse D., ii, 396, 397, 399.
Ellis, Judge Powhatan, ii, 405, 406.
Elwood, Hon. Mr., ii, 72.
Ely, Rev. Dr. E. S., allegations against Mrs. Eaton, ii, 226–30.
Emigration ships, i, 16, 17.
Emuckfau, battle of, i, 318–20.
Enotichopco, battle of, 320, 321.
Eppes, Mr., ii, 136, 137.
Erskine, Captain, ii, 61, 62.
Ervin, Captain, i, 198, 285.
Ervin, Miss, i, 159.
"Etowah Expedition," i, 117.
Eustis, Mr., succeeded as Secretary of War by John Armstrong, i, 265, 266.
Eustis's battery, i, 344, 346.
Everett, Edward, ii, 303, 326.

Fanning, Major, ii, 129.
Fargo, Captain, i, 81.
Federalists, i, 10, 11; resist admission of Tennessee, 112, 113; growth of the party in Tennessee, 228.
Ferguson, ——, i, 44.
Fleanjeac, General, ii, 12.
Florida ceded to the United States, ii, 138.
Floyd, General, i, 318; repulses Creeks at Camp Defiance, 321, 322.
Forbes, Malcolm Mitchell, i, 374, ii, 23, 32.
Forbes and Company, ii, 149, 150.
Forsyth, Senator, ii, 320, 337, 359; advice to Jackson on the Oregon Boundary question, 340, 341.
Fort Armstrong, i, 318.
Fort Barrancas, i, 344, 351; evacuated, 355; surrender of, ii, 131.

Fort Bowyer, attacked by British, i, 344; captured, ii, 53.
Fort Gadsen, ii, 119.
Fort Jackson, i, 331; mutiny at, 340–44.
Fort Mims, massacre of, i, 278, 292.
Fort St. Marks, surrender of, i, 120–21.
Fort St. Michael, i, 351; surrender of, 355.
Fort Strother, i, 307, 316.
Fort Williams, i, 326.
Francis, "Prophet," ii, 111, 113; capture of, 123–24; hanged, 125, 126.
Franklin, Benjamin, ii, 410.
French Spoliation Claims, ii, 342–45.
Fromentin, Judge, ii, 150.
Frost, Dr. John, i, 154, 296, *note*.

Gaines, General, ii, 114, 115, 128.
Galbraith, Captain Matthew, threatens to chastise Jackson, i, 62–64.
Gallatin, Albert, supports Jackson, i, 119, 122; friendship for Jackson, 122, 123; his career, 283; partner of William Carroll, 283, 284.
Gallatin, Mrs. Albert, i, 123.
"Galloper" guns, i, 50.
Galvez, Mr., ii, 3, *note*.
Garçon, ii, 113.
Gardiner, Captain William, brings news of British fleet at Negril Bay, i, 364.
Garfield, James A., *quoted*, ii, 344.
Garland, Captain Henry, ii, 78; speech on British designs in Louisiana, 79–83, *quoted*, 85.
Garland, Hon. Augustus H., ii, 79, *note*.
Gibbs, General, i, 411, 412, 413, at council of war before New Orleans, ii, 1, 3; at battle of New Orleans, 19–21, 28, 29; death, 29; body sent to England, 81, *note*.
Gibbs, Sir Samuel, *quoted*, ii, 81, *note*.
Girod, Mayor of New Orleans, i, 380, 410.
Gonzalez, Don, protest to Jackson, ii, 130, 131; surrenders Fort Barrancas, 131.
Goulburn, Mr. ii, 75.
Grant, General, i, 276.
Graves, Lieutenant, ii, 23.
Green, General Duff, anecdote of Jackson's ancestry, i, 30, 32; editor of the *U. S. Telegraph*, ii, 288.
Green, Tom, ii, 272.
Griffin, General, i, 276.
Grundy, Felix, i, 236, 237.

Hall, Judge D. A., arrested by Jackson's order, ii, 56, 57, 58; retaliates on Jackson, 89, 90, 91.
Hall, William, Colonel, i, 231, 262; ordered to Mississippi, 259, 261; at Talladega, 308.
Halsey, F. W., i, 18.
Hambly ii, 133; spy for Jackson, 113, *note*, 130, 131.
Hamilton, Andrew, duel with Burr, i, 172; effect of the duel, 172, 184.
Hampton, Wade, i, 278.
Hannegan, Edward, ii, 189.
Harland, Mr., i, 31, 32.
Harris, Dr., extracts Jackson's bullet, ii, 267.
Harris, Senator Isham G., i, 145, *note*, *quoted*, 231.
Harrison, General William Henry, career before 1812, i, 243–45; marches upon Proctor and Tecumseh, 270, 271; wins battle of Thames and kills Tecumseh, 277; disliked by Armstrong, 278; faith of his army in, 282; at New Orleans, 423–25; minister to Bogota, ii, 189; recalled by Jackson, 219–21; election predicted by Jackson, 301; nominated for Presidency, 349; defeated by Van Buren, 350; renominated for Presidency, 373; elected, 375; death, 377; his fine for thrashing Representative Stansberry remitted by Jackson, 319.
Hay, Mrs., i, 95.
Hayne, Colonel, i, 377, *note*, in Florida, ii, 118, 119, 120; transacts Jackson's business, 134; in the Senate, 163; debate with Webster, 238, 300; opinion on State-rights, 239; Governor of South Carolina, 282.
Hays, Miss, ii, 207.
Hays, Stokely, i, 289.
Henderson, Captain, i, 411.
Heywood's History of Tennessee, *quoted*, i, 88.
"Hickory Ground, The," i, 330.
Hildreth's History of the United States, *note*, i, 123.
Hill, Abram, ii, 308.
Hill, Captain R. N., *quoted* on Pakenham's delay, i, 399, 400; *quoted* on artillery battle, 418 – 20; bravery, 421.
Hill, Isaac, i, 63; supports Jackson, ii, 160, 163, 190, 195; denounces Clay, 195; visits Washington, 208; nomination for Second Comptroller rejected, 221; his "abuse of Mrs. Adams," 221–23; elected a Senator, 223, 251; *quoted*, 241, 242, 244, 264, 266, *note*, 295; "missionary tour," 269, 271; bets on Jackson, 271; with Jackson in Boston, 303–04; gathers Revolutionary veterans, 308; denounces Clay and Calhoun, 320.
Hill, Sir Rowland, *quoted*, i, 396.
Hilligshagee, i, 337.
Hillingsabee, chief, i, 303.
Himollomico, "Prophet," ii, 111; captured, 123, 124; hanged, 125, 126.

Hind, Captain, i, 346, 347; at New Orleans, 376 387, 390, 427; ii, 47.
House of Representatives, orders investigation of Jackson's action in Florida, ii, 134, 135; sustains him, 136; passes bill for renewal of charter to United States Bank, 259; debates Jackson's veto message, 265, 266; passes resolutions unfavorable to the Bank, 325, 326.
Houston, Sam, i, 26, 33, 245, 294; Governor of Tennessee, ii, 186; supports Jackson, 188; battle of San Jacinto, 350–52; aided by Jackson, 351.
Hoyt, Jesse, ii, 271.
Hudson Bay Company, ii, 338.
Hull, Captain Isaac, victory over British frigate, i, 257.
Hull, General William, surrenders Detroit, i, 255–57; tried and sentenced to be shot for treason, 256; pardoned by the President, 256.
Humbert, ii, 37, 46, 47.
Humphrey, Captain, ii, 8.
Humphrey's battery, i, 344, 346, 347.
Humphreys, Samuel, ii, 397.
Humphries, Dr. David, i, 36.
Hutchings, John, Jackson's partner, i, 129, 130, 146, 150.
Hutchinson, Elizabeth, i, 30.

Impartial Review and Cumberland Repository, i, 158, 162.
Indiana Territory, volunteers, i, 425, 426.
Indians, warfare in Tennessee, i, 83, 84, 85–89; removal West, ii, 402–04.
Ingersoll, Ralph, ii, 400.
Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury, ii, 249, 250, 251; flees from Major Eaton, 252.

Jackson, Andrew, father of General Jackson, emigrates to the United States, i, 16, 17, 19–22; settles at Twelve Mile Creek, 22, 23; death, 23, 24.
Jackson, Andrew, Jr., Jackson's adopted son, described, ii, 386–89.
Jackson, General Andrew, parents emigrate to America, i, 16, 17, 19–23; death of father, 23, 24; birth, 24, 26–29; ancestry, 29–33; education, 34–38, 40; fondness for young girls, 34, 35; first "proclamation," 40, 41; anecdote of King's Mountain, 45; anecdote of Whig and Tory animosity, 46, *note*, 50; part in the Revolution, 51–53; affection for mother 53, 54; death of mother, 55; words of advice from mother, 56, 57; becomes heir to part of Hugh Jackson's estate, 57; effect of the Revolution on his character, 57–60; hatred of England, 60; works at saddler's trade, 60; determines to study law, 60, 61; wild traits, 61; goes to Charleston, 61; spends his inheritance, 61; teaches school and studies law, 61; admitted to the bar, 62, 65; offends Captain Galbraith, 62–64; studies law with Spruce McKay, 64; finishes his reading with Colonel Stokes, 64; friendship for Montford Stokes, 65; journeys to McLeansville, 65; "hangs out his shingle," 66; constable and deputy-sheriff, 66; prosecuting attorney, 66; description of, at the age of twenty, 67–69; emigrates to Tennessee, 70–72, 77–79; arrives at Nashville, 79; Indian warfare, 84–87, 90; early law practice, 90–94; his office and home, 94–96; marriage to Rachel Donelson Robards, 97–103; duels with Avery and Benton, 103, 104, 214; law practice from 1789–96, 104; hail-fellow-well-met, 104, 105; as a story-teller, 105; decreases scope of his law practice, 106; farm at Hunter's Hill, 105; ambition, 105; admission of Tennessee to Statehood, 107–13; parliamentary tactics, 110; vitality of his speeches, 110, 111; elected Representative in Congress from Tennessee, 112; journeys on horseback from Nashville to Philadelphia, 113, 114; first experience in Congress, 114; votes against "Address to the President," 115–17; key to his policy and action, 117; carries an appropriation to pay expenses of the "Etowah Expedition," 117–20; votes for increase of the navy, 120, 121; appointed Senator, 121; resigns and retires to private life, 121, 125, 126; objection to secret sessions, 121, 122; makes acquaintances in Congress, 122, 123; disinclination for society, 123, 124; makes acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson, 124; develops his plantation, 126–30; becomes judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, 131; anecdotes of his judicial career, 131–45; feud with Governor Sevier, 134–43; elected major-general, 139; prosperity of his plantation, 145, 146; on the verge of bankruptcy, 146, 147; loses his land and money, 147; desires appointment of governor of Louisiana, 147–49; makes financial arrangements in Philadelphia, 150; buys thoroughbred horses in Virginia, 150; resigns from the bench, 150, 151; military career in Tennessee, 151; prepares himself for war with England, 152; legal advisers, 152; various commercial interests,

153; duel with Dickinson, 153, 154, 155, 158–82; duel with Colonel Avery, 155–57; canes Swann, 158, 161, 162, 163; estimate of Burr and Hamilton, 171–73; wounded by Dickinson, 175; entertains Aaron Burr, 188; receives Burr's confidence concerning his scheme, 188; relations with Burr, 190–93, 195, 202; correspondence with Burr, 191, 192; vagueness of Burr's scheme, 195; informed of Burr's disloyalty, 195; asks Burr to clear himself, 196; warns Governor Claiborne, 196; offers militia to Jefferson, 196; suspicion of Wilkinson, 196, 197, 201; annoyed by demonstration against Burr, 198; indirect attack by his enemies, 199, 200; warns Captain Bissell, 200; Bissell's reply, 201; opinion of General Dearborn, 201; disbands his army, 201; commended by Jefferson, 202; incensed by Burr's arrest in Alabama, 202; witness at Burr's trial for treason in Richmond, 203; denounces Wilkinson, 203; denounces Jefferson, 204, 205; returns home, 207, 210; purposes of his Richmond speech, 207; dislike of Jefferson, 207–09, 227; opinion of Madison, 209; business affairs in Philadelphia, 210; description of, at the age of forty, 211–14; financial straits, 214–18; kindness to Mrs. Jackson's relatives, 215, 216; sells majority of his property, 218; agricultural methods, 219; breeds famous horses, 219–21; a gambler, 221; home life, 222–27; the Hermitage, 226; gains political control of Tennessee, 227–30; perfects his division of militia, 230–32; discovers Benton, 232, 233, relations with, 233–35; wrongs Samuel Dinsmore, 238–241; compared with General Harrison, 243, 244; proclamation to his troops on the outbreak of war in 1812, 253, 254; tenders services of 2,500 Tennessee volunteers for the war, 254, 255; opinion on Hull's surrender of Detroit, 256, 257; ordered to Natchez, 258; buys rifles for his troops, 259; starts for Mississippi, 259; in camp at Natchez, 263–65; issues disciplinary order, 264; ordered to disband his command, 266, 269; disregards this order, 267, 268, 269, 276; takes his command home intact, 268–70; offers to march on Detroit, 270; his division disbands, 271; his drafts for supplies for his command protested, 272; blames Wilkinson, 272–74; drafts finally paid by the Government, owing to Benton's persuasion, 275; disliked by Armstrong, 278; second for Carroll in his duel with Jesse Benton, 285, 286; his bravery compared with Benton's, 287; becomes involved in quarrel with Benton, 288; attempts to horsewhip Benton, 288; duel with Benton, 289; severely wounded, 289, 290, 291; effects of this quarrel, 290, 291; causes of the Creek outbreak, 293; directs movements of troops from sick-bed, 295; takes command while still sick, 296; wound heals, 297; moves on Creeks, 297, 298; failure of supplies, 298, 299, 306, 312; discontent among troops, 299–301; orders Colonel Coffee to attack Creeks at Tallushatchee, 302; provides for an Indian boy, 303, *note;* tribute to Colonel Coffee, 304; learns of proposed massacre by the Creeks at Talladega, 306, 307; march to Talladega, 307, 308; defeats Creeks under Weatherford, 308–10; disobeyed by General White 312; desertion and mutiny of militia, 313–16; appeals to Governor Blount for more troops, 316, 317, 322; his command re-enforced, 317, 323; defeats the Creeks at Emuckfau, 318–20; falls back toward Talladega, 320; attacked by Creeks at Enotichopco, 320; again victorious, 321; obtains supplies, 323; assembles his new forces at Fort Strother, 324; quells mutiny by having leader shot, 324–26; starts down the Coosa, 326; builds Fort Williams, 326; battle of Tohopeka, 326–29; builds "Fort Jackson," 330, 331; terms to the Creeks, 331; interview with Weatherford, 332–35; starts for home, 336; becomes very sick, 336; appointed major-general in the regular army, 336; negotiates treaty with the Creeks, 336–338; ordered to Mobile, 340; learns of Spanish violations of neutrality, 344, 345; notifies Secretary of War, 345, 346; determines to invade Pensacola, 346; gets new brigade from Governor Blount, 346, 347, 356; starts his forces for Pensacola, 347; "diplomatic correspondence" with Don Gonzales Manriques, 348, 349; assumes responsibility for invasion of Spanish Florida, 349–52; delay in receiving his instructions, 350–352; demands surrender of Fort St. Michael, 353; compels surrender of fort, 354, 355; evacuation of Fort Barrancas, 355; returns to Mobile, 356; learns of British designs, 358, 359, 364, 365; moves his forces to Louisiana, 360;

asks for additional troops, 360; situation at New Orleans, 361–63; entertained by Madame Livingstone, 365–69; chivalric manners, 367, 368; prepares for defence of New Orleans, 369, 372, 376; learns of British landing at Bienvenue, 373; strength of his forces at New Orleans, 376; proclaims martial law, 377, 378; vexed at lack of Louisiana volunteers, 378–80; impresses men, 380; anecdotes of, by Vincent Nolte, 382–84; declares intention of making night attack on British, 382; inspires his troops, 383, 402; night attack on British, 387, 390–94; both sides claim the victory, 394–97; results of the attack, 397; losses, 398; builds breastworks unmolested by British, 398, 399, 400–02; suffers from dysentery, 404; plentiful supplies, 404; strengthens post at Chef Menteur, 404, 405; uses cotton-bales in defences, 405–09; motley collection of artillery, 405, 406; strictness of discipline, 409; strengthens his lines, 412, 413–15; puzzled by Pakenham's delay, 413, 414, 422, 423; activity, 415; prepares to meet British attack, 417; strength of artillery, 417, 418; defeats British in artillery battle, 418–22; humor, 423; arrival of troops from Kentucky, Indiana, and Baton Rouge, 423–26; lack of arms, 424, 425, 426; strength of his army at New Orleans, 426–31; obtains information from deserters, ii, 5, 6; inferences concerning British attack, 5, 6; inspects his line, 8, 9; food of his army, 9; personal knowledge of his men, 10; battle of New Orleans, 11–31; accuracy of his marksmen, 13, 14, 20, 21, 35; restrains his troops from following the British, 26, 27; British losses, 32–35, 40, 41; rebukes General Lambert, 33; execution done by artillery and rifles, 40, 42; tribute to his army, 44, *note;* vigilance after the battle, 45–47, 49, 50; arms militia with British muskets, 48, 49; Treaty of Ghent signed, 49; maintains martial law, 50; value of his victory, 52, 70; hardships endured by his army, 52, 53; embarkation of the British, 52; continued vigilance, 53, 54, 55–57; arranges for exchange of prisoners, 54; officially notified of peace, 57; restores civil authority, 57; disbands his army, 57, 58; character of his army, 58–63; reasons for British failure, 63–69; explains British designs in Louisiana, 76–78; fined for contempt of court, 89, 90; explains his action, 91; settles war claims, 91–94; popularity, 91, 94; spread of his fame, 94, 95; social life in New Orleans, 95; devotion to Mrs. Jackson, 97; returns to Nashville, 98; enthusiastic reception, 98; illness, 99; starts for Washington, 99; banqueted at Lynchburg, 99, 100; on friendly terms with Jefferson, 100; lionized in Washington, 100; conference with Monroe and Brown, 101; commander of the Southern Military Division, 101; arranges his command, 102; returns to New Orleans by way of Nashville, 102; treaties and negotiations with Indians, 102–05; sympathy for them, 105; correspondence with Monroe, 106–08; estimate of Madison, 107, 108; declines nomination for Secretary of War, 108; correspondence with General Scott, 109, 110; with General Adair, 110; takes command in Florida, 114–19; raises volunteers, 117–19; builds Fort Gadsen, 119; demands surrender of St. Marks, 120, 121; orders hanging of Francis and Himollomico, 125, 126; arrests Arbuthnot, 126; marches against Suwanee, 127; captures Ambrister, 128; approves death sentences of Ambrister and Arbuthnot, 128, 129; returns to Fort Gadsen, 129, 130; marches on Pensacola, 130, 131; surrender of Fort Barrancas, 131; end of the "Florida war," 131; returns to Nashville, 132; "declares his platform," 132; a much-discussed man, 133, 134; seriously ill, 134; goes to Washington, 135; sustained by House of Representatives, 136; attends receptions and dinners, 137; upheld by J. Q. Adams, 139–41; quiet life at home, 141; forces white men to evacuate Indian reservations, 142, 143; resigns from the regular army, 143–45; farewell address to his troops, 145–47; criticises Congress for reducing the army, 145; criticises General Brown, 145, 146; appointed Governor of Florida, 147, 148; arrests Don José Callava, 148–50; resigns and returns home, 151; desire for private life, 155–57; presidential candidate, 158, 161, 168, 169; popularity, 159, 160; elected Senator, 162; takes seat in the Senate, 163; reconciliation with Benton, 163–65; attitude on the tariff, 166; opposes Clay, 166; upholds "Monroe Doctrine," 167; political beliefs, 169, 170; returns to Tennessee, 171; starts for Washington with Mrs. Jackson, 171; resumes seat in Senate, 172; meeting with

Lafayette, 172, 173; results of the election, 172, 174, 175; suspicions of Adams and Clay, 177; returns home, 177; resigns seat in the Senate, 177; entertains Lafayette, 178; regains health, 178, 179; intentions to run again for the Presidency, 180; begins presidential campaign, 181, 182; *personnel* of his staff, 183–88; political organizations in various States, 188–90; character of the campaign, 193–97; his reputation assailed, 195; holds Adams responsible for slander of Mrs. Jackson, 196; real issue of the campaign, 198; notified of his election, 199, 200; death of Mrs. Jackson, 201; his grief, 201, 202; at her funeral, 202, 203; believes that slanders caused her death, 204; his inaugural message, 204–06, 207, journeys to Washington by the Cumberland and Ohio rivers and the National Road, 207; accessible to the people, 208; his Cabinet, 209; policy regarding office-holders, 216–18, 221; recalls General Harrison, 219–21; attitude toward the "abuse of Mrs. Adams," 223; causes election of Mr. Hill to Senate, 223; the Mrs. Eaton "affair," 225–32; review of his first presidential year, 233; his first annual message, 233; attacks Bank of the United States, 233–37; opposes Federal appropriations for internal improvements, 238; attitude on State-rights and the Federal Union, 239–45; learns of Calhoun's enmity, 240; attends Jefferson's banquet, 240; his famous toast, 241; crushes Calhoun, 241–42; warns South Carolina, 245, 246; reorganizes his Cabinet, 247–51; social difficulty caused by Mrs. Eaton, 248; political discipline, 260–63; renominated for the Presidency, 264; vetoes act to recharter the Bank, 264, 265; bullet, received in his duel with Benton, extracted, 267, 268; returns to the Hermitage, 268, 269; political campaign, 269–72; learns of trouble in South Carolina, 272, 273; announces intention to use rigorous measures in South Carolina, 274–76; confidence in re-election, 274, 276, 277; returns to Washington, 277; concern about South Carolina, 277–79; re-elected, 279–81; proclamation to the Nullifiers, 282, 283; special message to Congress, requesting more explicit means of enforcing the laws, 283; Calhoun learns of his preparations, 284; signs compromise tariff bill, 285–87; founds the Washington *Globe*, 287–88; friendship with Francis P. Blair, 290; "The Kitchen Cabinet," 291–93; supported by Webster and Adams, 294; praised for his stand for the Union, 294; friendly relations with Webster, 295–300; animosity to Clay and Calhoun, 296; formality with Adams, 296, 297; Webster's estimate of, 297, 298; his estimate of Webster, 298, 299; states why Clay or Webster could not be elected to the Presidency, 300; predicts General Harrison's election, 301; outlines Whig programme for 1836, 302; "no politician," 302; tour through New England, 302; anecdote of Mrs. Eaton, 303; enthusiastic reception in Boston, 303, 304; at Cambridge, 304; receives degree of Doctor of Laws, 305; troubled with hemorrhage, 306; demonstration in New York, 306; at Bunker Hill, 306; at Concord, N. H., 306, 307; return to Washington, 307, 311; his meeting with Revolutionary veterans, 308, 309; meets veteran of New Orleans, 309, 310; ability as an impromptu speaker, 310; tribute to Paul Jones, 311; war with United States Bank, 311 *et seq.*; proposes to withdraw Federal deposits, 311–13; attack by Clay and Calhoun, 319–21; idea of an all-coin system, 323; censured by the Senate 323, 324; his protest overruled, 324; proposed impeachment, 325; threatened assassination, 328; his policy vindicated, 329; anecdotes of his journey to the West, 330, 331; characterizes session of the Twenty-third Congress, 331; rests at his home, 331–33; returns to Washington, 334; hatred of Clay, 335, 336; contempt of Calhoun, 336, 337; accumulation of surplus specie, 337–338; extinguishment of the national debt, 338; Oregon boundary question, 338–41; French spoliation claims, 342–45; chooses Van Buren as his successor, 345–47; elated at result of the battle of San Jacinto, 350–52; aids Sam Houston, 351, *note*; movement to annex Texas, 353; slavery agitation, 353, 354; Clay's censure expunged from the journal by the Senate, 355; retirement, 355; impoverished by lavishness with his money, 356–59; influence on Van Buren, 359, 361, 362; compared with Van Buren, 360; last journey from Washington to Nashville, 366, 367; prophesies J. K. Polk's election, 367, 368; condition of his plantation, 369; his debts, 370, 386; resumes interest

in political affairs, 371; fears Harrison's election, 372; "takes stump" against Harrison, 373–75; after Van Buren's defeat, 375, 376; question of Van Buren's successor, 376, 377; deceived by Democratic party on the Oregon question, 378; advocates Polk's election, 379; correspondence with Adams, 380; elated at Polk's election, 381; disapproves of Buchanan, as Secretary of State, 382; indorses Benton, 382; rapid failure of health, 383, 384; described by Mrs. Polk, 384, 385; makes new will and testament, 386; his adopted son, 386–89; estimate of Burr 389, 390; religious tendencies, 389, 390–92; joins the Orthodox Presbyterian Church, 390; his death, 392; anecdotes of his character and personality, 392–406; his friends and acquaintances, 394, 395; faculty for remembering faces, 395; attempted assassination, 399, 400; his tastes and habits, 406, 407; kindness to his slaves, 407–10; a "fighting man," 410, 411; his place in history, 411, 412.

Letters: General Daniel Smith, i, 81; George W. Campbell, 148, 202, 240, 257; Edward Livingston, 148; Charles Dickinson, 166; Mr. Eastin, 180; Governor Claiborne, 196; Patten Anderson, 201, 203; John Coffee, 210; Governor Blount, 254, 316, 317, 325, 346; Monroe, ii, 107, 108, 114; Colonel George Wilson, 180; Secretary Duane, 311; Sam Houston, 352; 353; Representative Brown, 379, 380; General Butler, 378; J. K. Polk, 392.

Jackson, Governor Claiborne F., ii, 279, *note*.

Jackson, Hugh, i, 16, 20, 21, 24; lives with the McCamies, 33; volunteers, 41; death, 42.

Jackson, Mrs. Andrew, mother of General Jackson, i, 16; death of husband, 23, 24; lives with the Crawfords, 33; intercedes for American prisoners on the British hulks in Charleston harbor, 54, 55; dies from yellow fever, 55; advice to her son, 56, 57; ii, 411.

Jackson, Mrs. Andrew [*see* Rachel Donelson Robards], a capable planter, 129, 130, 219; described, 222, 224, 226; home life, 222, 224, 226; joins General Jackson in New Orleans, ii, 95–97; described by Benton, 95; entertained by Mrs. Livingston, 96; devotion of husband, 97; returns home, 98; in Florida, 151–55; in Washington, 171–74; describes Jackson's meeting with Lafayette, 172, 173; threatened with fatty degeneration of the heart, 179, 180; foresees Jackson's election to Presidency, 180, 181; slandered, 196; learns of Jackson's election, 199, 200; death, 201; grief of Jackson, 201, 202; her funeral, 202, 203; letters to Colonel Donelson, ii, 151, 152; Mrs. Kingsley, 152–55; Mary Donelson, 157, 158.

Jackson, Robert, i, 16, 24, 33; death, 51.

Jackson, Sam, ii, 408, 409.

Jackson, Samuel, i, 21.

"Jason," Jackson's overseer, ii, 369.

Jefferson, Thomas, recognizes Jackson's force and power, 124; satisfied with Jackson's relations to Burr, 202; character, 207; becomes life-long enemy of Jackson, 208; presides at banquet in Jackson's honor, ii, 100; praises J. Q. Adams, 141; banquet in his honor, 240–43.

Johnson, Andrew, *quoted*, i, 179.

Johnson, Colonel Richard M., ii, 231.

Johnson, Sir William, i, 75.

Johnston, General, i, 323, 326; mutiny in his brigade, 324.

Jones, Lieutenant Ap Catesby, i, 370; outnumbered and defeated by British squadron, 371, 375.

Jones, Paul, compared with Jackson, ii, 308; Jackson's tribute to, 311; challenged by a Frenchman to a duel, 410.

Jugeat, Captain, i, 245, *note*, 294, 326, 344, 348; his Company of Choctaws, 376, 387; skirmish with British, 411; at New Orleans, ii, 30.

Keane, General Sir John, at New Orleans, i, 372, 373; strength of his land forces, 374, 375; does not expect night attack, 385; over-estimates American force, 386; attacked at night, 387–94; question as to the victory, 394–97; losses, 398; wounded, 398; at council of war, 412, 413; ii, 1; battle of New Orleans, 22; wounded, 28; mistakes, 65, 66.

Kendall, Amos, *quoted*, i, 26, 154, ii, 244; Postmaster-General, 359.

King, Brigade-Major, ii, 31.

King, Colonel William, ii, 132.

King, Rufus, i, 113, 184.

King's Mountain, battle of, i, 44, 45; anecdote, 45.

"Kitchen Cabinet," ii, 291–93.

Lacock, Mr., ii, 136, 137, 138.

Lacoste, Major, i, 405.

Lafayette, ii, 66, *note*, 156; meeting with Jackson, 172, 173; visits Jackson, 178.
Lafitte, Jean, gives information of British designs to Governor Claiborne, i, 358, 359.
Lake Borgne, battle of, i, 370, 371.
Lambert, General John, i, 432, ii, 1; at battle of New Orleans, 29, 30; rebuked by Jackson, 33; withdraws British army to Bienvenue, 46; receives re-enforcements, 47, 48; re-embarks, 53; takes Fort Bowyer, 53.
"Lancaster rifle," i, 74.
Laronde, Major, i, 428.
Latour, Major, i, 376, *note*, 385; *quoted*, 389; at Chef Menteur, 405; uses cotton-bales for embrasures, 406, 407; map of forces at New Orleans, 429, 430; at New Orleans, ii, 10.
Laval, Major, i, 354.
Lavasseur, M., ii, 156, 157, 178.
Lawrence, Major, i, 344.
Lawrence, ——, ii, 399, 400.
Learcy, Thomas, i, 66.
Lee, Henry, ii, 224.
Lefebre, Jules, i, 418.
Leopard, affair with Chesapeake, i, 203.
Leslie, Colonel, i, 54.
Lewis, Major William Berkeley, i, 56, 267, 295, ii, 104, 134; *quoted*, 178, 200; Jackson's secretary, 183; accompanies Jackson to Washington, 207; "punishes" H. L. White, 253, 262; fears result of Jackson's fiscal policy, 329; anecdote of, 330.
Lincoln, Abraham, i, 25, 105.
Lincoln, General, i, 42.
Lincoyer, i, 303, *note*.
Liverpool, Lord, ii, 111.
Livingston, Edward, i, 115; supports Jackson, 119; removes to Louisiana, 149, *note;* military secretary to Jackson, 365, 377, 387; ii, 8, 9; describes Jackson at Madame Livingston's dinner, 366–68; repartee, 408; at battle of New Orleans, ii, 11; envoy to British, 54; supports Jackson, 190; succeeds Van Buren, 251; Minister to France, 342, 343; posthumous attack by Clay, 374, *note*.
Livingston, Madame, entertains Jackson, i, 365–69; fear of the British soldiers' intentions, ii, 84, 85; entertains Mrs. Jackson, 96.
Louailler, M., ii, 56, 57, 58.
Louis Philippe, ii, 342, 343.
Louisiana, ship, i, 412, 414.
Louisiana Purchase, i, 147; ii, 68, 70.
Lucas, Colonel, killed by Benton in duel, i, 287, *note*.
Lytle, Colonel Robert, ii, 377.
McCamie, George, i, 22, 24, 33.
McCamie, Mrs. George, i, 24.
McCardle, encounter with Indians, i, 85.
McCauley, Lieutenant, i, 341.
McGary, Hugh, i, 78, 91.
McGary, Jesse, i, 294, 306, 319.
McGary, Martin, i, 46–48, 78.
McIntosh, William, ii, 119; defeats force under Peter Macqueen, 127; returns home, 129.
McKay, Spruce, i, 64.
McKeever, Lieutenant, captures Francis and Himollomico, ii, 123–25; commands coast of Florida, 132.
Mackenzie, *quoted*, ii, 271.
McKiever, Lieutenant, i, 370.
McKrimmon, Duncan, captured by Francis, ii, 122; saved from burning, 122; escapes, 123; marries Francis's daughter, 124, *note*.
McLane, Lewis, Secretary of the Treasury, ii, 251; ally of Jackson, 254.
McMillin, James, i, 45.
McNairy, John, i, 66, 70, 71, 108.
McNairy, Nathaniel, duel with John Coffee, i, 163.
Macomb, General, ii, 101 *note*.
Macqueen, Peter, ii, 127.
Madam ——, search for Jackson's pedigree, i, 30–33.
Madison, James, i, 119, 208, 209; signs the declaration of war, 1812, 247; accepts Jackson's offer of militia, 255; pardons General Hull, 256; caution, 349, 351; delay in sending instructions to Jackson, 350–52; Jackson's estimate of, ii, 107, 108.
Madison, Mrs., ii, 51.
Magness, ——, trial for killing Patten Anderson, i, 236, 237; serves under Jackson, 237, 238.
Malcolm, Admiral, i 412, 413, ii, 1.
Malee, saves McKrimmon's life, ii, 122; marries him, 124, *note*.
Malloy, ——, ii, 393.
Manriquez, Don Gonzales, Spanish Governor of Florida, correspondence with Jackson, i, 348, 349; fails to obtain Nicholls' aid, 353; surrenders Fort St. Michael, 355.
Marcy, William L., ii, 188.
Marshall, Captain, ii, 129.
Marshall, John, i, 184, 189.
Martineau, Harriet, ii, 400.
Mason, Jeremiah, ii, 210.
"Mero District," i, 81.
Mero, Governor, *note*, i, 82, 188.
Militia laws and regulations in 1812, i, 245, 246, 342, 343.
Miranda, General, i, 192.
Mitchell, Major, i, 390, ii, 60.

Monohoee, Prophet," i, 318, 319; death, 330.
"Monroe Doctrine," origin of, ii, 167.
Monroe, James, made Secretary of War, i, 346; invites Jackson to conference, ii, 99, 101; correspondence with Jackson, 106–108; admiration for Jackson, 106; compared with Madison and Jefferson, 106; debates Jackson, 134; upholds him, 138; origin of the "Monroe Doctrine" 167; General Stark's pension, 307.
Montgomery, Major, killed at Tohopeka, i, 328.
Moore, Dr. John S., *quoted*, i, 287, *note*.
Morel, Pierre Louis, ii, 56.
Morgan, Daniel, defeats Tarleton at Cowpens, i, 49, 50.
Morgan, General David, at New Orleans, ii, 36, 37.
Mountz, Lieutenant, ii, 149, 150.
Mulford, ——, death of, i, 52, 53.
Mullens, Colonel, ii, 1, 3.
Murrell, Jack, i, 200, 294, 344.

Napoleon, i, 30, 363.
Nash, General Francis, i, 80.
Nash, Governor Abner, i, 80.
Nashville, Tenn., founding of, i, 79–81; population in 1791, 82; Indian wars, 83, 84.
Nelson, Horatio, *quoted*, i, 213.
New Orleans, character of its population, i, 361–63, 379, 380; information of British attack on, 364, 365; landing of British, 373; lack of volunteers, 378, 379; plot to surrender the city, 416; battle of, ii, 11–31; British losses, 32–35; denial of the British intention to plunder, 83.
Nicholls, Colonel, i, 293, 294; deceives the Creeks, 310, 311; "proclamation to the people of Louisiana," 345; refuses to aid Governor Manriquez, 353; evacuates Fort Barrancas, 355; discountenanced in England, ii, 111–113.
Nick-a-jack expedition, i, 89.
Nolte, Vincent, i, 380, 381; anecdotes of Jackson, 381–84, 397; his gallant behavior at New Orleans, 382; *note*, 391; anecdote of American bravery, 391; *quoted* on Jackson's use of his cotton-bales, 407, 408; as Jackson's messenger, 409, 410; as a duellist, 410, *note;* settles his claims for material seized by Jackson, ii, 92–94.

O'Brien, Lieutenant, ii, 350, *note*.
Ogden, Captain, ii, 47.
Ogilvy John Richard, i, 407, *note; quoted*, 408, 409, 415, *note*, 425; describes battle of New Orleans, ii, 15–18; his ballad of New Orleans, 86–88.
O'Neal, Miss, ii, 225.
O'Neal, William, ii, 225.
Oregon boundary question, ii, 338–41.
Ormsby, Lieutenant, ii, 32.
Overton, John, i, *note*, 94, 95; *quoted* on the Robards' divorce, 99, 100; succeeds Jackson as Supreme Court Judge, 151; Jackson's counsellor, 152; Jackson's second in duel with Avery, 156, and in duel with Dickinson, 166, 167, 168, 169; his account of the duel, 170–76; supports Jackson, ii, 188, 198.

Pakenham, Sir Edward, delay in attack, i, 399, 400; makes reconnaissance, 410, 411; determines strength and position of American batteries, 411, 412; holds council of war, 412, 413; plants batteries near American lines, 416, 417; use of sugar hogsheads, 417; strength of artillery, 418; artillery battle, 418–22; forced to withdraw, 420; disposition and strength of his army at New Orleans, 431, 432; last council of war, ii, 1; information from Spanish spies, 1, 2; plans attack on Jackson's army, 4; battle of New Orleans, 11–24; wounded, 24; death, 28; designs in Louisiana, 71 *et seq.;* body, preserved in rum, sent to England, 81, *note*.
Pakenham, Sir Richard, ii, 341.
Parton, James, his standing as a historian, i, 177, 178.
Parton's, James, Life of Andrew Jackson, *quoted*, i, 22; birth, 26, 27, 28, 29; anecdote of Martin McGary, *note*, 48; Code of Honor, *note*, 62; law cases, 90, 91; settlement in Tennessee, 96; arrival in Philadelphia, 114; duel with Dickinson, 154, 155, 177, 178; duel with Avery, 157, *note;* duel with Benton, 290; proclamation of martial law in New Orleans, 378, *note;* breastworks at New Orleans, 401, 402; relations with Clay, ii, 368, *note;* attempted assassination, 400.
Patterson, Commodore, i, 369, 370; night attack on the British, 387–90; mounts navy guns, 414, 418; in artillery battle, 420; battle of New Orleans, ii, 5, 36, 37.
Peddie, Lieutenant, i, 371, 375.
Percy, Captain William, i, 344.
Phillips, William, his famous ride, to spread the news of the outbreak

of war in 1812, 247–53; orderly to Jackson, 366; ii, 8, 11; carries news of New Orleans, 50; a prosperous planter, 116.
Pinckney, General, i, 336, 341.
Pipkin, Colonel, i, 341.
Pizarro Señor ii, 139.
Planché's Battalion, i, 376, 387; at New Orleans, 390.
Planché, Colonel, ii, 190.
Planchine, J. B. and Co., ii, 386, 409.
"Plow-Boy," i, 158.
Poindexter, George, i, 415, ii, 190; suspected of attempted assassination of Jackson, 400.
Polk, Captain Charles, ii, 26.
Polk, General William, ii, 188.
Polk, J. K., ii, 324, 326; his election predicted, by Jackson, 367, 368; nominated, 379; elected, 380, 381.
Polk, Mrs. Sarah Childress, describes the Jacksons and their home life, i, 223–26; Jackson's prophecy of her husband's election, 367, 368; describes last scenes at the Hermitage, 368, *note*, 384, 385; Jackson's bravery, 410, 411.
Polk, Robert, ii, 27, 217.
Potter, Mr., interview with Jackson, ii, 245.
Proctor, ——, i, 270, 311.
Putnam, Colonel A. Waldo, i, 91, 92, 134, *note;* 253, *note; quoted* on the Jackson-Sevier feud, 141, *note.*

Quakers, objection to oath of fealty, *note*, i, 7; objection to removal of the Indians, ii, 402–404.

Randolph, John, ii, 148, *note;* opposes Clay, 176; supports Jackson, 188.
Randolph, Lieutenant, ii, 399, 400.
Rawdon, Lord, i, 43, 54.
Rayner, Judge Kenneth, i, 248.
Rayner, Rev. Dr. T. L., letter to Mr. T. L. Branch, i, 248–50.
"Red Sticks," i, 303, 316.
Reid, Major John, i, 267, 295; *quoted,* 333.
Rennie, Colonel, i, 422; battle of New Orleans, ii, 30, 31; death, 31.
Revolutionary War, i, 38; invades the Carolinas, 41–45.
Reynolds, General John F., *note*, i, 77.
Rhea, Mr. John, ii, 114, 115.
Rifle, the, its part in American history, i, 72, 73; manufacture in America, 73–77; history, 73, 74.
Ritchie, Thomas, i, 204, 205.
Rives, John C., ii, 289.
Rives, Mr., ii, 357.
Rives, William C., ii, 342.
Roane, Archibald, i, 131.
Robards, Mr. Lewis, i, 95, 96; jealousy, 99, 100; institutes divorce proceedings, 100–102.
Robards, Mrs. Lewis, i, 95, 96; jealousy of her husband, 99, 100; divorce, 100–102; marries Andrew Jackson, 102, 103, *see* Mrs. Andrew Jackson.
Roberts, Captain, ii, 36.
Roberts, Colonel, i, 308, 309.
Robertson, Dr., ii, 201.
Robertson, General James, i, 80; *quoted*, 82, 84; wounded by Indians, 85; organizes expedition against the Cherokees, 88, 89; aids in naming Tennessee, 109; relations with Burr, 190.
Robertson, "Joe," ii, 10.
Rodgers, Lieutenant, ii, 125.
Ross, i, 306.
Rutherford, Griffith, *note*, 67.
Rutherford, Mrs. Anne, i, 67; her description of Jackson at the age of twenty, 67–69.
Rutledge, Mr. George, i, 138, 144, 145, 156.

San Jacinto, battle of, ii, 350–52.
Sands, Captain, i, 53.
"Scotch Irish," i, 13, 14.
Scott, General, ii, 101, *note;* correspondence with Jackson, 109, 110; ordered to South Carolina, 278.
Scott, Lieutenant, ii, 125.
Senate, considers Jackson's action in Florida, ii, 136, 137, 138; passes bill for renewal of charter to the United States Bank, 259; debates Jackson's veto message, 265, 266; passes compromise tariff bill, 285; passes bill for division of proceeds from sales of public land, 320; passes resolution censuring Jackson, 323, 324; votes to expunge Clay's censure of Jackson from the journal, 355; rejects Tyler's treaty for annexation of Texas, 379; passes resolution admitting Texas to the Union, 381.
Sergeant, John, nominated for Vice-President, ii, 258.
Sevier, Colonel George W., i, 141, *note.*
Sevier, Governor, i, 88, 89, 108, 112; feud with Jackson, 134–43.
Seymour, Horatio, *quoted*, ii, 163–65.
Shaw, Major, ii, 28.
Shelby, Governor, i, 424, ii, 103, 104.
Shepherd, Mr., ii, 54.
Slaughter, Colonel Gabriel, i, 423, 424.
Smith, General Daniel, i, 81, 125.
Sousa, Señor Domingo, ii, 148, 149.
South Carolina, threatened opposition to tariff, and proposed nullification, ii, 272 *et seq.*

Spanish spies, at New Orleans, ii, 1, 2.
Spencer, Captain, i, 371, 375.
Spofford, Hon. A. R., *quoted*, i, 432, *note*.
Stansberry, Representative, ii, 399.
Stark, General, ii, 307.
Stephens, Adjutant, ii, 37.
Stokes, Colonel John, i, 64.
Stokes, Montford, i, 65; friendship for Jackson, 65.
Story, Judge, ii, 211.
Strother, Captain, i, 341.
Suffrage, i, 3, 4, 5–9.
Suwanee, ii, 126, 127.
Swann, Thomas, caned by Jackson, 158, 161, 162, 163; demonstration against Burr, 198, 200; inflames Benton against Jackson, 288.
Sylvester, Captain William, ii, 352, *note*.

Talladega, battle of, i, 306–10.
Tallushatchee, battle of, i, 302–05.
Taney, Roger B., Attorney-General, ii, 251; made Secretary of the Treasury. 317.
Tarleton, Colonel, at Waxhaws Settlement, i, 43; routed at Cowpens, 49, 50; censured by Cornwallis, 50.
Tatum, Howell, i, 131.
Tecumseh, i, 232, 244, 245; death, 277.
Tennessee, emigration to, i, 70–72; original name, 81; population in 1788, 82; Indian warfare, 83, 84, 85–89; early legal practice in, 90–94; growth, 106, 107; admitted to Statehood, 107–13; debate as to name, 108–10; constitution, 111; Supreme Court, 131; militia, 246; description of troops, 261–63.
Terrell, Colonel, i, 160; *quoted* on Dickinson's death, 175.
Texas, admitted to the Union, ii, 381.
Thames, battle of, i, 277.
"The Subaltern," i, 373; *quoted*, 389, 394, 398, 416, 417, 421; on battle of New Orleans, ii, 22–25.
Thornton, Colonel, ii, 1, 4; at New Orleans, 35–39; wounded, 39.
Timberlake, Mrs. Margaret O'Neal, ii, 225, 226.
Tippecanoe, battle of, i, 244, 245.
Tohopeka, i, battle of, 326–29.
Tories in the Carolinas, i, 38, 39; driven out, 50; inhumane treatment of Whigs, 43, 58.
Towson, Colonel, ii, 229, 248.
Treaty of Ghent, ii, 49, 75.
Triplett, Dr., ii, 267.
Trist, Nicholas P., ii, 269.
Truman's, Major Ben, Annals of the Field of Honor, i, 154, 160.
"Truxton," i, 150, 158, 220, 221, 247.
Tyler, John, succeeds General Harrison as President, ii, 377; sends treaty for annexation of Texas to the Senate 378, 379; signs resolution admitting Texas to the Union, 381.

United States, epochs in history, i, 1; suffrage, 1789–1824, 5–10; emigration, 18, 19; friction with Spain, 191; declares war against Great Britain, 242; strength of the navy and army, 243, 244; population in 1812, 243; officers, 244; militia laws and regulations, 245, 246.
United States Bank, attacked by Jackson, ii, 233–237; upheld by Congress, 238; campaign against, by Benton, 247; question of its recharter, 255–257; memorial for renewal of charter, 258, 259; passed by Congress, 259; vetoed by Jackson, 264, 265; fight in Congress, 265, 266; alleged bribery of Webster, 298, 299; Jackson's proposal to withdraw Federal deposits, 311–13; Jackson's war on, 314 *et seq.*; unfavorable resolutions passed by the House, 325, 326.
Urquhart, Lieutenant, ii, 61, 62.

Van Buren, Martin, *quoted* on Jackson's reconciliation with Benton, ii, 163–65; supports Jackson, 188; goes to England, 251, 253; nomination for Presidency defeated, 254; nominated for Vice-Presidency, 264; chosen as Jackson's successor, 345–47; elected President, 350; his Cabinet, 359; Jackson's influence on, 359, 361, 362; compared with Jackson, 360; his farewell message, 362–66; renominated, 373; defeated, 375.
Vaughan, Miss, ii, 393.
Vidal, Nicolas Maria, ii, 148.

Waddell, Colonel, ii, 306.
Walker, Judge, i, 154, 401.
Walkup, General, i, 22.
War of 1812, declared, i, 242; strength of American army and navy, 242, 243; American officers, 243; militia laws and regulations, 245–46; how the news of the declaration was spread, 247–53; victories won by volunteers, 277.
Warren, General, i, 276.
Washington, George, opinion on suffrage, i, 3; last appearance in Congress, 115.
Watterson, Harvey, *quoted*, i, 142.
Watterson, Henry, i, 142, *note*.
Waxhaws Settlement, i, 22, 39; destruction of Colonel Buford's troops, 43.

Weatherford, William, i, 292–93; proposed massacre at Talladega, 306, 307; defeated by Jackson, 308–10; repulsed at Camp Defiance, 321, 322; advice to the Creeks, 330; surrenders to Jackson, 332; interview with Jackson, 332–35; description of, 335; speech to the chiefs, 337; lives on his plantation, 338; death, 338.
Webb, James Watson, ii, 188, 269.
Webster, Daniel, *quoted*, ii, 208; debate with Hayne, 238, 300; defeats Van Buren's nomination for Presidency, 254; favors delay in issue of the Bank, 256; supports Jackson, 294, 296; friendly relations with Jackson, 295–300; estimate of Jackson, 297, 298; Jackson's faith in, 298, 299; alleged bribery of, 298, 299; offers compromise re-charter to the Bank, 321, 322; speech, causing Senate to expunge Clay's censure of Jackson from the journal, 354, 355.
Webster, Ezekiel, ii, 210.
Weed, Thurlow, *quoted*, ii, 246, 297.
Wellington, Duke of, duel, i, 183, 184; learns of General Pakenham's death, ii, 81, *note*.
Wells, Jonathan, ii, 308.
Wheeler's History of North Carolina, *quoted*, *note*, i, 51.
Whigs, supremacy restored in Carolinas, i, 50; retaliate on Tories, *note*, 50, 58.
Whitaker, Brigade-Major, i, 372; death, ii, 17, 18, 20.
White, General, i, 306; disobeys Jackson's orders, 312; expedition against the Hillabees, 312, 314; returns home, 311; results of the expedition, 314, 315.
White, Hugh L., i, 118, ii, 187; refuses to resign from the Senate to become Secretary of War, 252, 253; the consequences, 253, 262; presidential candidate, 348, *note*, 348.
White, Joseph, i, 54, 60.
White, Mr., ii, 54.
Whitley, Major, i, 89.
Whitney's cotton-gin, i, 127, *note*, 127.
Wickliffe, Lieutenant William, ii, 34.
Wilkinson, General, loyalty suspected by Jackson, i, 196, 197; denounced by Jackson, 203; at Natchez, 263, 269; refuses to approve Jackson's drafts, 272–75; on St. Lawrence, 278.
William of Orange, i, 292.
Williams, Colonel, i, 45.
Williams, John, ii, 161; defeated by Jackson, 162.
Williams, Lieutenant-Colonel, i, 323.
Williams, Sergeant, anecdote of, ii, 15, 16.
Williamson, Colonel, ii, 130.
Wilson, Dr. Woodrow, *quoted*, i, 6, 8; ii, 260, 261.
Wirt, William, ii, 138, 140, 209.
Woodbine, ii, 113.
Woodbury, Senator Levi, ii, 222; Secretary of the Navy, 251; at Cambridge with Jackson, 305; Secretary of the Treasury, 359.
Woods, John, executed for mutiny, i, 324–26.
Wright, General, i, 276.
Wright, Silas, ii, 404.

Yorke, Sarah, ii, 387, 388.
You, Dominique, i, 370, *note;* at New Orleans, 412, 419, *note;* ii, 8, 9.

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